

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXXVIII. — DECEMBER, 1896. — No. CCCCLXX.

SOCIAL CLASSES IN THE REPUBLIC.

BEFORE discussing the best means of promoting social unity, let me say that by "social unity" I mean a state of things in which the members of the various classes of society, no matter in what manner they live, regard one another with kindly feelings, treat one another with courtesy, meet one another on a footing of equality, engage cordially in common enterprises, settle their differences by friendly negotiation, do not think of one another as members of different classes at all, and, more particularly, in which employer and employed look on each other, not as antagonists, but as partners.

Now why does social unity not exist? Because, since the application of machinery to industrial operations, one class, the employed or laboring class, has increased enormously, is massed in cities or towns, has come into possession of a superior degree of intelligence, and has learnt, through the growth of this intelligence and through the spread of cheap literature, to give expression, as never before, to discontent with its lot. This discontent of the workingman with his lot is largely due to the belief — originated or stimulated by a new school of economy, founded by Lassalle and Karl Marx — that, in the distribution of the earth's products and of the products of industry, the laborer has been cheated of his share by the employer or capitalist; that, in other words, when he ought to get all, or most, he only gets some, or very little, and that the employer or capitalist treats him as an inferior. I think this

is as fair a statement of the case as I can make within the limits of a single paper. Let me say, too, that within these limits it would be impossible to treat this matter economically. I am going to look at it, in the main, morally.

In examining the ills of our lot, the first question we have to ask is, Are they remediable? Complaints, unaccompanied with remedies or suggestions of remedy, are, we all acknowledge, among the most useless forms of human activity. Continual discussions of wrongs or afflictions which cannot be removed are generally held to indicate weakness of character. The first thing to do, therefore, in examining the complaints of the working class, is to ask in which category their grievances are, that of things curable or that of things non-curable. This last-named category is, as all observation shows, a very large one: pain, death, sorrow, disappointment of every description, are things which, willy-nilly, we must endure. There is hardly such a thing known as a completely successful life; that is, a life of comfort, in which all the anticipations of youth have been fulfilled during the period of activity. The two most inevitable non-curable evils of all are decay and death. Is the present mode of distributing the earth's products among its inhabitants unfair? If so, is the unfairness in the category of non-curable ills? I endeavored to answer these questions two years ago in another place. I may be allowed to repeat what I then said: —

"There are only three laws of distribution of which I can form any conception. One would be a natural law, like the law of gravitation, which automatically divided among all concerned the results of any given piece of production, as soon as completed, without any care on the part of anybody, and of which nobody could complain, any more than of the earth's attraction. Another would be a law formed by some authority, which everybody would acknowledge as final, and to which all would submit, owing either to the overwhelming force at its command, or to the universal confidence in its justice. The third would be the present law, which I may call the law of general agreement, under which everybody gets the least for which he will labor, and the least for which he will save and invest. There may be others than these, but they are beyond my powers of conception.

"The first of them, I presume, does not need discussion. There never will be any natural distributive force to which we shall all have to submit, as we submit to the law of chemical affinity or proportion. The division of the products of labor and capital will always be the subject of some sort of human arrangement, in which the human will will play a more or less prominent part. So that the second of these laws would have to be the result of some kind of understanding as to who or what the deciding authority should be, to which all would have to submit without murmuring.

"Thus far in the history of mankind it has never been possible to come to such an agreement even on matters touching the feelings much less nearly than one's share of the products of one's labor. No government, spiritual or temporal, has ever existed which had not to keep in subjection a hostile minority by the use of force in some shape.

"The Pope in the Middle Ages came nearer seeming the voice of pure justice than any other power that has ever ap-

peared in the western world. But Christendom was never unanimously willing to let him arrange even its political concerns, and I do not think it ever entered into the head of the most enthusiastic Papist to let the Pope arrange his domestic affairs, so far as to say what his wages or his profits should be. The guilds came near doing this in various trades, but their authority was maintained by the power of expulsion. When the whole of civil society becomes a guild, this power cannot be exercised, because there will be no place for the expelled man to go to. To make him submit there would have to be some sort of compulsion put upon him. In other words, he would have to be enslaved by being compelled to labor against his will for a reward which he deemed inadequate. Except on the assumption, which the smallest knowledge of human nature makes ridiculous, that everybody is sure to be satisfied with what he gets for his work, any law of distribution emanating from a human authority would necessarily result in slavery. In truth, it is impossible to conceive any plan of state socialism which would not involve the slavery of some portion of the population, unless we can picture to ourselves unanimity concerning the things on which men under all previous régimes have been most apt to differ."

So that the only other mode within our reach involves arbitrary distribution by a few men, and the use of force to make the discontented satisfied with their lot, and make the lazy and idle contribute their share, or, in other words, the restoration of slavery. Slavery is, in fact, a mode of distribution concocted by those who have the power to enforce their will.

But supposing this mode did not involve slavery, what then? What would be the practical difficulties in its way? Under the socialistic plan of distribution of work and products by the state,

we must remember that, much as this word "state" is used in socialistic treatises and speeches, the state will always be a group of politicians elected by universal suffrage. To assign to a great community like a city or town, or like a kingdom, the supervision of the work of each individual; to see that he contributes his share of labor, that his occupation is the one best suited to him, that he gets his due earnings, and no more, that the lazy are made to toil, and the weakly are spared and cared for, is a scheme which, emanating from persons who know anything of the difficulty of managing a single factory, or ship, or regiment, or railroad, who know how rare the administrative faculty is, how enormously we are willing to pay for it in business enterprises or in the command of armies, I confess fills me with amazement. In fact, I read about "collectivism" with much the same feeling of gentle entertainment with which I read about the best means of communicating with the planet Mars. All our experience of human nature, all our experience of government, show us that the world has no reservoir of administrative talent which has not been already tapped.

Moreover, there is no reason, in the present state of things, why socialists should not try their experiment on a small scale. All the virtues, all the restraints, all the spirit of self-sacrifice and mutual help which are necessary for its success are within their reach now, and could anywhere be brought into play without the help of the state. Any hundred men can work together, produce together, and divide the products according to any rules which they agree upon. If successful, such associations would multiply, and we should be familiarized with the idea, and be gradually prepared for the transformation of modern society. As a matter of fact, such experiments have several times been tried, and have always failed, except in the case of religious societies with other objects

than production, like monasteries, and they have failed among men devoted to the scheme and full of faith in it.

If I am right in all this, we are shut up to the continuance of the present system of competition with its manifold drawbacks and widespread dissatisfaction. Can nothing be done to make us live together in amity? Much, but I am afraid my remedies will seem old-fashioned and tedious.

I do not rely on any particular legal plan or any political system, but on my faith in human nature, and on my knowledge of the human race since the dawn of civilization. When I compare the modern with the ancient world, I am assured as to the future of man. I am far from denying that legislation and political changes have been the direct means of great good, but every good change in legislation or in government has been preceded or brought about by an increase of intelligence, of reasonableness, or of brotherly kindness on the part of the people at large. The new régime has got into the air before it got into the laws. Why do we not now burn heretics? Why do we not burn witches? Why do we not hang a man for stealing a sheep? Why do we not teach people to be content with their condition, however lowly? Why do we condemn ignorance as a curse? Nearly every step in what we call the growth of civilization has been the result of the springing up in brains of individuals of new views of the nature and ends of human society.

Among the minor complaints of the working classes, besides unfairness of distribution, among the reasons why classes do not mix socially is the difference of manners, dress, habits of life, and culture, between the man who labors with his hands and the man who labors with his head. Some writers, like Mr. Kidd, think this will be overcome by a change in distribution, so great, if I understand the matter rightly, that workingmen shall get as much of the good things of this life

as anybody else, — as good schooling, as much university, as much literature and music. It is a little difficult to discuss this branch of the subject without seeming to treat it too lightly. Social inferiority is a common complaint of socialists everywhere against the classes which do not work with their hands. But nobody has as yet pointed out how it is to be overcome any more than how differences in strength of mind or body are to be overcome. One of the dearest liberties of the human race is each man's liberty of choosing his own associates. His choice, too, is not regulated simply by attractions of mind or character, but by manner of living. I associate, except in rare instances, with those who live like myself, who have the same ideas of social enjoyment, who dress and behave in social life much as I and my family do, whose walk and conversation I find interesting and instructive. Workingmen do the same thing. I venture on the assertion that it is very rare indeed for any man or woman to be kept out of any society which would enjoy his or her presence. People do not, as a rule, associate to assert a principle or spread ideas. They associate for purposes of enjoyment; workingmen do so themselves. Congeniality or similarity of manners is what has drawn social lines ever since man began to consort with his fellows. To arrange society on legal lines is beyond human powers. To be told by any human power what company I must keep, is to be a slave, and the restoration of social slavery is not possible. Birds of a feather have flocked together since civilization began, and probably will do so till it perishes.

But in so far as the classes are kept apart by dress or manners or mode of life, what chance is there of their becoming more agreeable company to each other? This, I confess, seems to be one of the most practical branches of what is called "the labor question." I do not think it is wholly difference of culture

which keeps them apart. There are few occupations whose nature prevents those who pursue them from being agreeable company to people who are simply richer. A very large proportion of what are called "the business men" know no more, read no more, and have no more to say than the bricklayer or the plumber; but they are apt to have better tastes and better surroundings, and to pay more attention to dress and personal cleanliness. Other people similarly situated, for these reasons, prefer their company. There is no doubt that in these respects there is room for great improvement in the habits of the working classes, but this improvement must come from themselves. Nobody can impose it on them. It must be the outcome of personal desire or ambition. Any agency which helps to implant this desire or nurse this ambition is a good one. Improvement in dwellings undoubtedly does this; better education does it; increased opportunities for harmless or intellectual amusement and the use of them, do it too; slowly, perhaps, but surely. In this field the more fortunate classes cannot labor without result. I am old enough to remember when the New England mechanic was very good company, was intelligent and shrewd and often well read, and when his plainness of dress and the smallness of his house need not have been any social disadvantage. But last winter I went one day, in New York, into a new house, while the plasterers were at work, and when the men, all skilled laborers, were at dinner in a lower room. I overheard them without their seeing me. Their conversation was profane, indecent and slangy, and trivial. There was not in it the sign of any desire to rise in the scale of intelligence or refinement. It is, too, within everybody's observation that politeness of demeanor, that sure sign that a man has risen in the world or is rising, is not cultivated by the working classes. On the contrary, they seem to eschew it as a sign of subservience. They are often

rude, indifferent, in the country of all countries in which they could best afford to be suave without having their independence suspected. They are inferior in this respect to either the English or the French. What we call "the manners of a gentleman" are not at all uncommon among French and English workingmen. A great many in our cities seem to consider brusqueness of manner and carelessness about dress signs of their freedom, whereas they are simply signs of imperfect civilization. I think the manners and personal appearance of a large part of our working population might be greatly improved; that their lives might be made far more refined and picturesque without any change of occupation; that their houses and other surroundings might be made far better, with more knowledge and effort on the part of themselves and their wives, if less money were spent on drink. In my opinion, there is no reason in the nature of their calling for their not sharing a great deal of the æsthetic and intellectual privileges of the classes who employ them. And I must say frankly that I know of no more mischievous person than the man who, in free America, seeks to spread among them the idea that they are wronged and kept down by somebody; that somebody is to blame because they are not better lodged, better dressed, better educated, and have not easier access to balls, concerts, or dinner-parties. If I were to speak strongly, I should say that the sowing of discontent among masses, among men in a democratic country in our day, without specifying the evil and laying your finger on the culprit, is very distinctively anti-social work. Two years ago I was in one of the university settlements in New York, and was walking through the rooms of the society with one of the members. They were plain and neat and suitable, and he explained to me that the purpose in furnishing and fitting them up was to show the workmen the kind of rooms they ought to have "if jus-

tice were done." To tell this to a workingman, without telling him in what the injustice consisted and who worked it if he had not such rooms, was, I held, to be most mischievous.

One of the worst of our delusions is, that the capitalists or employers are a peculiarly favored class; that nature has done something for them which she has not done for the rest of the world. The word "capitalist" is simply another word for the man who saves, and who finds out what the public will buy. This faculty for saving and for finding out what the public wants is a rare faculty. It is so rare, that I believe reliable statistics prove that ninety-five per cent of men in business — that is, of men who employ others — fail. They fail through their incapacity or want of diligence. Only an infinitesimally small number achieve fortune. The others may be called the explorers of the race. We profit by their errors. For one who invents a sewing-machine or a telephone, ten thousand lapse into poverty. Nothing requires a more delicate combination of qualities than the creation and conduct of a great business. The conditions of success are often too minute for observation. The life is full of terrible anxieties, especially in what is called "hard times," when money is difficult to get. The penalty of failure is tremendous, and yet the number of us who are ready to tell the capitalist how to carry on his business, how to pay his men, whom to employ, and on what terms, is very large. If those who can carry on business themselves were only one thousandth part as numerous as those who can tell how it ought to be carried on by others, the happiness of man would be well assured. I do not discuss what is called profit-sharing, because it is one of the things to be sought by the persons concerned, not to be forced on anybody. Its success depends on the voluntary action of employer and employed, hardly at all on the exposition of it by persons who have no practical experience of it.

There are two great facts which lie at the bottom of this labor question, which it behooves all reformers to remember. One is that as far back as our knowledge of the human race goes all that the earth has yielded to our labors has been a very moderate subsistence. In every country and in every quarter of the globe, the mass of the people have been, and are today, happy if they have the plainest food and clothing. Millions used to perish of famine, and have perished in our own time: witness the famine at Orissa in India. A very small number have more than a subsistence, and a mere handful are rich. This is true even of America, the most favored country on the globe. From the earth everything must come through labor; she is truly our mother, but she takes no count of our numbers. She does not become more prolific in her yield because many are to partake. She yields hardly anything voluntarily beyond a few tropical fruits.

The other fact is that in multiplying, we take no count of her yield. We multiply without reference to it. Most men marry trusting to luck. A few are more provident. The first of these facts is the law of population. The second is the law of production. The law of population says, in spite of our protests, that population has a tendency to multiply in any given spot beyond the means of subsistence. We have deprived this law of its worst effects, or delayed its operation, by our improvements in the means of transportation; that is, by increased facilities for transporting people and food. But it works still, as we may see by a strike in any large city or centre of industry. Thousands out of employment always apply for the vacant places, which simply means that multiplication has gone beyond subsistence at that point. Every spot in the world in which food *seems* to be abundant would speedily yield the same results. Population crowds to it, and subsistence fails. And the law of production is, that whether we apply

labor to mines or to agriculture, the product does not increase in the same ratio as the labor applied. In other words, we cannot get proportionally more results by employing more men. The more we employ, the less in proportion do the returns become. This is the solemn warning of the earth against making too great demands on her. Our intelligence is given us to heed it. To disregard it is to make the people a "plebs," protected or supported by a paternal government, cared for, from their rising to their going to bed, at the expense of their more industrious and foreseeing fellows. Now, be assured of one thing: a plebs cannot carry on a free government. It supplies food for powder, or materials for a king, a Napoleon or a Cæsar, to try experiments with, but it does not supply intelligent and self-respecting voters.

This may sound disheartening, and it may be asked, Is there, then, nothing for those who would fain work for the temporal salvation of the race, to do but sit still and watch the working of the iron laws which make the history of humanity one long tale of sorrow, wrong, and ruth? The opportunities of this class were never greater than they are to-day. The work of reformers, since the dawn of civilization, has, it is true, been the relief of misery, but also, the work of persuasion, the work of inducing men to live well. All religions — ancient paganism, Buddhism, Mahometanism, Christianity, — have had this object mainly in view. We hear often of the separation between the ancient religions and morality, but I am unable to discover a period in which the gods did not sooner or later make it hot for the man who, according to the ideas of the time, did not behave well. All philosophies — Confucianism, Epicureanism, Stoicism, Platonism — have sought to improve the race. The Christian Church, socially considered, is, as Matthew Arnold says, "a society for the promotion of what is commonly called goodness." The function of all these

agencies is to get men to pursue the right. This function has in no way changed. The problems before the preacher and the philosopher now are exactly what they were five thousand years ago. The machinery placed at their disposal has been greatly increased by the printing-press. Persuasion, as an art, the greatest of all human arts, has had its sphere wonderfully enlarged, and in a community like ours persuasion is the work of those who would solve the social problems. It is true we ought to bear our brother's burdens, but it is also true that our brother ought not to let us bear them if he can help it.

Our success in this world depends on character, as we all see every day of our lives. The man who succeeds, succeeds for the most part through character. It is chiefly in character that Mexico differs from the United States, Spain from England. Not only are all our religions and philosophies really meant to build it up, or sustain it, but so, also, are all our social arrangements. In hiring, and contracting, and lending, and crediting, we rely on character. In nearly every transaction of life, it is on character rather than on law that we place our faith. Why we are not governed better is that in politics we pay too little attention to character. Success in life, in its highest sense, — that is, success in getting what we want, or in convincing people that we have deserved it, — is almost always the result of character. And it is not the monopoly of any one class. In every class the virtues succeed as often as anything succeeds in this world. The sober, industrious, faithful, prudent workingman has as good a chance for his faculties as the sober, industrious, faithful, prudent lawyer or capitalist. He may not obtain as much physical comfort, but he obtains more than the great mass of the community everywhere.

Now the Socialist movement, in fact all socialist movements, all movements to make governments provide for the peo-

ple, either by constant employment or by free silver, to make the government support the people instead of making the people support the government, are attempts to do away with the need of character, to enable the world to get on without it. Their real object is to put all on a level, not alone the bright and the stupid, but the industrious and the lazy, the drunkard and the sober man, the truthful and the mendacious, the faithful and the deceitful. They seek to destroy all those social arrangements which make character valuable, and are really the spur through which nature raises and keeps us above the brutes. They seek to prevent the honest and loyal man from profiting by his loyalty and honesty, the diligent man from profiting by his diligence, the skillful man from profiting by his skill. They seek to prevent loss through bad conduct, and to prevent promotion or employment through good conduct. They seek to make the idle and indolent as sure of the future as the industrious and energetic. Of course I do not believe this state of things will ever come about, for it is slavery, and I know from the history of the world that it will not submit to a restoration of slavery. But these expectations will remain in the air, and draw away a large amount of attention from the work of the world, if they are negotiated or compromised with, if social unity is not sought on very different lines. We have seen in the history of the silver movement what comes of meeting error half way; of saying, either to the cunning agitator or to his dupe, that he is half right, that there is a good deal in what he says, that his principle is sound, but that he is too hasty or too inopportune, that somebody unknown has treated him shamefully.

If I might presume to address myself more particularly to the ministers of the Church, who are the great persuaders of the community, the only class of men among us, in fact, who make a profession of persuasion, I would say that neither

the problem they have to deal with nor the nature of their work has changed. The problem is one of the oldest in the history of humanity, the discontent of the poor, which is really discontent with the provision the earth makes for her children. I admit that a great deal may be done to mitigate this discontent. I assert that an immense deal has been done, that the condition of the masses has been immensely improved, and is being improved, but through that very old process, the improvement of the individual man. Men are more sober, more humane than they used to be, have more

knowledge, have a better understanding of the things which make for happiness, than they used to have. Among these things, the greatest is liberty, the free use by every man of his faculties, the free choice of his labor and his methods. To this, and not to law, we undoubtedly shall owe all the great triumphs of civilization that we have still to make. Discontent we cannot cure. It is part of the lot of men. Combined with great human virtues, it has done wonders for the race; but linked with social hatred, with love of dreams and delusions, it can work, and has worked, great mischief.

E. L. Godkin.

CLASSICAL STUDIES IN AMERICA.

MORE than once have I been tempted to write a history of Greek literature from the point of view of various characters mentioned in the records of the past; and one long chapter I intended to dedicate to a hoary old sinner who figures in *Isæus*, and who came to a disreputable end in his ninety-seventh year. "Euctemon," I said to myself, "was a mature man at the time of the Sicilian expedition. He had heard the funeral oration of *Pericles*; he had passed through the horrors of the plague. He had shouted over the capture of the Spartans on the island of *Sphacteria*; he was yet to welcome the return of *Alcibiades* and to witness the fall of Athens. He may have heard his elders talk of the *Agamemnon* of *Æschylus* before it became an old play, and *Pindar* had not fallen asleep in *Argos* when Euctemon woke to the light of an *Athénian* sky. He may have furnished a chorus for *Sophocles* or *Euripides*, have heard a reading of *Herodotus*, and have voted for the recall of *Thucydides*; he may have known *Xenophon* and *Aristyllus*, otherwise called *Plato*, and sat on the

jury that condemned *Socrates*, and his judgment may have been warped by the *Clouds* of *Aristophanes*." Now although I do not set myself up to be a rival of Euctemon, although I am by no means the senior of American philologists, either in length of days or in term of service, my personal recollections go so far back that I might write a history of classical philology in America that should bear a due proportion to Euctemon's history of Attic literature; for my first year of professional study fell exactly in the middle of the century, and I have been engaged in academic work for exactly forty years. The middle of the century is a convenient point of reference, and the period of forty years suggests a good many things to one familiar with *Holy Writ*; among others, the wandering in the wilderness. In these forty years, unlike the people of Israel, the classical philologist has often had occasion to discard the old clothes of his theories and the old shoes of his practice, but if life be whole and hope be strong, let "back and side go bare, go bare," and if the shoes

fall from the feet on the march, no matter, so long as the feet themselves are turned the right way. I do not make a claim like that which was made by the first great historian who wrote out of his own life; I do not say that I was at the age of discernment in the middle of the century, but perhaps I may say that I was not unobservant from that time on, and at the recent inauguration of Phelps Hall, a noble building which Yale has dedicated to classical studies, I ventured to bring forward a discourse which might be called *First Leaves and Last Leaves* from the *Journal of a Classical Pilgrim* on his *Voyage from America to Athens by Way of Germany*.

Forty-six years ago I set out on my pilgrimage, turning my face toward what was then the promised land of the classical philologist. Others had preceded me. Long before the beginning of the fifties men had sought German universities, — men destined to eminence, some of them, but their coming was spaced by years. It is only since the middle of the century that a steady current has set in from America to Germany. The honored Emeritus Professor of Latin in Harvard University, Lane, I found a leading spirit at Göttingen; Child, who but the other day closed his high career on earth, had just finished his studies abroad; Whitney, even then a man of mark, was a new-comer in Berlin; Goodwin was soon to follow. And since that time Germany has never lacked a cloud of witnesses to the devotion of American scholarship and the faith of Americans in German methods. I do not know whether the fervor of the American neophyte of today is as great as was ours. But in the early fifties, to see Germany, to enter a German university, to sit at the feet of the great men who had made and were making German scholarship illustrious, was a prospect to stir the blood of aspiring youth. Indeed, it is to be doubted whether a sojourn in Italy or a tour in Greece would

have quickened the pulse so much then as the opportunity of knowing the great interpreters of Greece and Rome. A sojourn in Italy and a tour in Greece were even at that time regarded as a desirable culmination of a course of study in Germany, but of the great interpreters of Greek and Roman life very few knew Greece or Rome from actual vision, — few even of those who discussed subjects in which vision might seem to be necessary. So, for instance, it was perfectly possible then for an archaeologist to write a book on Pompeii without ever having seen Pompeii with his bodily eyes. A certain charm, it is true, invested the discourses of those who were personally familiar with classic lands, and yet I am bound to say that the measure of vision was not the measure of inspiration. The kingdom of Hellas was within men who had never seen Hellas. To those who have compassed many leagues of sea and land to have a sight of the homes of classic life, it may seem strange that so many illustrious Grecians, so many famous Latinists, should be content to spend their days so near the august abodes of antiquity without a glimpse of Hellas or Italy; but it must be remembered that this craving for personal knowledge has grown immensely of late years, and that a new stage of study has begun. At all events, whatever disillusionments came to me during my three years in Germany, they did not come from the lack of that immediate acquaintance with classic lands which is justly regarded to-day as a matter of the highest importance.

What those disillusionments were, I will not say. Disillusionments must come, but woe unto him by whom they come. "Keep thee sober and remember to distrust, for that is sense," is a wise verse, and the *animus suspicax* which Bentley commends is the right attitude of the mature scholar, but the worst enemy of the novice is the carping fellow-student, and most of those with

whom I associated were not censorious, but frankly receptive, — with due allowance for the amusement which the student always extracts from his professor. True, all the lecturers were not equally inspiring; all had not the serene wisdom of Boeckh, the vehement affluence of Karl Friedrich Hermann, the rapt vision of Welcker, the imperial swing of Ritschl. There were then as there are now professors who cared little for the form of their message, and brought their crude ore to be transmuted into shining metal by the fervor of the students themselves. Then as now to be *geistreich* was a failing that only the highest genius or the deepest learning could excuse; and the discourses of many of the teachers were dullness itself, — certainly to the novice. Long lists of books read off in a droning voice without a ray of appreciation to light up the doleful catalogue, infinite discussions of infinitesimal points, endless divagations, hateful polemics, poor jokes, — who cannot recall these drawbacks to the lecture system? But there was no man among those professors who had not in some way earned the right to speak from the teacher's desk, and no matter what scandals were afloat as to the rapid promotion of this man or that man, there were no ignoramuses in the chairs of the German universities, no men who were appointed without some special training. This could not be said of American schools of learning in the fifties. And when our apprenticeship was over, we had the abiding conviction that we had gained what we had sought. There remained and still remains with those who survive from that time a profound admiration of the best features of German philological work and German philological method.

At that time classical philology as a department was flourishing, though not everywhere in the same measure. The sceptre passed from university to university, after the fashion of the skolion at a Greek banquet; and whilst there

were good men at nearly all seats of learning, the personality of the professors determined whether this or that "abode of the Muses" should be famous for classical philology or not. At nearly all the great universities, however, there was no lack of philological students, and the lecture-rooms of the leading teachers were crowded, so that the foreigner, distrustful of his ability to follow the lecturer, often had to ask for the special assignment of a good seat. The *seminaria* were besieged by aspirants. There were philological clubs, philological circles, outside the regular university organizations, and the questions of the class-room and the seminary were woven into the web of every-day life. How greatly all this has been changed of late years is a matter of more or less painful notoriety. Some of the most brilliant classical professors in Germany have only a handful of students. The hundreds of the middle of the century have shrunk to scores, to tens, at the close. The foreigners are no longer a small percentage, but yield a large proportion of the class. At one lecture I attended recently in the University of Heidelberg, one fourth of the regular auditors were Americans, and of that fourth the larger part was made up of women. Possibly the quality has improved with the decline in numbers, but of that I have no evidence. It has sometimes seemed to me that the new programmes of instruction which are hostile to Greek and Latin may in time affect seriously the preparation for university work in the classics. Still, I have lived long enough to be distrustful of the cry of decadence, knowing as I do that the complaint was rife in 1850, as rife as it is to-day. However, the general fact of the falling off in numbers is too patent to be overlooked, and there can be no question that the ways of Parnassus mourn. Indeed, it might be maintained without too great show of paradox that the professor of philology in America is

this day a more hopeful creature than his German colleague. Of course, the vast organized machinery is still in motion, still turns out a large amount of work. Individual scholarship shows a high tone, and he would be a bold man who should say that the philological performance of to-day is inferior to that of the past. But the buoyancy seems to be gone; while the consecration is there still, resignation is the dominant tone. What are the causes of this undeniable state of things? Glib answers are always to be distrusted, and there are many glib answers to this question. The enormous material expansion of Germany coincident with the rise of the Empire, that "made in Germany" which stamps the fabrics that are sold in every land under the sun, the pressure from above so potent in a state in which the lack of initiative strikes every man of Anglo-Saxon race, — are answers that leap to the tongue. And yet they do not fully meet, they do not altogether exhaust the problem. Sometimes the question has been asked whether the technicalities of scholarship have not tended to diminish the area from which technical scholars are recruited. But in my judgment that depends very much on the spirit in which technical scholarship is handled. The teacher who does not rise from the particular to the universal, whose special line of research is not a line of fire as well as a line of light, who leaves his students as cold as he found them, does not live up to the measure of his prophetic office. The love which is the fulfilling of the law was never more warmly insisted on, never more nobly exemplified, than by the greatest teacher I have ever known; and if we are to draw any lessons for American scholarship from the state of things in Germany, we must look not only to the external conditions of advancing materialism, but to the internal decline of spiritual fervor.

The type of our scholarship is so

distinctly German, — certainly as compared with the scholarship of England, — our foremost men have been so largely trained in Germany, or are at any rate so largely permeated by German influences, the fashions of our standards follow so quickly the fashions of German textbooks, that we cannot keep ourselves from asking the question whether our studies will not show the same decline, whether the reflux wave will not carry us back also. But at the time now under review the flush of the triumph of what was then called more confidently than it is now the science of antiquity had not faded out. The author of the *Cosmos* was not dead, and the Americans of my time loved to do homage to the bent old man whose wisdom was after all, as his death revealed, a somewhat sardonic wisdom. And what Humboldt was to the world of the physicist Boeckh was to the world of the classical scholar, and his *Lycidas* was Karl Otfried Müller, whose memory was passionately cherished even by those who never saw him in the flesh. Scholars still visit his tomb at Colonus, but as I stood, a few weeks ago, on the Acropolis and found that with unarmed eye I could make out his resting-place, it was impossible to suppress the thought how much more that little white spot on the right meant to a man of my generation than it could possibly mean to others. The school of Gottfried Hermann, which favored wide learning, profound learning, it is true, but favored it only as an auxiliary to the interpretation of the classic authors, — the school that held its own with Spartan tenacity, and fought a brilliant series of rearguard skirmishes, — was soon to leave the field or go over to the enemy. The philology of Hermann was becoming as obsolete as his top-boots. Only top-boots are still an excellent thing in muddy weather, and Hermann is still something more than a name. But his greatest scholar, Ritschl, in trying to mediate between Hermann and Boeckh,

while in practice nearer to Hermann, was in spirit nearer to Boeckh, and the formula "the spiritual reproduction of antiquity" was the dominant formula of those days. The *Encyclopædia of Philology* was taken seriously, and the course of the classical philologist was shaped so as to embrace a wide sweep of studies. The only branch of philology to which the classical students of that time, as a rule, showed little favor was comparative grammar. They called it a root out of a dry ground; but from that root sprang a growth that was destined to overshadow all the other limbs, so that nowadays those who are not comparative grammarians find themselves denied in some quarters the name that has come down to us from Eratosthenes. In 1850 the name of George Curtius had not resounded much, to use a phrase of Dante's, but among the books that formed my little library was a copy of his *Tenses and Moods*, and his *Greek Grammar* was destined to make a great change in the whole method of the study and teaching of the classic languages. The neo-grammarians of to-day may smile at the methods of the older school, — very much as the bicyclist smiles at the wheel of the past, — for we live in an age of rigid frames and pneumatic tires, of inflexible phonetic laws and elastic analogical processes; but those who remember the days before Curtius will never forget the debt they owe to the man who made the study of form and syntax a living thing. Explanation after explanation of the phenomena has been abandoned. The solvent of criticism has eaten away much of the structure proudly reared fifty years ago. But the life that was breathed into the study abides, and it is simply truth to history when one maintains that if it had not been for the impulse given to grammatical study by the comparative method classical philology would be a different thing from what it is to-day and a poorer thing.

Grammar, as has often been noticed,

has a special fascination for Americans. It is not an insignificant fact that Lindley Murray was an American, though not an especially high type of the family of Apollonius the Crabbed; and it has been ill-naturedly said that, not unlike the Romans, we had a grammar before we had a literature. Rightly interpreted, grammar is the culmination of philological study, and not its rudiment; and as one whose chief philological work has lain in one domain of grammar, I am not disposed to underrate its importance. No study of literature can yield its highest result without the close study of language, and consequently the close study of grammar. The lyric glorification of a misunderstood text does not commend itself to a sober mind; and it often happens that those who sneer at the deadness of the mere grammarian mistake disdain of the interpreter of the beautiful for indifference to the beautiful itself. There are doubtless those who turn the strings of the poet's lyre into clothes-lines for airing grammatical notions, but there are others who thrill to the antique music with an exquisite delight that the uninitiated can never know. In fact, those who frankly resort to translation — and translation is becoming more and more an art — are far more congenial to true scholars than those whose only object in dealing with the classics is to show their own mastery of phrase, which too many mistake for mastery of theme.

At the same time, those whom I should call the true grammarians have perhaps been too reserved, have kept their counsel too close. In these democratic days no one is allowed to have a *hortus conclusus*, and the consequence has been a rebellion against grammar. The grammars have become too cumbrous, it is said, and there is a demand for abridged and simplified grammars, which demand is rapidly supplied with the alacrity of the commercial element in nineteenth-century scholarship. And surely when

professed grammarians and, as the world goes, successful grammarians acknowledge that their labor has been in vain, and that a more excellent way must be sought, it is time to consider the situation, and to ask whether that demand is the battle-cry of a needed reform or the slogan of a passing fad. For my part, I have never trembled for the ark of grammatical studies. The steadfast forces that are moving it—the Philistines remind us that the Biblical ark was drawn by oxen—will bring it to its appointed place, and there is no need of a rash hand to right it. However horrified this or that scholar may be at the thought of banishing from the textbook the results of years of observation and research, still we have learned from the science of theology—which was so long the nursing mother of philology—the art of readjustment. And if a firm grasp of the great facts and great principles of the classic languages is to be supplemented by close observation of the usage of individual authors as they pass under review in the class-room, then the knowledge gained will be far more quickening than the learning by heart of exceptions and sub-exceptions in a crowded manual. But any change in the traditional method must necessarily emphasize what is, after all, the important thing in all instruction, the subordination of the voiceless textbook to the living teacher.

Side by side, unless I err, side by side with the retrenchment of the grammatical element in the school runs a tendency to widen the range of reading; and even the post-classic periods of Greek and Roman literature are receiving more and more attention from year to year. The study of literature gains, the study of humanity gains, and grammar need not lose. For the appreciation of literary form one cannot read the authors of the model period too sedulously; but the contrast can also be made profitable, and it is astonishing how much wealth of

thought and feeling lies hid in the ranges of Greek and Roman literature that are practically unexplored except by the editors, except by index-hunters. And so the reaction against grammar in the schools may only prepare the way for a yet more exact grammar, and at the same time lead to a larger grasp of the literature of antiquity. The new generation will read more widely, will read more sympathetically, and the close of the century will be nearer in spirit to the middle of the century than could have been deemed possible some years ago, while the improvement in method, both in grammar and in literary analysis, will make the new study far more exact and far more definite. The spirit will have all its old fervor, its old swing; nor will it be less potent for the absence of the vague phrase-mongery of an earlier day.

The study of grammar, then, which some years ago threatened to absorb all our philological activity, has not wrought the havoc that was dreaded by those who have remained true to the old ideal, and has only served to teach better and more exact methods in other realms of philological research. Indeed, I think it might be shown that no matter what the subject of our study the processes are the same; and only a few weeks ago I found myself interpreting into terms of philological science the wonderful revelations of archæological research. It may be that as children of the same age, we are all thinking the thoughts of the time and applying the formulæ of the time. It may be that the physicist, the biologist, would feel as much intellectually at home amid the reconstructions of Dörpfeld as would the philologist, and yet the abiding-places of antique life belong to the philologist in a peculiar sense, and a new era of classical study has begun in America with the establishment of American schools in classic lands. Let us therefore pass over the long years of toil, the long years of endeavor to inform German learning with

the American spirit, and let us greet the new order of things. That sojourn in Italy, that tour in Greece, which, as was said in the beginning, were once regarded simply as a desirable rounding off of a course of study in Germany, are coming to be considered more and more as essential to the equipment of the classical teacher in America. Year after year veterans and novices alike repair to Greece and Italy. What Austria does for her teachers, American teachers are learning to do for themselves; and this quest of immediate vision cannot fail to influence the studies of the present generation and of the generations to come. My personal testimony may be suspected. The naughty boy among the Roman poets tells us how hard the disease of love goes with an old girl:—

“Quæ venit exacto tempore peius amat.”

And he is also responsible for the saying “turpe senilis amor.” But there is nothing to be ashamed of in the enthusiasm of the veteran scholar for the lands in which his thoughts have dwelt for a lifetime. John Stuart Mill thought it fortunate that his journey to Italy “occurred rather early, so as to give the benefit and the charm of the remembrance to a larger part of life.” Classen, on the other hand, did not see Italy or Greece until he was past seventy-three, — not until after the close of his long and honored career as a teacher. Indeed, it is hard to choose, if there must be a choice, between the two extremes, — between the vivid susceptibility of youth and the wider appreciation of maturer years. In either case, however, there passes into the soul a sense of reality that nothing save actual vision can give; and this sense, though one of the imponderables, is a precious result. I am not so enthusiastic an advocate of historical continuity as was Mr. Freeman, and yet I confess to a certain thrill when I was waked at Nauplia by a street cry that has resounded in Argolis every morning from the days of Agamemnon to the

present, and when I heard the skipper of the craft that took us from the Gulf of Corinth to the Saronic Gulf giving his orders, as we crept cautiously through the canal, in words that Odysseus might have used to his steersman between Scylla and Charybdis.

“To be busy on Greek soil under the light of the blue heaven,” says Dr. Jowett as he closes his grudging chapter on historical inscriptions in his *Notes on Thucydides*, “amid the scenes of ancient glory, in reading inscriptions or putting together fragments of stone or marble, has a charm of another kind than is found in the language of ancient authors.” Quite apart from the value of the inscriptions themselves, there is an overpowering sense of immediateness to which no one can be a stranger, be he epigraphist or not. The Museum of Athens holds memorable statues, the Hermes of Andros, no unworthy rival of him of Olympia, a Poseidon not readily to be forgotten, but there is an old inscription of Thera down in the basement that has also a voice that no copy can emit. It was my fortune to be at Delphi when the great bronze was unearthed, a find which has made the year memorable in the annals of the French school; and yet amid the joy of the occasion, my eyes reverted to the inscriptions which crowded about us, and Hieron’s effigy did not overshadow the name of Gelon. Two simple words, “Zeus’ boundary,” cut in the living rock on a spur of the Hill of the Nymphs — two words, which symbolize Greek definiteness, Greek limitations, — stand out in the memory with Pentelicus and Hymettus; and there is a puzzling inscription in Gytheion which haunts me still, as does the sardonic smile of the Frog’s Mouth beneath Lycabettus, which greeted me whenever I looked out of the window of my lodgings at Athens.

It was the correct feeling that the sight of the soil, the presence of the monuments of classical antiquity, would

give the student a firmer hold on the reality of his studies that led to the establishment of American schools first at Athens, and then at Rome. And while longer preparation and more ample philological equipment and more protracted residence are necessary to full fruition, while the familiar saying will always be true that what a man brings back bears a due proportion to what he takes with him, still there is in all cases an unquestionable gain, in some cases an incalculable gain, in the study of classical antiquity on classical soil. The gain does not always come along the expected channels, and I am afraid that the enormous access of vitality that is supposed to accrue from reading Greek poetry in the midst of Greek scenery is to some extent a matter of rhetoric. For one man who reads the *Eumenides* under the shadow of the awful rock of the Areopagus, or declaims the famous description of the battle of Salamis in sight of *Psyttaleia*, there are a dozen who pore over their *Pausanias*, which they soon learn to call *Pafsaneeas*; and it is sad to see how scholar after scholar follows *Baedeker* in repeating the famous tribute of *Pindar* to Athens as if it had been originated by the rare comic genius who quotes it time after time, — a stock quotation if there ever was one. But there are not many who read *Pindar* on Greek soil or any other. There are not many who know from their reading on the spot how much or how little is to be gained from *Aristophanes* for the topography of Attica. But the sight of Greece stamps deep the lessons that we have conned at home and starts new problems at every turn. No man can go to Greece without a revision of his judgment as to things Greek; the persistence of the old in the new will bring to all one's studies, past and future, the feeling of an undying life. The beauty of Greece is largely a beauty of form, and takes the color it has from sun and sky and air. It is the same beauty as

that which invests its literature with a perpetual charm. Every writer on Greece renounces description; every writer on Greece no sooner renounces description than he essays it in vain, and violet and amethyst and purple, and all the tender and shifting hues that speech has vainly tried to fix are vainly spread on the palette of the notebook.

To know Italy, to know Greece, is to be more and more the privilege of American scholars, and in the manifold enrichment of their work, the enhanced vitality of their studies, I rejoice with a joy that has no tang of bitterness in it for all that I have been compelled to forego. For whatever else I have failed to do or to see, I have had the inestimable privilege of following the guidance of the master who has answered the call of his admiring disciples, and has renewed on American soil the charm that bound all those who heard him under the Greek sky. Once to have fallen under the spell of *Dörpfeld* is to be under it forever. It is a spell too strong to be dissolved by analysis, and therefore I may venture to say that I have often tried to analyze it. Genius we take for granted in all such cases, but in this case genius finds a powerful backing in the sympathy of a profession that appeals to every one. *Dörpfeld* is an architect to begin with, — as he loves to remind us, — and we are all architects, each man in his own way. And if there is anything in the human being that makes him aware of his kindred to the Supreme, it is assuredly not so much his goodness as his love of creation. There is no more interesting chapter in the Bible than the first. Every child draws houses, builds houses, and no man's life is complete until he plans a dwelling for himself. It is a fascinating process to originate or even to follow, and no wonder that our arch-magician never seemed to know fatigue, that his voice was as clear and resonant and his eye as bright at the end of his demonstration as at the beginning. He was

living over the life of all the architects of antiquity, and his strength was as the strength of ten.

Before one has any practical acquaintance with the methods pursued, the enthusiasm might seem misspent. I remember that when the photographs of Olympia first came to our western world, I could not suppress a feeling of disappointment. There was Olympia before the excavation, a mantle of sand spread over the ruins, with summer hills smiling round the plain. Alpheios and naughty Kladeos were there, tucked in their beds and looking as innocent as if they had never dreamed of mischief. Under that mantle of sand lay the remains of temple and palaestra; and well did they sleep under that coverlet of seventeen or eighteen feet; and the classical scholar might take his Pausanias and imagine what had been there. Perhaps his thoughts were busier with the chest of Cypselys, which he well knew he could never see, than with the temples of the Altis, which he knew could be placed. Then the ruins were at last brought to light and the photographs came. The earth was strewn with courses of stone and drums of columns and fragments of ornaments. It was as if the peaceful soil had broken out into a marble eruption. Surely this is no dream of beauty. But the beauty is there, the beauty is in the cosmos of the orderly foundations that have withstood so much; for what is beauty but a logical harmony, as Helmholtz has said? Piece by piece the structure is brought back in all its original glory, with the added charm of the conquest of the human intellect, the human imagination, over the ravages of time and fortune. Flood and earthquake could not extinguish the thought of the builder, and the kindred soul of the modern architect reproduced out of the ages the work of his brother. The imagination of the hearer was scientifically stimulated to the vision of what was, what must have been. And so it

was through all our itinerary from Corinth to Olympia and Delphi, from Ægina to Troy. Every phenomenon of every building had its place, its significance. Everywhere had history left its mark. Here sheep had rubbed the walls smooth, and there mice had printed the clay with their scampering feet. Every change in the structure betrayed itself to the skilled eye, and was pointed out by the unerring finger: here a charred beam, here a vitrified brick, here an arrested flight of steps. Such is the meaning of that ramp, such is the meaning of that pavement. Note the drums here, and the monolith yonder. One form of art gives way to another, and the old building is adapted to the new exigencies. The imagination is quickened, as I have said, — for what is imagination but logic with wings? — and in a moment, the twinkling of an eye, the grammarian, the classical philologist is on his own ground, rebuilds the primal language of the race, restores the text of the faded palimpsest, and reconstructs the fabric of Greek literature, of Greek history. Now what is the rebuilding of the structure of Greek literature, Greek history, but the spiritual reproduction of classical antiquity, that very formula which scholars nowadays are prone to regard with a pitying smile? And as the years bring on the inevitable end, I rejoice, and would have others rejoice with me, in the recurrence of the cycle. Along every arc of that orbit Americans have done work of which no workman need to be ashamed, and to the methods that they have learned abroad they have brought the native acumen and the native directness that mark all their intellectual activity. In the new fields opened to American scholarship and by American scholarship there have been memorable achievements, and not the least memorable are those in which American courage and American endurance have succeeded where others had failed or had fainted. The simple narrative

of an epigraphic journey in Asia Minor which appeared some years ago filled me with the pride which the teacher always takes in a pupil's prowess, and I never passed the rope-ladder that was twisted round one of the columns of the eastern front of the Parthenon without a feeling of satisfaction that a young countryman of mine, a young friend of mine, had solved a problem by the old-fashioned apparatus that old-fashioned lovers knew, while others had been content to ogle the inscription with the safe opera-glass or had tried to coax it down by the facile kodak.

There is no despairing of the republic of classic letters with such a history as ours, in such a present as ours; and as I look upon the proud gateway over which Phelps Hall is enthroned, I behold in it the symbol and the pledge of the domination and the perpetuity of our studies. Through that gateway all our intel-

lectual life must pass. Serene in the contemplation of the shifting currents and the many-hued waves of the time that is, judging at once and guiding, sits the genius of that past to which our studies are consecrated. We call that past the classic past, and in the old days when Curtius reigned we used to fancy that in the word *classic* itself the significance of our studies was epitomized. The Doric word *klasis* like the Doric column was supposed to tell the whole story of the artistic perfection of Greece. The massive Latin form *classis* was supposed to tell the whole story of the universal domination of Rome. But it is not necessary to reinforce by an etymological fancy the great historical fact that Greece lives on and Rome lives on, in those Greek souls and those Roman souls that have been called with the high calling of the teachers of the world, in literature and in art, in law and in government.

B. L. Gildersleeve.

PROFESSOR CHILD.

FRANCIS JAMES CHILD, whose sudden death on the 11th of last September came as a bitter personal loss not only to an unusually large circle of attached friends in both hemispheres, but to very many scholars who knew him through his works alone, was one of the few learned men to whom the old title of "master" was justly due and freely accorded. With astonishing erudition, which nothing seemed to have escaped, he united an infectious enthusiasm and a power of lucid and fruitful exposition that made him one of the greatest of teachers, and a warmth and openness of heart that won the affection of all who knew him. In most men, however complex their characters, one can distinguish the qualities of the heart, in some degree, from the qualities of the head. In Pro-

fessor Child no such distinction was possible, for all the elements of his many-sided nature were fused in his marked and powerful individuality. In his case, the scholar and the man cannot be separated. His life and his learning were one; his work was the expression of himself.

Mr. Child was born in Boston on the first day of February, 1825, and was graduated from Harvard College in 1846, being the first scholar in his class. Shortly after graduation he entered the service of the college, in which he continued, with an interval of European study and travel, to the day of his death. In 1851 he was appointed Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, and in 1876 he was transferred to the chair of English, then just established. The immediate duties of this new professorship

were thoroughly congenial, and he continued to perform them with unabated vigor to the end. In the onerous details of administrative and advisory work, inseparable, according to our exacting American system, from the position of a university professor, he was equally faithful and untiring. For thirty years he acted as secretary of the Library Council, and in all that time he was absent from but three meetings. As chairman of the English Department and of the Division of Modern Languages, and as a member of many important committees, he was ever prodigal of time and effort. How steadily he attended to the regular duties of the class-room his pupils, for fifty years, are the best witnesses. They, too, will best understand the satisfaction he felt that, in the fiftieth year of his teaching, he was not absent from a single lecture. No man was ever less a formalist; yet the most formal of natures could not, in the strictest observance of punctilio, have surpassed the regularity with which he discharged, as it were spontaneously, the multifarious duties of his position.

Though compelled by the terms of his original professorship to spend much of his time from 1851 to 1876 in teaching English composition, Mr. Child had from the outset of his career been strongly attracted to the study of the English language and literature in their older forms, and in these subjects he had become an authority of the first rank long before the establishment of the English chair enabled him to arrange his teaching in accordance with his tastes. His courses in Anglo-Saxon, Middle English literature, Chaucer, and Shakespeare — to which had recently been added a course in the English and Scottish Popular Ballads — were among the most highly esteemed in the university. He did much to encourage advanced study and investigation among competent students; but he always insisted on the necessity of a sound preliminary equipment. The impatient ardor of immature specializa-

tion seemed to him no good augury for the future of American learning.

As an investigator, Professor Child was at once the inspiration and the despair of his disciples. Nothing could surpass the scientific exactness of his methods and the unwearied diligence with which he conducted his researches. No possible source of information could elude him; no book or manuscript was too voluminous or too unpromising for him to examine on the chance of its containing some fact that might correct or supplement his material, even in the minutest point. Yet these qualities of enthusiastic accuracy and thoroughness, admirable as they undoubtedly were, by no means dominated him. They were always at the command of the higher qualities of his genius, — sagacity, acumen, and a kind of sympathetic and imaginative power in which he stood almost alone among recent scholars. No detail of language or tradition or archæology was to him a mere lifeless fact; it was transmuted into something vital, and became a part of that universal humanity which always moved him wherever he found it, whether in the pages of a mediæval chronicle, or in the stammering accents of a late and vulgarly distorted ballad, or in the faces of the street boys who begged roses from his garden. No man ever felt a keener interest in his kind, and no scholar ever brought this interest into more vivifying contact with the technicalities of his special studies. The exuberance of this large humanity pervades his great work on the English and Scottish ballads. Even in his last years, when the languor of uncertain health sometimes got the better, for a season, of the spirit with which he commonly worked, some fresh bit of genuine poetry in a ballad, some fine trait of pure nature in a stray folk-tale, would, in an instant, bring back the full flush of that enthusiasm which he must have felt when the possibilities of his achievement first presented them-

selves to his mind in early manhood. For such a nature there was no old age.

From this ready sympathy came that rare faculty — seldom possessed by scholars — which made Professor Child peculiarly fit for his greatest task. Few persons understand the difficulties of ballad investigation. In no field of literature have the forger and the manipulator worked with greater vigor and success. From Percy's day to our own it has been thought an innocent device to publish a bit of one's own versifying, now and then, as an "old ballad" or an "ancient song." Often, too, a late stall-copy of a ballad, getting into oral circulation, has been innocently furnished to collectors as traditional matter. Mere learning will not guide an editor through these perplexities. What is needed is, in addition, a complete understanding of the "popular" genius, a sympathetic recognition of the traits that characterize oral literature wherever and in whatever degree they exist. This faculty, which even the folk has not retained, and which collectors living in ballad-singing and tale-telling times have often failed to acquire, was vouchsafed by nature herself to this sedentary scholar. In reality a kind of instinct, it had been so cultivated by long and loving study of the traditional literature of all nations that it had become wonderfully swift in its operations and almost infallible. No forged or retouched piece could deceive him for a moment; he detected the slightest jar in the genuine ballad tone. He speaks in one place of certain writers "who would have been all the better historians for a little reading of romances." He was himself the better interpreter of the poetry of art for this keen sympathy with the poetry of nature.

Constant association with the spirit of the folk did its part in maintaining, under the stress of unremitting study and research, that freshness and buoyancy of mind which was the wonder of all who met Professor Child for the first time,

and the perpetual delight of his friends and associates. It is impossible to describe the charm of his familiar conversation. There was endless variety without effort. His peculiar humor, taking shape in a thousand felicities of thought and phrase that fell casually and as it were inevitably from his lips, exhilarated without reaction or fatigue. His lightest words were full of fruitful suggestion. Sudden strains of melancholy or high seriousness were followed, in a moment, by flashes of gayety almost boyish. And pervading it all one felt the attraction of his personality and the goodness of his heart.

Professor Child's humor was not only one of his most striking characteristics as a man, — it was of constant service to his scholarly researches. Keenly alive to any incongruity in thought or fact, and the least self-conscious of men, he scrutinized his own nascent theories with the same humorous shrewdness with which he looked at the ideas of others. It is impossible to think of him as the sponsor of some hypotheses which men of equal eminence have advanced and defended with passion. Nor, even if his goodness of nature had not prevented it, would his sense of the ridiculous have suffered him to engage in the absurdities of philological polemics. In the interpretation of literature his humor stood him in good stead, keeping his native sensibility under due control, so that it never degenerated into sentimentalism. It made him a marvelous interpreter of Chaucer, whose spirit he had caught to a degree attained by no other scholar or critic.

To younger scholars Professor Child was an influence at once stimulating and benignant. To confer with him was always to be stirred to greater effort, but, at the same time, the serenity of his devotion and learning chastened the petulance of immature ambition in others. The talk might be quite concrete, even definitely practical, — it might deal with

indifferent matters; but, in some way, there was an irradiation of the master's nature that dispelled all unworthy feelings. In the presence of his noble modesty the bustle of self-assertion was quieted and the petty spirit of pedantic wrangling could not assert itself. However severe his criticism, there were no personalities in it. He could not be other than outspoken, — concealment and shuffling were abhorrent to him, — yet such was his kindliness that his frankest judgments never wounded; even his reproofs left no sting. With his large charity was associated, as its necessary complement in a strong character, a capacity for righteous indignation. "He is almost the only man I know," said one in his lifetime, "*who thinks no evil.*" There could be no truer word. Yet when he was confronted with injury or oppression, none could stand against the anger of this just man. His unselfishness did not suffer him to see offenses against himself, but wrong done to another roused him in an instant to protesting action.

Professor Child's chief published contributions to learning were three: his edition of Spenser, his *Observations on the Language of Chaucer and Gower*, and his *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. His Spenser, included in the series of *British Poets* over which he exercised superintendence, was intended for the general reader, and is therefore sparingly annotated, but it remains, after forty years, on the whole the best edition in existence. More important is his great treatise on the language of Chaucer, published, with the modest title of *Observations*, in the *Transactions of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences* for 1863. It is difficult, at the present day, to imagine the state of Chaucer philology at the moment when this paper appeared. Scarcely anything, we may say, was known of Chaucer's grammar and metre in a sure and scientific way. Indeed, the difficulties to be solved had

not even been clearly formulated. Further, the accessible mass of evidence on Anglo-Saxon and Middle English was, in comparison to the stores now at the easy command of every tyro, almost insignificant. The present sketch cannot, of course, enter into technicalities: suffice it to say that Mr. Child not only defined the problems, but provided for most of them a solution which the researches of younger scholars have only served to substantiate. He also gave a perfect model of the method proper to such investigations, — a method simple, laborious, and exact. The *Observations* were subsequently rearranged and condensed, with Professor Child's permission, by Mr. A. J. Ellis for his *History of English Pronunciation*; but only those who have studied them in their original form can appreciate their merit fully. "It ought never to be forgotten," writes Professor Skeat, "that the only full, and almost complete solution of the question of the right scansion of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* is due to what Mr. Ellis rightly terms 'the wonderful industry, acuteness, and accuracy of Professor Child.'" Had he produced nothing else, this work, with its pendant the *Observations on Gower*, would have assured him a high place among those very few scholars who have permanently settled important problems of linguistic science.

The crowning work of his life, however, was his *thesaurus of English and Scottish Ballads*, which takes undisputed rank, among scholars of all nations, as one of the greatest monuments of learning ever erected by one man. To this he devoted almost half a lifetime. More than twenty years had been given to preparation and to collecting materials before a line was printed. The first half-volume (of some two hundred and fifty pages, in folio, double columns) appeared in 1882, the ninth in 1895, and the tenth, completing the whole, was left by him nearly ready for the

press. If the list of Professor Child's publications includes but few titles, the reason is obvious: this one title is in itself a library.

The idea of the collection grew out of Professor Child's editorial labors on the series of the *British Poets* already referred to. For that series he prepared a ballad collection in eight volumes (1857-58), which circulated widely, and was everywhere admitted to supersede all previous attempts in the same field. To the editor, however, this was but the starting-point for further researches. He soon formed the plan of a far more extensive collection on an altogether different model. This was to include every obtainable version of every extant English or Scottish ballad, with the fullest possible discussion of related songs or stories in the "popular" literature of all nations. To this enterprise Professor Child resolved, if need were, to devote the rest of his life. His first care was to secure trustworthy texts. Various important ballad manuscripts were known to exist in public or private hands, and others came to light as time went on. Copies or collations of these had to be secured, for the purpose was to take nothing at second-hand when a direct source could be arrived at. Then came the labor of arrangement, comparison, and criticism; and, finally, it was requisite to determine, in the fullest manner, the history and foreign relations of every ballad. To readers unfamiliar with this department of knowledge no form of statement can convey even a faint impression of the industry, the learning, the acumen, and the literary skill which these processes required. In writing the history of a single ballad, Mr. Child was sometimes forced to examine hundreds of books in perhaps a dozen different languages. But his industry was unflagging, his sagacity was never at fault, and his linguistic and literary knowledge seemed to have no bounds. He spared no pains to perfect his work in every

detail, and his success was commensurate with his efforts. In the preface to the *Ninth Part* he was able to report that the three hundred and five numbers of his collection comprised the whole extant mass of this traditional material, with the possible exception of a single ballad.

Professor Child's publications, despite their magnitude and importance, are no adequate measure either of his acquirements or of his influence. He printed nothing about Shakespeare, for example, yet he was the peer of any Shakespearean, past or present, in knowledge and interpretative power. As a Chaucer scholar he had no superior, in this country or in Europe: his published work was confined, as we have seen, to questions of language, but no one had a wider or closer acquaintance with the whole subject. An edition of Chaucer from his hand would have been priceless. His acquaintance with letters was not confined to special authors or centuries. He was at home in modern European literature and profoundly versed in that of the Middle Ages. In his immediate territory, — English, — his knowledge, linguistic and literary, covered all periods, and was alike exact and thorough. His taste and judgment were exquisite, and he enlightened every subject which he touched. As a writer, he was master of a singularly felicitous style, full of individuality and charm. Had his time not been occupied in other ways, he would have made the most delightful of essayists.

Fortunately, Professor Child's courses of instruction in the university — particularly those on Chaucer and Shakespeare — gave him an opportunity to impart to a constantly increasing circle of pupils the choicest fruits of his life of thought and study. In his later years he had the satisfaction to see grow up about him a school of young specialists who can have no higher ambition than to be worthy of their master. But his teaching was not limited to these, — it

included all sorts and conditions of college students ; and none, not even the idle and incompetent, could fail to catch something of his spirit. One thing may be safely asserted : no college teacher was ever more beloved.

And with this may fitly close too slight a tribute to the memory of a great scholar

and a good man. Many things remain unsaid. His gracious family life, his civic virtues, his patriotism, his bounty to the poor, — all must be passed by with a bare mention, which yet will signify much to those who knew him. In all ways he lived worthily, and he died having attained worthy ends.

George Lyman Kittredge.

THE ART OF PUBLIC IMPROVEMENT.

OUR New World demands an art expression characteristic and national. Hence the question often arises, What is to be the art of America? In what visible form, enduring and distinguished, shall the country embody its high aspiration, and its intimate conception of eternal beauty?

All nations of intense vitality have found artistic ways of their own to express their peculiar genius. Some have invented, while others have borrowed and vitalized an idea ; in either case the stamp is that of the people who made the thought of moment ; for even an echoed art takes on the characteristics of the feebleness of the nation which refines, or of the more powerful race which emphasizes and gives grandeur to the primitive conception.

The English race has never been triumphant in the plastic arts, from the fact that with it the idea is apt to outrun the hand. Ever seeking to narrate or to suggest rather than to portray, the artist finds that his story overpowers his material, and in the endeavor to embody a conception he loses pure artistic quality ; so that the painter struggling with a thought often fumbles with color, while the sculptor overstrains the function of marble.

Beautiful form, the rare and delicate hues of the palette, are not enough to satisfy the Anglo-Saxon, who is ever oppressed by subtle ideas, and grasps un-

consciously after vital and eternal truths with an intense craving for largeness of utterance and escape from bonds. In short, the very love of liberty, which is the fusing principle of this intense and masterful race of which we form a part, renders it incapable of using brush or chisel to its full satisfaction, because it forever chafes at their material limitations. Only in controlling Nature does it find a congenial way to express its profound sense of true beauty, and to line out grandly for itself a bold and characteristic picture.

The art of landscape gardening — or landscape architecture, as it is sometimes called on this side of the Atlantic — arose in Britain in that very sixteenth century in which art culminated elsewhere ; appealing so promptly to its rich landowners, that the term "English gardening" is applied to what is otherwise known as the natural method of ornamenting estates, in contradistinction to the more formal methods of the Latin nations. This art consists in enhancing the charm of the natural surroundings of a spot by skillful planting of trees and shrubs, by providing smooth extended lawns and appropriate flowers in the right situations, and by opening vistas to reveal distant objects of interest, so that the whole shall form a picture of varied beauty from all points whence it may be viewed by the observer. At the same time, while Na-

ture is really controlled and confined to prevent exuberance, nothing should obtrude that fact unduly, but the conditions should seem naturally harmonious, with only that delicate touch and suggestion of human intelligence necessary to perfection.

Here Nature herself serves as brush and canvas, chisel and stone. Her varying moods, wild and stern, or soft and soothing, appealed early to the rugged British race, with its underlying tenderness, so that all over the United Kingdom homes of ideal beauty have been cherished, enhanced by every accessory a loving interest could suggest. Even when the gardener's part in them may have been overdone, and results fantastic rather than tasteful are seen, everywhere in England one is touched by the ardent love evident for the rocks and trees and silver waters of the precious island, forever hallowed to us as to its own people by the reverent enthusiasm of the authors of our common literature.

To the new continent to which they brought their energy, the British settlers brought also that passion for nature which is in our blood, and which the American is destined to carry far. Here, amid sylvan surroundings, separated by oceans from all that has artistically gone before, our fresh young race, if it is to achieve an artistic development, must do so on lines where there is still room for advance, with an art intelligible to the people to whom it must appeal, and in ways in which large participation is possible to produce a general result.

It is in dealing with nature that we can best find our opportunity to gratify our need for a great art, an art the people want, an art they can love, one that will give them true joy, that will appeal to the humblest and the wisest alike; for we crave something popular to please the masses, something large to gratify the race instinct for the colossal, something bold and far-reaching to strike an answering chord in every American heart.

Ours must be an art that men are ready to pay for, to which the rich will give largely, and for which the poor will gladly submit to an extra tax, to be returned to them tenfold in health and enjoyment; an art which will give work to those who need it, and will offer a chance for benefaction to the rich; an art in which the simple can bear a hand, and yet which will afford scope to the highest artistic gifts; an art which will educate while it gratifies, and will uplift while it rejoices.

What shall we call this art, the wide scope of which includes mountain and cataract, forest and plain; which requires state and national governments for its support, and demands an army for its preservation, and a genius to conceive? It is not forestry, it is not park construction, it is not landscape nor ornamental gardening, yet it embraces them all, and much more beside, since through it we are to find artistic expression for our in-born love of the beautiful in nature, and our desire for its preservation and development. As a manifestation of the profound sentiment of our people, adapted above all to its especial needs, we claim that the art for America, the art in which we may hope to set an example to the world, is the Art of Public Improvement. That this art is destined to be popular is shown by the marked and growing interest manifested all over the country in the care of grounds, in the improvement of villages and towns, in the establishment of parks and great forest reservations, and in a disposition to acquire by private or public purchase tracts of land which contain features of unusual interest, to be forever preserved for the delight of coming generations.

That a movement so widespread and so well sustained has a meaning in our national development we can hardly doubt, and it certainly stands for the best there is in us, our taste, our philanthropy, our capability of self-sacrifice for an idea. We do not claim vast achieve-

ments for it, but merely vitality, growing force, contagious enthusiasm, without which no advance can be made, and by the aid of which all things are possible, if only the right leaders arise. Nor are these lacking; for two remarkable artists, of whom more will be said hereafter, have already illustrated our national art, and the latest of them has carried it, by his conceptions and extraordinary achievements, beyond any point yet reached in the old world. Whatever height the art may attain in the future, the names of Andrew Jackson Downing and Frederick Law Olmsted will ever be recognized as those the nation delights to honor as the distinguished pioneers of an important artistic growth on this continent, the torch-bearers, bringing the light we sought so long, and which at last has begun to shine for us in the wilderness.

No great movement is possible without a man to concentrate and formulate floating ideas, to give expression to what is vague, and to indicate the road development is to travel if it is to be truly momentous. So wholly does the man fit the need that it is often thought that he creates it, when he is merely its exponent; and the philosophic study of all new departures shows the necessity of absolute touch between the people and the genius of the leader before a creation can be understood. As Diderot has said, great ideas originate with superior minds, but not till the multitude take up those ideas and push them along do they become effective. In our case, the evangelists preached to good purpose, so that we have awakened and heard, and in many instances have made the doctrine effective. In the art of public improvement the man has to be both originator and exhorter, for he must arouse the taste he is destined to gratify; therefore it was a great thing for the country that both Mr. Downing and Mr. Olmsted were not only men of executive ability, but also masters of the persuasive word; and it is a matter of rejoicing that the latter lives

to witness many results of magnitude from his teaching.

It may naturally be asked what is the characteristic quality of public improvement as practiced in America; also, how ours differs from the landscape gardening of other countries, and on what ground it is claimed that we may hope to see a more expanded development of this art here than elsewhere. The answer to this is that all our public pleasure-grounds are creations for a given end, while many of those in the old world are adaptations. Not a few of the ancient European gardens and parks were primarily adjuncts to palaces and castles, and the people were admitted to them only by favor. The formal gardens designed by Italian and French landscape artists demanded a building of importance as the central point of the scheme. The magnificent grounds of Versailles, designed by Le Nôtre, form an architectural connection, by terraces and flights of steps, between the château and the formal parterres below, which are diversified with stately staircases, fountains, sculpture, clipped yews, and floral designs, till they gradually melt into the wilder portions of the park, whose woods bound the domain. Numerous famous parks and gardens of Europe belong to the crown or government, or are the property of individuals; and though the public is permitted to view their beauty, they were not primarily constructed solely for its enjoyment. This is the keynote of the difference. The reason why our art has a chance to become national is that every man, woman, and child has an interest in the preservation and development of the spot chosen for recreation, so that they learn to take the same interest in protecting their beauty from vandalism that any proprietor has in the care of his individual grounds.

Any national American art must partake of the democratic character of our people, and be the one result from many willing hearts and hands, which is our

working secret. It must be something not outside of us, intelligible only to the chosen few, with a signification too deep for the crowd; but something at once large and simple, to which each of us can contribute after his fashion, — the workman with his spade, the farmer with the neat tilling and fencing of his broad acres, the small householder with a well-kept yard, the rich man with his stately pleasure-grounds, the village with its common and well-shaded streets, the town with its squares and greens and broad avenues, the city with its generous park systems, the nation with its vast reservations. From these well-organized components, from the humble and the magnificent scheme combined, might result a whole which should make our national art of public improvement an example to the world for breadth of conception and minute perfection of detail, while it would become a source of pride to each individual who had ministered to so great an end.

Another reason why we have an opportunity to carry our art far is that we still have room enough, so that we have a chance to secure vast areas, at a moderate expense, before the country becomes overcrowded. We have arboreta on a much larger scale than those of Europe; our great public reservations, many of them of remarkable natural beauty, are of enormous extent. The national government owns, and ought to protect, thousands of miles of the primeval forest of the continent, which is far more important and beautiful than the planted forests of France and Germany, Belgium and Holland. Near our rapidly growing cities land enough can still be retained by municipalities to accommodate their greatest future need. Everywhere there is a recognition of the tremendous expansion to be prepared for even within one generation, and our tax-payers can, therefore, be brought to submit to charges for extensive plans of improvement.

It seems as if the movement towards

this result, which has within the last score of years assumed such consequence, must be significant of a national awakening to an interest in this beautiful and comprehensive art; for the spirit shows itself in many ways, the most important being the desire for the protection of our public reservations and the most vital Village Improvement. The subject demands consideration under several heads, each requiring special attention. These are, first, the park systems, which led the way; second, the better care of our villages and small towns, and municipal improvements; third, the great national reservations; and fourth, the economic question of our forests, with the pressing need of congressional action to protect and utilize this valuable source of revenue to the country.

Historically, the movement in the United States cannot date much further back than the early fifties, when, roused by Mr. Downing's writing in *The Horticulturist*, a few far-seeing minds recognized the necessity of providing for the health and recreation of urban populations by furnishing open and beautiful places of resort for them. This now seems so simple and obvious a duty that it is hard to remember that only persistent and unremitting effort on the part of a few determined souls was able to overcome the sluggish indifference of municipal councilors and state legislatures; while even intelligent citizens resisted the effort to provide large parks, on the ground that they would probably become merely lurking-places for the lawless and depraved, and unfit resorts for the respectable.

Eloquence, tact, and pertinacity at last prevailed to wring meagre appropriations from city fathers for those pleasure-grounds which are now recognized by all citizens as their most cherished possessions. Little by little, after the fashion of all great reforms, at first suggested by the few, finally demanded by the many, the park question forced itself into pro-

minence, and began to take hold of the public.

Contemporaneously with this urban movement, there was shown a desire for neatness and finish here and there in many a small town and village, where some enlightened man or woman, thirsting for organized loveliness, labored to improve the muddy roads and straggling dooryards which disfigured the locality. As in the matter of parks, a few active minds were able to move a whole community. One carefully kept grass-plot induced another; the removal of a few tumbled-down fences showed how unnecessary they were; a few streets planted with trees inspired a neighborhood to emulation, and the example spread. The formation of a Village Improvement Society composed of public-spirited people, who oversaw, and helped with money, produced such results in one town that another was moved to go and do likewise; and from one nucleus in New England, and others in the South and West, the idea is traveling far and wide, the present increased facility of communication helping to spread it.

Better roads are a modern demand emphasized by the ubiquitous bicycle, and the States are furnishing smooth and well-kept highways linking town to town. Under the stimulus of the wheel the country inn is reviving, the outdoor restaurant appears, opening a new industry to the farmer, and affording a field for picturesque improvement.

Growing tastefulness is apparent at railway stations, with buildings designed by competent architects, and surrounded by shrubberies and flowers cared for by the station masters in their spare moments. Litter is forbidden; trees overhanging the waiting-places for carriages, refinement of approach indicates the character of the neighborhood, and the traveler is soothed by gentle sights and refreshed by pleasing outlooks.

The need of shading our glaring dusty roadways is more and more recognized,

and the example of older towns, now beautiful with avenues of stately elms and maples, inspires the younger ones to furnish with trees their newly opened boulevards and roads. Though the science of tree-planting is but poorly understood, and still less the proper care of trees after they are once rooted, Improvement Societies will in time give instruction in these matters, and the results will be more satisfactory. If at the same time shady footpaths, wholly apart from the highway, could be provided, it might make walking the pleasure which it is along the quiet lanes of the Old World, so sadly lacking here. Meantime we have tree clubs, and an effort is being made to arouse the interest of children by encouraging them to plant trees, and, still better, to cherish them. The ceremonies of Arbor Day, instituted by the present Secretary of Agriculture, the Hon. J. Sterling Morton of Nebraska, emphasize for them the value of trees and shrubs in ornamenting the village. The exercises will be still more valuable when they include instruction in the proper care of what has been already planted.

The improvement of schoolhouses and libraries lends an added dignity to country towns, and makes these buildings, with their grounds, of importance in village ornamentation; while religious societies rival each other in tasteful arrangement of the open spaces about their respective churches, with excellent effect.

The planting and ornamenting of rural cemeteries originated in the United States, and in many little towns these afford almost the only opportunity for a Sunday stroll. Though the lack of unity of design and a tendency to florid decoration too often spoil the effect as a whole, the sentiment which cares so tenderly for the resting-places of the dead is another evidence of the promising material to work upon in this country. When taste shall have been educated, more simplicity will be shown, and many touchingly beautiful spots will be prepared for the

last home. Those who remember Mount Auburn, Cambridge, Mass., half a century ago, as a valued resort, realize well how its natural loveliness has been marred by the intrusion of inappropriate marble; but other burial-grounds, of more recent date, are showing how the memorials of the dead can be kept in harmony with the quiet beauty of sylvan surroundings; and in time a more sensitive taste will prevail, of whose stirrings we begin to be conscious, which may gradually influence all our surroundings.

Another evidence of the progress of taste is to be found in the growing interest in horticulture, and the disposition to study it scientifically. This has resulted in the founding of ten botanical gardens in the United States, and also in the purchase, by the city of Philadelphia, of the first park ever planted in America, on the farm of John Bartram on the Schuylkill, where, with only enthusiasm to begin with in 1728, but with constantly expanding knowledge, he established his collections. The æsthetic planting of botanical gardens, far removed from the old-fashioned straight lines and stiff alleys, the natural treatment of trees and shrubs in them in appropriate localities, so far as is possible, show that beauty and scientific arrangement are not incompatible, and that, while adding largely to the knowledge of the world, these gardens can also serve as object-lessons in pleasing arrangement. This is notably the case in the Arnold Arboretum at Jamaica Plain, near Boston, which twenty years ago was founded with the proceeds of a fund of a hundred thousand dollars left to Harvard College by Mr. James Arnold, a public-spirited citizen of New Bedford, Mass., as a garden to be devoted to forestry and dendrology. There are about two hundred acres in the inclosure, and the treatment of the grounds, which form a part of the park system of Boston, is an evidence that accurate scientific arrangement can be combined with picturesque charm.

The growth of interest in horticulture and floriculture in the last century is a subject capable of elaborate treatment. The tasteful management of different flowers with regard to color and mode of growth, their proper disposition in grounds, and the way to plant them to the best æsthetic advantage, has only recently received proper attention with us, but it must be recognized that floriculture is an important branch of artistic growth in public improvement.

A simple but lively agent in the movement we chronicle has been the general introduction of the lawn-mower, which has made a rough dooryard as old-fashioned in many a village as the unsightly fences of former days, while the supply of water by aqueducts helps to preserve a uniform greenness in the little smooth lawns graded to the edge of the highway. Thus we see how one advance leads imperceptibly to another, till the whole great scheme is evolved.

The beginnings of all the arts are very crude and formless, but the true Renaissance begins when men want to know, and that is the age of progress. The secret strength of our civilization is that it wants to know; it is not self-satisfied, passive; it stirs; it is discontented; it recognizes its deficiencies, is aware of a great body of learning to which it has not access, and which it would fain master. These are the little blades, from seed scattered broadcast, which indicate a coming harvest. In a huge, straggling, half-settled country like ours, one cannot look for instant perfection or universal rapid progress. We have no autocratic municipal governments like those which accomplish wonders in European cities; such order as we develop will not be enforced by anything mightier than popular conviction. The will and desire must come from within; from that spirit of emulation and wish for the best there is going which is such a strong characteristic of Americans; from that readiness to assimilate which makes our

women keen for the last mode and our men eager for the newest bicycle, stimulated by the newspapers, which keep each section of the United States informed of what the others are doing.

The main thing seems to be to so present the right treatment of grounds, towns, parks, and forests that it may become the fashion. Fashion is not a lofty factor in civilization, it must be admitted, yet it is omnipotent with us. Now, to direct the movement rightly, so as to establish canons of good taste, and make this art a high expression, — that is, to have our people assimilate the best rather than the second-best, — necessitates the growth and education of the individual, the only source of progress for the race. Whatever proceeds merely from a ruler's decree dies with the passing of the master mind; but that idea which the community grasps is the really valuable working one, and in a sort indicates both the understanding and the social status of a people by the readiness with which it is adopted. Certainly artistic planting ought to be as contagious as the changes of attire.

What we require next is a school of forestry and landscape gardening, and for this we have suggestions in the schools of European nations for horticulture, agriculture, forestry, and kindred subjects which we greatly need to study here. At present there is no place outside of an office where the art we hope for can be taught. Engineering can be learned in institutions, and there are some agricultural schools and experiment stations which have their value, but if a young man seeks knowledge to fit himself for the career of landscape architect we have no such thing as a school of public improvement.

The advantage of a school of art of any kind is, that though no school can create a great artist, it can at least show him the shortest road to his end, teach him how to prepare and use his tools, give him the history of what has been

done before, and inspire emulation. An American school might furnish scholarships to the more promising pupils, to enable them to travel, to study the methods of other lands, with a view to grappling more successfully with the problems of our virgin continent. The varied branches of the comprehensive study of public improvement might be dealt with by competent teachers and illustrated by suggestive examples. It could accumulate a library such as no private student could afford to purchase, with pictures and plans to be wisely studied, and from it the genius of the future might draw his inspiration.

However true it may be that no difficulty ever seems to check the growth of any supreme artistic genius, which has its own ways of bursting the shell, and of finding nutriment in everything, great artists are rare, and many valuable talents are lost to the world for the lack of an opportunity to train them, and to make the most of what the French call a "disposition" for art. We look for the time when some enthusiast for public improvement shall found an institution to impart instruction in it, or at least leave money for a chair in one of our universities, for a course of which many youths may avail themselves. We believe that the day of this institution is not far off, for we observe that the movement for public improvement is sporadic, it is confined to no locality, it springs up in all parts of the republic, and this sign is full of encouragement. Its advocates burn with zeal, and labor without repose for the benefit of posterity. Even when some of their plans are misguided, their aim is high, their motives are unselfish, the value of their services is incalculable.

The more one studies this great subject, the more one is struck with the lofty public spirit of individuals, their almost poetic fire. They display that enthusiastic sense of duty to the community and the state, that high civic virtue, which

is the proudest attribute of man. Their self-sacrifice, their industry, their heroic efforts for a cause that may be called purely one of sentiment, though based on the great economic principle of benefit to the race, arouse a respect which becomes veneration when we realize what large, farseeing patriotism is the mainspring of their untiring labor.

As an instance of this we quote the following paragraph from a letter recently received from Mr. J. B. Harrison, formerly secretary of the American Forestry Congress, the man to whose personal effort the nation largely owes the Niagara Falls Reservation : —

“The chief thing in my relation to the Niagara work was the going, twice, to nearly every town and hamlet in the State of New York, to see the leading citizens, editors, lawyers, clergymen, and merchants, to ‘work up’ sentiment, first for the appointment of a commission to examine and report, and then for the appropriation of the money to buy the land at the Falls. Everybody helped, and at last the brakemen in the cars used to come in and sit by me, and ask, ‘Do you think the State will buy Niagara?’ and the boys who carried my bag to the train would ask about it, too. Then I felt sure we should succeed. We got the subject into the mind of every man, woman, and child, apparently.”

Here we have the true spirit of the apostle; and such apostles are alive among us to-day, influencing their generation, sowing the good seed, and preaching the new gospel. To show what their work is, we have but to remark how, in town after town, individuals have labored with the authorities to persuade them to receive parks and lands which they stood ready to give to their fellow-citizens, though it took years and years to induce selectmen and town councilors to accept the gift. These personal efforts, often ungratefully met, show us the force, the patience, the far-reaching benevolence, which exist among us, the little leaven which has to

raise the whole lump of ignorance and inertia.

The eloquence, the artistic feeling, the large wisdom, displayed in the park reports of Mr. Olmsted — often destined either to be read by unappreciative municipal officers, or, as he pathetically remarks, never to be read at all, — would have made the fame of a purely literary man, yet we can find them only in pamphlets almost out of print which to-day are very difficult of access. These reports abound from beginning to end in important suggestions. Thus have men cast bread upon the waters, to be found again by the nation only after many weary years.

Schemes which it takes decades to bring about, and a half century to entirely develop, require master minds for their conception and the “long patience” of genius to foster. Ordinary inventors look for large returns from their expenditure of thought and time and treasure, but the architect of public grounds gains little more than a modest livelihood from his labor, which is to confer a perpetual benefit upon his native land. As to the man who gives acres to beautify his town, he is a philanthropist, who sometimes hardly receives thanks. This is why we claim that our country abounds, as does no other, in evidences of purely unselfish zeal, and the study of our present theme indicates in this regard the claims of some individuals, now unknown beyond their immediate neighborhoods, to the gratitude of the nation. The difficulty has been to start the people on the right road, but once started, their progress promises to be steady and rapid. We see not only that individuals have learned to arrange their homes and surroundings picturesquely, but that communities are gaining in civic pride and interest in the ornamentation of villages.

Parks have become a necessity of our cities and towns, and even the unenlightened resistance of municipal gov-

ernments is overborne by the popular demand. Private and public reservations of beautiful lands, game preserves established by clubs and individuals, have taught the value of wild woods and flowing streams. The government is slowly awakening to the needs of its forests, and public sentiment is being educated by the press to the importance of an enlightened management of that source of revenue which in other lands is so carefully administered.

To these educative influences must be added the quite recent foundation in Massachusetts of a Society for the Preservation of Beautiful and Historic Places,¹ whose function is to receive and hold lands containing objects of interest, which may not be willingly taken by the town or State, and to protect them from neglect and ruin. The example of this valuable society has been followed, so that many historic sites will be retained, fine trees rescued, and striking natural objects preserved for the enjoyment of future generations. In imitation of this society a similar one has been formed in England, which is acquiring such localities, famous in song and story, as may from time to time be offered for sale.

Our reservations, long neglected, are becoming of importance to the American people. The need of outdoor life, so well understood in Europe, is beginning to be recognized by them, and the demand comes for more breathing-space. As soon as a park is opened the crowds gladly avail themselves of it, and with such decorum that the fear of depredation and lawlessness, which so long resisted the opening of parks to the public, has proved groundless. Their sanitary value is felt, for during the prolonged heated term of last August some of the parks in Brooklyn, N. Y., were thrown open to the people at night, and the refreshment to tired mothers, imprisoned all day in crowded tenements, was obvious

¹ Now incorporated under the title of Trustees of Public Reservations.

from the many baby carriages drawn thither, with their little occupants quietly sleeping under mosquito nettings, instead of tossing restlessly in narrow, unwholesome rooms.

The preservation of the battlefields of the civil war, as solemn mementoes of the most tragic period of our history; the acquisition, by the government, of Gettysburg, Antietam, and Shiloh, and the field of Chickamauga with parts of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, are a striking instance of the deep sentiment of our people, and their reverent regard for the honored dead who died that we might live. Never will these suggestive fields be pleasure-grounds, but from the summits of the surrounding hills watch-towers will look down upon the mountain ranges and rivers, and reveal to the eye of imagination the strategy of those terrific encounters. The forests, watered with the blood of suffering soldiers, will remain undestroyed, and monuments will record the gallant deeds of those who fell in the sad struggle. At Chickamauga alone there are more than three thousand acres of forest, and these woods and the construction of appropriate memorials demand careful and artistic treatment.

On certain private estates, such as Biltmore in North Carolina, the property of Mr. George W. Vanderbilt, experiments in forestry are being carried on which the public is freely admitted to study; and here, too, landscape gardening affords an object-lesson of great value. The large private hunting-parks in the Adirondacks are also accessible to whoever wishes to visit them, and are a notable part of the scheme for public improvement to which belong the magnificent state and government reservations. The extraordinary natural features of America are nowhere more surprising than in the neighborhood of Colorado Springs, where the private reservation of the Garden of the Gods, a singularly beautiful natural park, is thrown open

to the public. Reservations in Massachusetts, along Charles River, Beaver Brook, and other streams of quiet or picturesque charm, are another evidence of the growing sentiment among us for secluded haunts for recreation. Of the reservations of Niagara Falls, the Yellowstone Park, the Yosemite Valley, and the great forests of the Adirondacks there is no room to speak fully in this paper, which is, as has been said already, merely a brief summary of the national enthusiasm for the art of public improvement.

Generations may be requisite to perfect this art, but its pioneers have broken ground. We have object-lessons destined to influence many youthful minds, and fit them insensibly for a higher revelation. The greatest of these was the Columbian Exposition, and from that spectacle what ideals must have rooted themselves in many a soul until then starved for beauty! There first the majesty of a great architectural conception was seen on our own soil, marred doubtless in detail, as must be even a poet's glimpses of heavenly glory, by the obtrusion of things unspiritual, incident to mortal weakness; but yet an enchanting whole, an inspiring dream briefly realized for awestruck millions, in whose minds it must forever remain as an indication of what the landscape artist of some future day may make permanent and real. Though the remembrance of the white vision may have faded like its substance, its impress must remain on every mind qualified to receive its stamp. It, too, was a part of that lift of the nation toward higher things, which is a compensation for all its vain and idle pursuit of false theories, false gods, false heroes. As a people we cry for light; our intense materialism goes hand in hand with that characteristic imagi-

nation which leads us to see things in large, — to magnify many a will-o'-the-wisp into a planet.

If this imagination be our bane, it is likewise our glory, and, like the vital principle itself, it works for both destruction and salvation. If at times it brings us to the verge of political ruin, it again wafts us to the solemn heights of national triumph. In its fierce flame only the indestructible survives, for lesser men and meaner motives shrivel to ashes as it burns heavenward. Thus in our artistic development it may be trusted to lead us to something broader and more human than the older world has achieved, something which shall have in it a touch spontaneous and strong. We must have an art, spacious, because we have room for it; far reaching, because it will be an exponent of popular fancy; imposing, because in it will be embodied the genius of a nation compounded of many elements, barbaric and enlightened, from the fusion of which must proceed a fresh and powerful combination.

If this presentation seem fanciful, remember what has been done in a score of crowded years: how swiftly thoughts travel along the electric cord which now binds us together; how the middle West fires at a thought, and is ready, as was shown at Chicago, to pour out its easily gained millions for an idea; how rich and lavish is the rarely endowed Pacific coast. There is everything in the United States to nourish a great art, — wealth, enthusiasm, generosity, a sense of boundless capacity, the *verve* and spring of youth, unlimited aspiration. In the Art of Public Improvement the dreamer and the utilitarian can combine, the nation's beauty and the nation's wealth can in it be united, and our achievements may be such as to satisfy even American ambition.

Mary Caroline Robbins.

LANDSCAPES WITH FIGURES.

ANGELUS.

A MIDDLE-AGED woman, fair-haired and stout, sat peeling potatoes in the top story of a tall tenement house. Between her and the sunset several jagged lines of vari-colored clothes, comprising a neighbor's wash, fluttered slightly in the faint-stirring air. The sound of children's voices, raised at intervals to a shrill pandemonium at some crisis in their game, mounted from the yard and entered at the open window. It was summer, and the woman awaited the return of her husband and son from their work.

Her husband, she knew, would come slowly, painfully climbing the steep stairway, after a day's perspiring toil in the oven-like basement where he worked. He was ten years older than she was, and he suffered from rheumatism. The boy would come in advance of his father. He was a lad of fifteen, mature for his years, serious, almost stolid, in disposition. He attended the public school during the winter, and worked in the summer vacation to add to the family income.

The family income! It had dwindled of late, despite the additional pair of hands at work to secure it. An illness of nearly three months had dissipated the man's savings, and hopes for the future had had to be renounced. The boy would not return to school in the autumn: his parents did not face it yet; they would not recognize the necessity for his labor, although both knew in their hearts that the man was no longer to be depended upon. Their son's education had been a superstition to these good people; it would be the last of their aspirations to be relinquished. The woman who sat peeling potatoes laid down the knife, and reflected sadly on what was already included in these re-

nunciations. She was a sentimental German woman, and the tears came easily to her mild blue eyes.

Once—in their early married life, when fortune smiled upon them—they had planned to visit the Fatherland together: he to show her the little farm in Holstein, where his aged parents were then living with the family of an elder brother; she to show him her home in the Pfalz, in the old city of Speyer, on the dear Rhine. It came back now to the eye of her imagination,—the peaceful old town, the smiling country round intersected by pleasant roads with their borders of fruit-trees, the broad acres of garden and pasture, and the simple, friendly people jogging slowly in their vehicles, or strolling by whole families in the Sunday sunshine. . . . Ah, she would have seen it all again *so gern!* But it was not to be. The advance in wages came too slowly; she had been ailing in those years; and then there was the boy's future to be looked to.

Again, they had looked forward to a country retreat in which to end their days. There were pleasant places on the outskirts of Brooklyn or in East New York; space enough for an arbor in which a man might light his pipe in the sultry summer evenings, with ground beside for a few beds of geranium and a rose-bush or two. So they had fondly imagined, and had pictured the peace of existence, and the passing away from existence, in so sure a haven of tranquillity. But they never spoke of it now. Silently they abandoned the hope of ever quitting the stuffy little apartment in the top of the tall tenement. And the future of their boy was left them to meditate upon.

They plotted and schemed for his welfare, and watched him grow big and healthy and strong. They kept in a

drawer of the kitchen table all his old copy-books and school exercises, and marveled at the knowledge he was absorbing. Already he did all their writing for them; for the mother wrote only in the crabbed German *Schrift*, and the father unwillingly took a pen into his great rough hand. Sleeping and waking, their thoughts centred about the boy, and the goal of their lives became his education. This was not, in their sight, merely a tool to his advancement in life; it was desirable in and for itself, an unseen but ever present blessing, which bestowed upon its possessor an inestimable superiority.

Now this last and greatest of their ambitions was about to be abandoned. Slowly they would accustom themselves to the idea of its relinquishment. They would toil on for the rest of their days: the woman at her domestic work, together with what washing she could obtain to do; the man at his employment, so long as his failing health might permit him to retain his position; and the boy would be a toiler like themselves. Her soft mother's heart could not render this credible all at once to the woman's intelligence, but the shadow of it lay darkening across her soul. She thought of her other renunciations, and none seemed so great as the one likely to be demanded of her. What she forgot was the calm their acceptance had brought her, and it would do the same again. . . .

The boy and his father came home to their supper; the children ceased screaming in the yard; there was a lull in the activity of the whole vast human beehive. The woman placed two bowls of steaming soup on the white-laid kitchen table, and poured some tea into a saucer for herself. Her eyes dwelt alternately on her tired husband and the hungry lad, resting longest on her son. The man's brow relaxed under the influence of the cheering fare, and in his glance was legible the satisfaction of a day's work done.

After supper, while she washed the dishes, he read aloud from the evening newspaper.

When the woman came back to the window, the last sunset colors languished in the western sky. The man had fallen asleep, extended at length on the horse-hair sofa; the boy's fair head was bent over a book, his expressionless profile softened by the shadow of the lamp. The woman turned from them to the gathering night. On her face was written contentment and the repose of a nature at peace with itself.

THE GRAVE.

A glorious autumn morning: the long grass bends before the wind from the sea and shimmers in the sunshine; the broad, level country, divided into fields, with here and there a garden-patch, stretches out on either hand as far as the eye can reach; lines of telegraph-poles mark where the roads intersect it. There is a "cheeping" of birds in the air,—the hurried notes of preparation for departure. The sea is not visible, but its presence is felt in a hundred ways.

One field is different from the rest, having lately been acquired for the purposes of a cemetery. Its scattered tombstones, from whose vicinity the long grass has been removed, without other attempt at beautifying the surroundings, gleam a dazzling white in the brilliant morning sunshine. These are the marble slabs, but most of its graves are marked by upright wooden boards painted white with black characters. At the entrance there is a pretentious wooden arch, painted in several colors with various symbolic emblems and long inscriptions in an unfamiliar script. In the whole cemetery there is not a single cross. . . . This is the last resting-place of a colony of poor Jews.

A neglected road leads from the entrance-arch through the middle of the cemetery. On either hand lie the burial-

lots, inclosed for the most part by a single rail of solid metal fastened at equal intervals to stone posts. Most of the lots are the property of friendly societies or lodges, composed very largely of young men; in many of them there is not yet a single grave. Arches and gateways of wood, each elaborately decorated and inscribed with the name of the society, and frequently with those of its members, designate the approach to these plots. The tawdry magnificence of the arches contrasts oddly with the neglected condition of the bare lots. In some of the more pretentious of the monuments one divines the supreme revolt of poverty in the presence of the grave, — the cry of the individual, suppressed during life, insisting in the face of a hostile universe upon the integrity of its own identity. . . .

In a far corner of the field two men are at work digging a grave. The sweat, despite the coolness of the day, pours from their brows; from time to time they exchange good-humored remarks in an unknown language. By the side of the trench they have made is heaped the rich brown earth; the mound increases with each spadeful of freshly upturned soil, from which the larger stones are carefully removed by one of the laborers, while the other digs deeper into the ground.

Beyond the grave a woman is standing, supporting herself against a high marble tombstone. She is bareheaded, and the keen wind lifts from her shoulders the shawl in which she is wrapped. Incessantly she wrings her hands and mourns aloud, after the manner of Jewish women. This is one long, monotonous lament, in which the voice rises and falls in regular inflections conveying the utmost poignancy of despair. In it are mingled invocations to the dead and imprecations upon destiny, while the note of self-commiseration supplies its ground-tone. Much of it is mere sound and sobbing without articulation, adapt-

ing itself to the chantlike measure of the lament. But again it is filled with articulate phrase, the eloquence of a soul newly awakened by sorrow to expression. Some English words are distinguishable in the impassioned tide of this woman's utterance, heightening by the element of a strange, incongruous weirdness the mournful effect of her speech. Among such bits of broken phrase one catches here and there a sentence: "It is no good for me now!" These two words, "no good," so poor in themselves as an expression of despondency, acquire in the woman's poignant accents a tragic potency of their own. The wind seems to listen for them, and one fancies them whispered to the responsive wires of the neighboring telegraph-line, whence they come back in a low, melancholy refrain: "No good! No good!"

The woman is still young; her black hair is uncombed, her cheeks are flushed with the fever of watching, her brown eyes running with moisture. She mourns for her first-born, a youth of nineteen, whose slow decease she has watched from day to day, through the lengthening abysses of consumption, for the past six months. She is a widow, and her son has been taken from her in the prime of his vigor, — at the age when he was about to be of most service to her. She has not been able to keep from thinking of this (the poor have to consider such things), and it has added a deep sense of injury to her grief. To-day, however, it is forgotten; every other feeling is swallowed up in the bitterness of her loss; no matter how she is to live without him, life itself has turned to bitterness for her, the world is "no good" any more. . . .

Across the road, among the meaner graves, some black figures wander, sombre shadows in the palpitating sunlight. Two old men, rabbis, in long black coats coming to their knees and polished high silk hats, talk together as they saunter, shrugging their shoulders and waving their arms in exuberant gesture. In the

stoop of their shoulders, the expression of their black-bearded faces, and their attitude in walking, there lurks something furtive, — the suspicion engendered by the system of persecution beneath which their lives have been passed. A little boy wanders lonely among the graves, his unbuttoned overcoat flapping in the wind; he seems to have been forgotten by his party. Bending over a child's grave is a woman; she has come with the funeral party to be of assistance to her neighbor in the city tenement, whose son is to be consigned to the earth. Once in the cemetery, however, she has bethought herself of the grave of a child buried a year previously, as yet unvisited by her, and she has hurried frantically from lot to lot in her search, forgetful of the solitary woman at the freshly opened grave. . . .

They take long in digging it, this grave; and when it has been completed, the trench proves too narrow for the plain pine coffin, and the laborers must fall to work anew, while the mournful little party, assembled now beside the open grave, shiver in the bleak wind and mocking sunshine. From the gatehouse come the sounds of a stupid quarrel in progress between the keeper and his wife; their voices are raised loud in dispute, and there is harsh, grating laughter when a point has been made by one or the other.

When the grave has been made ready a second time, the coffin is opened, and a small bag containing earth from Palestine is slipped under the head of the departed: in this simple fashion is maintained the fiction dear to every pious Jew, that he rests in the consecrated soil of the ancient home of his race. All who are present draw near to look for the last time upon the features, already unfamiliar, half unrecognizable, in death. Then the coffin is closed, and slowly, with the aid of ropes, it is lowered into the grave. The two rabbis read from an open book in a strange, rapid tongue, in

which each seems striving to outstrip the other. Above the noisy confusion of their voices the woman's wailing continues, — uninterrupted by this as by all lesser sounds; the sobbing of her little remaining son and that of her neighbor from the city tenement; the soft thud of the earth shoveled in great spadefuls into the closing grave; the rush of a train on the near-by railway; and all the vague country notes and whisperings caught and upborne on its journey by the fresh autumn breeze.

Before the grave has been quite filled in the rabbis make a rent in the boy's coat, in a place where it can easily be sewed together again. This they do in sign of mourning, and mindful of the words, "Then Job arose, and rent his mantle."

The last spadefuls of crumbling earth are added to the overflowing grave, and the woman stands at its border, crying aloud in her monotonous misery. When the earth has been flattened and made smooth on the sides of the mound, one of the rabbis approaches her, and half by persuasion, half by force, draws her away from the grave to the path in the centre of the plot. Here a line is formed, of which she is made the head, and slowly the procession moves towards the gate. Struggling at first, she submits herself to the will of the men; the boy follows her, looking small and forlorn in the procession of his elders beneath the wide sky; behind come the rabbis (one a relation of the dead), and the woman who has come to attend the forsaken mother. Once before the gate of the plot has been reached, the woman at the head of the procession throws up her hands in a last despairing outburst and makes to return to the grave; the rabbis, however, intercept her, and compel her to resume her place at the head of the line. She seems indifferent to the ceremonies they are observing, but yields at last to their authority. Before passing out of the plot into the cemetery road each member of

the little procession stoops and gathers a handful of grass and loose earth which he casts backward over his shoulder; signifying by this action that as the grass, plucked by its roots, will spring up again, so shall the soul have one day its resurrection. . . .

Outside, in the cemetery road, the procession is disbanded, and the party hasten to the gate-house, where a carriage is in waiting to convey them back to the city. The driver, who has grown impatient at the long delay, summons them to take their places in the vehicle, and the journey homeward is begun. At the touch of the soft cushions the woman sinks back, and, covering her face with her roughened hands, falls to weeping bitter, passionate tears. A vision of the narrow apartment, empty of her son, arises before her mind, and she thinks of the silent days of mourning, prescribed by the Law, in store for her. "*So they sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him: for they saw that his grief was very great.*" . . .

Behind her, in the sun-flooded graveyard, the two laborers, at rest against a broad tombstone, sit down to their noon-day meal. A loaf of black bread rests on the bare ground between them, and from the gate-house kitchen a child is bringing them a pitcher of coffee. Their honest, good-humored faces express the satisfaction of labor accomplished. About them the grass waves and the noontide flashes. Solitary in the far-flashing landscape, the new grave betokens a change since the morning; to the chorus of mute testimony borne by the bare little cemetery in the face of the unresponding sky it joins its silent voice.

A YOUNG FATHER.

The sun sent a fierce noontide glare down upon the crowded East Side and its dusty thoroughfares. The passers-by, most of whom had disembarrassed them-

selves of shirt-collars, wore a listless, fagged expression, and scarcely took the trouble to avoid the children at play on the parched sidewalks. At each corner an open saloon or two offered refreshment to the faint and the discouraged, and beneath the shutter-doors one could distinguish the legs of the men in line before the bar.

The only shade at this hour was within the line of doorways, and these were comparatively empty, the women who occupy them later in the afternoon being busy getting their husbands' dinners. An occasional group of young fellows, in chronic and semi-professional condition of unemployment, related bits of experience or passed idle comments in a sheltered nook, whither the glances of the apple-vender on the corner followed them with anxiety.

In one doorway a young man stood, holding in his arms a fair-haired child. He was short, undersized; his costume of the simplest, consisting above the waist of a single garment, a gray flannel undershirt. His face was pale, betokening some indoor, confining occupation; his look serene, in spite of lines on the brow that could have been furrowed there only by suffering and care; and the whole countenance brightened by that indescribable something in the expression which bespeaks a faith — the continuance of a cherished ideal — in its possessor.

The child's face was smutched with some grimy substance, which the young father had not sought to remove. It waved its chubby hands after the fashion of young children, experimenting, philosophers tell us, with the universe. It crowed, and turned its open laughing mouth and blue eyes, already half mischievous, to its father's face. The young man bent and kissed the parted lips; his eyes rested upon his offspring with a look of tender adoration. . . .

He had been married two years before to a thoughtless girl, anxious only

to make a match before any of her friends. A dance or two at one of the local assemblies, a Sunday excursion in summer to Coney Island, an evening at one of the East Side theatres,—these had been the extent of the experiences that had preceded the ceremony. He had been steadily employed, and, having no one dependent upon him, had succeeded in laying by some of his earnings,—enough, he fondly supposed, to marry on. The girl brought him nothing but her somewhat arrogant good looks, requiring to be set off with what finery she could command. She had no knowledge of housekeeping, and soon squandered the little store that stood to his credit in the savings-bank. For a while it amused her to keep the home in order, and to show it off to the friends who came to inspect it. But she neglected it more and more, and spent her time, in her husband's absence at his work, visiting the neighbors, in whose affairs she quickly acquired an engrossing interest. Even the birth of their child failed to bring back her errant affections to the right centre. She was absent, sometimes, for days together, from the untidy little apartment, alleging duties at her parents' home which were given precedence over those owing to her husband and child. The baby, on these occasions, was turned over to a friendly neighbor until the young father should return in the evening to reclaim it. This he did with trembling eagerness, and grew to desire his wife's absence, that he might have the child to

himself, and be spared the ridicule with which she chastised the overweening love he bore the tiny being. Gradually, all the care of the rooms was relinquished to him, and the wife became only an occasional visitor in her husband's home. The child was now the centre about which all his thoughts, his whole life revolved, and the two were inseparable except for the daylight hours in which he toiled with unremitting labor for the home he sought to maintain.

He came home now in the middle of the day for dinner, which had to be prepared before he went out in the morning to his work, and availed himself of the few moments remaining after his meal to take the child from the close apartment under the roof down to the cool hallway, where a breath of air was usually stirring. The sights and sounds of the sordid street passed before them unnoticed. The child's eyes reflected the innocence of the clear skies, and the man's soul, into which skepticism had not entered, was lifted in its mood of rapt contemplation to an innocence as absolute.

Standing thus in the low doorway as in a frame, these two figures complete an image of Humanity as it still exists in the world to-day. Wonder and trust are written on its brow, and it beckons smilingly to the unknown future. If there be some to deny its mission, these are blinded by the sunlight of prosperity or benumbed by the dull chill of adversity. And they have never looked into the face of a little child.

J. K. Paulding.

CHEERFUL YESTERDAYS.

II.

A CHILD OF THE COLLEGE.

I COME back to Cambridge every autumn, when the leaves are falling from the trees, and the old university, like the weird witch-hazel in the groves, puts out fresh blossoms at the season when all else grows sere. It is a never failing delight to behold the hundreds of newcomers who then throng our streets: boys with smooth and unworn faces, full of the zest of their own being, taking the whole world as having been made for them, — which indeed it was; willing to do any needful kindness to an elder human being, as in rescuing him from carriage-wheels or picking him out of the mud, but otherwise as whole-somely indifferent to his very existence as if he were a lamp-post or a horseless vehicle. If he be wise, he joyfully accepts the situation, and takes in it something of the pride which a father feels when his youngest son overtops him by a head. Instead of grudging to the newcomers this empire of the immediate future, I feel always impelled to welcome them to it; in behalf of the human race, I rejoice to see its vigor so lustily maintained; the visible self-confidence is well founded, and has the facts on its side. The future is theirs to command, not ours; it belongs to them even more than they think it does, and this is undoubtedly saying a good deal.

This ready self-subordination to these kings of to-morrow may come, in my own case, from the fact that I am, more than any one else now living in Cambridge, except perhaps John Holmes and Professor Norton, a child of the college; and the latter is my junior, and was once in my eyes one of these very boys. All three of us were, so to speak,

born in the college, bred to it, and interested from earliest recollection in its men. Never having been or having wished to be one of its officials, I look upon its annual harvest of youthful life with all the more dispassionate interest. Living in a college town is, after all, very much like dwelling just outside of a remarkably large glass beehive, where one can watch all day long the busy little people inside; can see them going incessantly to and fro at their honey-making, pausing occasionally to salute or sting one another, — and all without the slightest peril to the beholder. Life becomes rich in this safe and curious contemplation, and this is a pursuit which every boy in a college town begins very early. It was thus that Charles Parsons and I, from the time we were allowed to go alone in the street, studied the little academical world on whose edge we dwelt.

At ten years of age, it is certain, we could repeat the list of every undergraduate class alphabetically, and prided ourselves on knowing every student by sight. This was not so incredible as it would now seem, for the classes rarely had more than fifty each, the whole college counting little more than half as many as a single class now numbers. All these young fellows we not merely knew, but studied individually, — their nicknames, their games, their individual haunts: we watched them at football or cricket; had our favorites and our butts; waited anxiously for the time when, once or twice a year, the professor of chemistry gave many of them "exhilarating gas," as it was called, on the triangle then known as the Delta, and they gesticulated, made speeches, or recited poetry, as unconscious of their self-revelation as an autobiographer.

Sometimes in summer evenings — for

the college term then lasted until the middle of July — we would amuse ourselves by selecting in the street some single student, and trailing him from place to place, like the Indians of whom we had read in Cooper's novels; following wherever he went, watching, waiting, often losing and then finding him again, and perhaps delaying our own early bedtime that we might see him through some prolonged evening call, though he was all unconscious of our watchful care. I can still breathe the aroma of the lilac-bushes among which we ensconced ourselves, and catch a glimpse of the maiden who possibly appeared to bid him a demure good-night. On other days there was the Harvard Washington Corps, or college military company, to watch at its drill on the common, or on its proud march to the suburban tavern where it dined, — Porter's, at what is now North Cambridge, — and its sometimes devious return. O ecstasy of childish love for costume and rhythm and glory! In later life I have ridden at the head of a thousand marching men, and felt no such sense of exaltation above the low earth as when I first saw my favorite elder brother, in the prescribed white trousers and black coat, with epaulets and befrogged sleeves, marching as second lieutenant before one of the swaying platoons of the "College Company."

With all this precocious interest in the students, it is needless to say that I awaited with absorbing eagerness the time when I should enter that great little world into which my immediate playmate had preceded me; and that it was a blissful moment when I at last found myself, one autumn morning, admitted on examination, without conditions, and standing on the steps of University Hall, looking about with a new sense of ownership on the trees my father had planted. I was not yet fourteen, and was the youngest in my class; but never since in life have I had such a vivid sense of a ca-

reer, an opportunity, a battle to be won. This is what gilds the memory of college life: that we dwelt there like Goethe's fairy Melusina or the heroine of O'Brien's *Diamond Lens*, in a real but miniature world, a microcosm of the visible universe. It seems to me that I never have encountered a type of character in the greater world which was not represented more or less among my classmates, or dealt with any thought or principle which was not discussed in elementary form in our evening walks up Brattle Street.

Harvard College was then a comparatively small affair, as was the village in which it existed; but both had their day of glory, which was Commencement Day, now a merely academic ceremonial, but then a public festival for eastern Massachusetts. It has been so well described by both Lowell and John Holmes that I will not dwell upon it in detail. The streets were filled with people, arriving from far and near; there were booths, fairs, horse-races, encampments of alleged gamblers in outlying groves. Perhaps the most striking single illustrations of the day's importance lay in the fact that the banks in Boston were closed on that day, and that Boston gentlemen, even if not graduates of the college, often came to Cambridge for a day or two, at that time, taking rooms and receiving their friends. My grandfather, Stephen Higginson, used to come over from Brookline, take quarters in this way at Porter's tavern (the Boylston Street Porter), and keep open house, with probable punch-bowl. For the rest of the year Cambridge relapsed into a kind of privacy, except that three days of "Exhibition" — a sort of minor Commencement, with public exercises — were distributed through the terms. At ordinary times the external status of the college was more like that of some country academy than that of an embryo university. There were but seven buildings inside the college yard, and

but one outside. There are now about 3000 students, of various grades and departments, registered in Cambridge; in 1837, when I entered, there were but 305 such students; and in 1841, when I graduated, but 366. In like manner, Cambridge is now a city of some 85,000 inhabitants, whereas in 1840 it had but 8409, distributed among three villages, of which Old Cambridge, grouped round the college buildings, had less than half. Yet, after all, these figures make little difference to the boy; a crowd is a crowd, whether it be counted by hundreds or thousands, for you see at the most only those immediately pressing round you. For us, I repeat, the college was a world; whether larger or smaller on the outskirts was of secondary importance.

It is mistakenly assumed by clergymen and editors that this little community, in its village days, was necessarily more virtuous, or at least more decorous, than now. The fact is all the other way; for the early drinking habits of society still flourished, and the modern temperance agitation was but beginning. When Allston, the painter, kept the records of the Hasty Pudding Club, in rhyme, he thus described the close of the annual dinner of that frugal body:—

“And each one to evince his spunk
Vied with his neighbor to get drunk;
Nor tedious was the mighty strife
With these true-blooded blades of life,
For less than hours two had gone
When roaring mad was every one.”

Allston left college in 1800, forty years before my day; yet it was in my own time that the Rev. Dr. John Pierce recorded in his Diary that he had seen men intoxicated at Φ B K dinners who were never seen in this condition at any other time. We boys used to watch the Harvard Washington Corps on its return from the dinner at Porter's, quite secure that some of our acquaintances would stagger out of the ranks and find lodgment in the gutter. The

regular Class Day celebration was for the seniors to gather under Liberty Tree and serve out buckets of punch to all comers. Robbing hen-roosts was common enough, and youths of good standing in my own class would organize marauding expeditions, with large baskets, to bring back pears and melons from the market gardens in what is now Belmont. These things hurt no one's reputation at that day, whereas now to be suspected of them would dethrone the most popular man: he would be voted a “cad” or a “mucker;” he would be dropped from his clubs. As for the drinking habit, I have no statistics to offer, but an intoxicated student is the rarest possible sight in the streets of Cambridge. This may not involve a clear gain in morality, but the improvement in gentlemanliness is enormous.

The college of that period has been sometimes described as drawing its students from a smaller geographical range than at present. This was of course true in a general way, yet in one respect the precise contrary was the case. In that ante-bellum period, the Southern students were a noticeable element in the college, and a very conspicuous one in the Law School, being drawn thereto by the great reputation of Judge Story; and as these youths were all reared under the influence of slavery, they contributed a far more distinctive element in Cambridge society than anything now to be seen there. The difference between the richest student from New York or California and the very poorest and most abstemious boy from some New England farm is not nearly so marked as that which then distinguished the demeanor of the average Southern from the average New England student. As a rule, the Southerners were clearly the favorites in Cambridge society: they usually had charming manners, social aptitudes, imperious ways, abundant leisure, and plenty of money; they were graceful dancers, often musical and some-

times well taught. On the other hand, they were often indolent, profligate, and quarrelsome; they were almost wholly responsible for the "town and gown" rows, now extinct, but then not infrequent. Contributing sometimes the most brilliant young men to the Law School, they furnished also a class who, having been brought up on remote plantations and much indulged, had remained grossly ignorant. I remember one in particular who was supposed to have entered the Law School, but who proved to be taking private lessons in something from Charles Devens, afterwards judge and major-general. A mystery hung about the matter till it was found that the youth, who was as showy as any of his companions in dress and bearing, was simply learning to read and write.

Let us now turn back to the condition of intellectual affairs. The entrance examination of those days was by no means the boys' play that is sometimes asserted. It represented, no doubt, a year less of work than the present examination; yet it included some points not now made obligatory, as for instance the rendering of English into Greek and Latin. We were also called upon to translate at sight from authors not previously read, although this provision did not appear in the catalogues, and is usually cited as of more recent origin. Once within, my class was lucky enough to encounter a very exceptional period,—the time, namely, when a temporary foray into the elective system took place, anticipating in a small way the very desirable results which have followed from its later application; although that first experiment was, unluckily, discontinued in a few years, under a more conservative president. Meanwhile, the class of 1841 was one of the very few which enjoyed its benefits. Under the guidance of George Ticknor, the method had long been applied to the modern languages; but we were informed one day, to our delight, that it was to be extended also

to mathematics, with a prospect of further expansion. As a matter of fact, the word "elective" did not appear on the college catalogues until 1841–42, but for two years previous this special announcement about mathematics was given in a footnote. The spirit of a new freedom began at once to make itself felt in other departments; the Latin and Greek professors, for instance, beginning to give lectures, though in an irregular way, in addition to their usual duty of extracting from us what small knowledge we possessed. The reason why the experiment was made with mathematics was understood to be that Professor Peirce had grown weary of driving boys through the differential calculus by force, and Professor E. T. Channing had declared that all taste for mathematics was a matter of special inspiration. For myself, I eagerly took this study as an elective, with about ten classmates; nor had I any reason to repent the choice.

Professor Benjamin Peirce, our mathematical teacher, was then put, by general opinion, at the head of American mathematicians,—a place which, I believe, he still retains by tradition. In his later years, and after the abandonment of the temporary elective method, he may have become discouraged or apathetic, but when I knew him he was in his prime, and he was to me of all teachers the most inspiring and delightful. He was then a very handsome man, with the most eager and ardent manner, alternating with deep absorption, and he gave beyond all others the effect of original and creative genius. We studied, by an added stroke of good luck, his *Curves and Functions*, which was just passing through the press, and the successive parts of which were bound up for our use. This added to the charm; it seemed like mathematics in the making. I was already old enough to appreciate the wonderful compactness and close reasoning of these volumes, and to enter with eager zest into filling the intermediate

gaps afforded by the long steps often taken from one equation to another. Dr. Bowditch, the translator of Laplace's *Mécanique Céleste*, used to say that whenever he came to one of Laplace's "Whence it plainly appears," he was in for an hour or two of toil in order to make this exceeding plainness visible. It was often so with Peirce's books, but this enhanced the pleasure of the chase. He himself took part in it: a thought would sometimes flash into his mind, and he would begin to work it out on the blackboard before our eyes; forgetting our very existence, he would labor away with the chalk, writing out with lightning rapidity a series of equations, smaller and smaller, chasing his scientific prey down into the utmost right-hand corner of the blackboard, and finally turning to us with a sigh when the pursuit was ended. Again was the science of mathematics being created before our very eyes; it was like being present at the first discoveries of some old Greek or Arabian geometrician. Peirce had also the delightful quality of being especially interested in all of this his first voluntary class, and indeed of greatly overrating their merits. When I left college, he gave me an indorsement which took my breath away, and had me placed, at eighteen, on the examining committee in his department. Years after, when in a fair way to pass some time in jail after an anti-slavery riot, I met him, and said that I had reserved that period of imprisonment for reviewing mathematics and reading Laplace. His fine eyes kindled, and he replied, "In that case, I sincerely hope that you may go there." He was then vehemently opposed to the abolitionists, and it seemed a double blessing to gag one of them and at the same time create a mathematician. The indictment was, unluckily, quashed, so that both his hopes were disappointed.

Next to Peirce's teaching came, without question, both in stimulus and in attractions, the English course of Profes-

sor Edward Tyrrel Channing. Professor Wendell has lately spoken of the present standard of training in English composition at Harvard as if it were quite a new thing; but with some opportunity of observing it, I have never had reason to think it any new departure as compared with that given by Professor Channing, down to 1841 at least. The evidence would seem to be that between that period and 1846, when Professor Child graduated, Professor Channing had in some way lost his hold upon his pupils as his years advanced; so that when Professor Child succeeded to the chair, in 1851, it was with a profound distrust in the whole affair, insomuch that the very department of rhetoric and oratory came near being wiped out of existence, and was saved by the indignant protest of the late Charles Francis Adams. Certain it is that this department was, in my time, by far the most potent influence in determining college rank, and therefore in stimulating ambition. We wrote themes every fortnight and forensics once a month; and as these were marked on a scale of 48, and ordinary recitations on a scale of 8, the importance of this influence may be seen. Never in my life have I had to meet such exacting criticism on anything written as came from Professor Channing, and never have I had any praise so encouraging as his. My marks were often second in the class, sometimes equaling — O day of glory! — those of my classmate, Francis Edward Parker, who was easily first; and to have a passage read to the class for praise, even anonymously, was beyond all other laurels, though the satisfaction might be marred occasionally by the knowledge that my elder sister had greatly helped in that particular sentence. When it is considered that Channing's method reared most of the well-known writers whom New England was then producing, — that it was he who trained Emerson, C. F. Adams, Hedge, A. P. Peabody, Felton, Hillard, Win-

throp, Holmes, Sumner, Motley, Phillips, Bowen, Lovering, Torrey, Dana, Lowell, Thoreau, Hale, Thomas Hill, Child, Fitzedward Hall, Lane, and Norton, — it will be seen that the classic portion of our literature came largely into existence under him. He fulfilled the aspiration attributed to Increase Mather when he wished to become president of Harvard College: to mould not merely the teaching, but the teachers, — *non lapides dolare, sed architectos*.

The controlling influence of a college is determined, of course, by its officers, and I have never felt that we had anything in respect of which we could complain. The experience lately described by an elder contemporary of discovering that he personally knew more than at least the tutors of his time was one which never troubled me. Two of the four tutors, Bowen and Lovering, were men eminent as scholars from youth to old age; the third, Jones Very, was a man of genius; and the fourth, Charles Mason, — now Judge Mason, of Fitchburg, — certainly knew incomparably more of Latin than I did. Of the older professors, Felton was a cultivated Greek scholar, and Beck brought to Latin the thoroughness of his German drill. I need not say what it was to read French with Longfellow; and it is pleasant to remember that once — during one of those preposterous little rebellions which then occurred every two or three years, and which have wholly disappeared under a freer discipline — when the students were gathered in the college yard, and had refused to listen to several professors, there was a hush when Longfellow appeared, and my classmate, John Revere, cried out, "We will hear Professor Longfellow, for he always treats us like gentlemen." Longfellow was the first, I think, to introduce the prefix "Mr." in addressing students, a thing now almost universal.

For our other modern-language teachers, we had Pietro Bachi, a picturesque

Italian refugee; in German, Bernard Roelker, since well known as a lawyer in New York; and we had that delightful old Francis Sales, whom Lowell has commemorated, as our teacher of Spanish. In him we had a man who might have stepped bodily out of the Gil Blas and Don Quixote he taught. We never knew whether he was French or Spanish. He was then about sixty-five, and his robust head and shoulders, his pigtail and powdered hair, with his quaint accent, made him seem the survival of some picturesque and remote age. He was, moreover, extremely indulgent, gave the highest marks for recitations, and was in all respects a favorite. A classmate who sat next me, George Hay, took delight in inflicting upon the innocent old man the most incredible or old-fashioned English oaths as equivalent to the quaint Spanish expletives; and when he gravely introduced "Odds' fish" or "Gogzounds," Mr. Sales would look bewildered for a moment, and then roll out his stentorian "Ha! ha! ha! By Jorge!" in a way to add still further to the list of unexpected phrases, and to make the dusty room in Massachusetts Hall jubilant for that day.

President Quincy was popular among us, but lost direct weight in our minds through his failure of memory and the necessity of constantly telling him who we were. Dr. Walker we admired because of his wise and sententious preaching, and his reputation, not unjustified, of peculiar penetration into character. Jared Sparks lectured on history, under great disadvantages; and I have always been gratified that it was from him — a man accounted unimaginative — that for the first time the thought was suggested to us of the need of imagination to an historian, not for the purpose of invention, but for recreating a given period and shaping it in the representation. Dr. Harris, the librarian and naturalist, was always a delightful teacher and friend, though the chief enjoyment of

him included attendance on a private class in entomology in the evening, for which we got no college credits. Sometimes we took walks with him, or brought him new plants or butterflies. I was secretary of the college Natural History Society for a time, and in looking back on the various reports written by me for its meetings, it is interesting to see that this wholly voluntary work had a freshness and vigor beyond what I can now trace in any of the "themes" of which Professor Channing thought so well. There is no greater mark of progress in the university than the expansion of its electives to include the natural sciences. My own omnivorousness in study was so great that I did not suffer very much from our restricted curriculum; but there were young men in my time who would have graduated in these later days with highest honors in some department of physics or biology, but who were then at the very foot of the class, and lost for life the advantage of early training in the studies they loved. Akin to this modern gain and equally unquestionable is the advantage now enjoyed in the way of original research. Every year young men of my acquaintance come to me for consultation about some thesis they are preparing in history or literature, and they little know the envy with which they inspire their adviser; that they should be spared from the old routine to investigate anything for themselves seems such a happiness.

There is not the slightest doubt in my mind, as an extra-collegiate observer, of the vast improvement made by the elective system; and I should like to see it extended yet more widely, so as to annul absolutely all distinction in grade between "academic" and "scientific" courses. The day of universal scholarship, when Plutarch or Bacon could go the round of knowledge and label every item, is as extinct as the saurian epoch. The world is simply too large. The most enthusiastic scholar must forego

ten times as many paths as he can pursue, and must resign himself to be a specialist. It is inevitable, but it has obvious disadvantages. The last of the old-fashioned Cambridge scholars of whom one could ask a miscellaneous question, with prospect of answer, died with the late Professor Torrey. I now know that I can make no inquiry so difficult but there is probably some man in Cambridge who can answer it; yet it may take a week of investigation to ascertain just who that man is. On the other hand, the things which these wise men do not know are constantly surprising, at least to a survivor of the old miscellaneous method. I have had a professor of political economy stop me in the street to ask who Charles Brockden Brown was; and when I suggested to a senior student who was seeking a lecturer for some society that he might ask John Fiske, he replied that he had never heard his name. Now, I knew all about Charles Brockden Brown before I was twelve years old, from Sparks's *American Biography*, and it was not easy to see how any one could read the newspapers, even three or four years ago, and not be familiar with the name of John Fiske. Yet this specialization extends, in truth, to all classes of the community. A Boston lawyer, the other day, told a friend of mine that, in his opinion, the Harvard professors were less eminent than formerly. My friend replied with truth that the only difference was that they were less likely to be all-round men, known to everybody; but that the teachers of to-day were more likely to be eminent in some particular department, in which they usually knew far more than their predecessors. "There is, for instance," he said, "Professor Farlow, who has an international reputation as an authority in cryptogamic botany." "I never even heard of him," said the lawyer, "nor of cryptogamic botany, either."

The same change is apparent in the

varying standards of athletic exercise. To those who loved, as I did, the old-time football, — the very thud of the ball, the scent of bruised grass, the mighty rush of a hundred men, the swift and cool defense, — there is something insufficient in the presence of a whole university sitting and shivering in the chill wind around an arena where a few picked gladiators push and wrestle; while those who know every point of the new contest feel a natural contempt for the crudities of the old. So those who now regard with surprise, or even lift with irreverence, the heavy three-cornered bats and large balls of the game we called cricket — the very implements used by my own class are deposited at the Hemenway Gymnasium — do not know that their comments are like those of Saladin on the heavy sword of King Richard, which ponderous weapon, after all, did good service in its day. The joy of athletic exercises is a part of the youth to which they belong, and does not depend upon the advance of science; nor is the admiration of their heroes a matter of to-day only. I never saw the late Charles Franklin Shimmin, of Boston, up to his dying day, that I did not recall the thrill of admiration for his unequalled "rushes" on the football field; and when we casually met, we always talked about them. Of the two best bowlers in my class, the one, Charles Sedgwick, was at the head of the class in scholarship, and the other, Eben William Rollins, was far down in the rank list, but they were equally our heroes at the cricketing hour. The change chiefly perceptible to me to-day is that whereas we were proud of Sedgwick's scholarship as well as of his bowling, it is likely that, in the present intense absorption in what may be called vicarious athletics, any amount of intellectual eminence would count but as the dust on the fly-wheel. In this respect we go a little further just now, I fancy, than our English kinsfolk. It is a rare thing in our American Cambridge to

hear of any student as being admired for his scholarship; but when I was taken, twenty years ago, to see the intercollegiate races at the older Cambridge, my friends were as careful to point out the men who were "great swells" in chemistry or in Greek as to call my attention to "the celebrated stroke, Goldie."

The class to which I belonged — the class of 1841 — was compact and tolerably well united, though small. It had perhaps more than the usual share of class feeling, which probably dated from the time when we had the rare experience of defeating the sophomores at the opening game of football. There was an impression that the Faculty were rather afraid of us, a view which would probably have much astonished those worthy gentlemen had it ever reached their ears. The strongest impression which is conveyed by looking back on our number collectively, after a half century's lapse, is that of the utter impossibility of casting in advance the horoscope of a whole set of young men. The class numbered several who afterwards won distinction in different walks in life; and while the actual careers of some might have been predicted, there were other lives which could not possibly have been anticipated by any of us. It required no great foresight to guess that Edward Clarke and Francis Minot would be physicians, and even eminent ones; that Rufus Woodward, of Worcester, would also be a physician, and a naturalist besides; that Thomas Church Haskell Smith, of Ohio, who was universally known among us as "Captain Smith," and was the natural leader of the class, in case of civil war would become Major-General Smith, and chief of staff in the Army of the Potomac. Wickham Hoffman, of New York, showed in college the same steadfast and manly qualities which made him also prominent during the war as a staff officer at New Orleans, and afterwards as secretary of the American legation during the siege of Paris. Other

instances might be cited ; but, on the other hand, our class produced three men, all well known in later life, whose precise paths were such as no one of the class could ever by any possibility have guessed. Frank Parker, our first scholar, might naturally, we should all have said, reach the Supreme Bench in rapid strides ; our ambition for him was unbounded ; but that he should, instead of this, become the greatest business lawyer in Boston, that he should have charge of vast estates, that he should die rich, that his pall-bearers should be bank presidents and millionaires, this was something that no one could have credited in advance. He had to be very economical in college, as had most of us, — he could go without what he wanted, — but certainly I never surmised in him any peculiar gift for the especially judicious investment of a half dollar. It is a curious illustration of what it is now the fashion to call “heredity” that when this same remark was made to the late Dr. A. P. Peabody, who had been Parker’s pastor, he replied that it was perfectly true so far as it went, but that any one who had known Parker’s father would have comprehended the whole affair. The latter, he said, although a clergyman, was the business adviser of half the men in his parish.

In another instance, which was yet more remarkable, I know of no such explanation. Not a classmate of Henry Fowle Durant’s would ever have dreamed of the two achievements which have probably secured for his name a longer remembrance than will be awarded to any other member of the class ; no one would have deemed it possible that he would make a fortune by the practice of criminal law, and then devote it to founding a woman’s college. He lived out of the college yard, was little known in the class, was to all appearances indolent or without concentration ; one of the men whose favorite literature lies in old English plays. His very name was not that by which he afterwards

became noted ; it being originally Henry Welles Smith, and being changed subsequently to gratify a relative who was also his benefactor.

Stranger than even this transformation of name and career was the third bit of the unexpected. The only member of the class who ever landed in the state’s prison was precisely and unequivocally the most dignified and respectable man we mustered, — a man absolutely stainless as we knew him, whose whole aspect and bearing carried irresistible weight, and who was chosen by acclamation as the treasurer of our class fund. In truth, it was his face and manner that were his ruin ; he was a lawyer and had charge of estates ; trustful widows and orphans thronged round him and believed in him up to the moment the prison doors opened to receive him ; he could no more resist such perilous confidence than could Shakespeare’s Autolycus, and might say with him, “If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me.”

My only really intimate friend in the class was Parker, already named, who, although two years older than myself, and of more staidness of temperament and maturity of character, had great influence over me, and was wonderfully patient with my often serious errors. I frequently spent nights at his room, and we had few secrets from each other. All this was in a certain way creditable to us both, — though more so to him, in proportion as he was the superior, — inasmuch as it was a period when the ambition for college rank was intensely strong, and we were running neck and neck for the first place, through the time of our greatest intimacy. He was the better writer, reasoner, and classicist ; while I was fond of mathematics, which he hated, and was more successful than he in modern languages. Later, I discovered that we had been extremely close together in rank, most of the time, I sometimes passing him ; and that he

came out first by only some thirty or forty marks among many thousands. It was the only fitting conclusion; and as we were greatly separated, in maturer life, by his conservative and my radical tendencies, I rejoice to record this tribute to his memory. He had, even while in college, a certain cynicism, which was later very much developed, and rather marred his popularity; but his influence on us all was of the greatest value, as it was afterwards in the whole community where he lived.

I formed in college two other friendships, outside my own class, both with men who subsequently rendered real service to literature and art. One was the late Charles Callahan Perkins, who became the author of works on the Tuscan and Italian sculptors, and practically the founder of the Normal Art School in Boston, and of the whole system of art instruction in the public schools of Massachusetts. He was my room-mate during the senior year, and a most attractive person; handsome, refined, manly, without brilliant gifts, but with the most cultivated tastes and — a convenience quite rare among us — a liberal income. He was one of the few instances I have known of a man's being really helped and enlarged in his career by the possession of wealth — or what then passed for wealth — in youth. The other companion, who did more for my literary tastes than all other friends, was the late Levi Lincoln Thaxter, who in after-life helped more than any one to make Browning and Fitzgerald known in this country, — they being more widely read here in each case, for a time, than in their own land. This was the more remarkable as Thaxter never saw either of them, although he corresponded with Browning, who also wrote the inscription for his grave. Thaxter was about my age, though he was, like Perkins, two years younger in college; he was not a high scholar, but he was an ardent student of literature, and came much

under the influence of his cousin, Maria White, and of Lowell, her betrothed. Thaxter first led me to Emerson and to Hazlitt; the latter being for us both a temporary, and the former a lifelong source of influence. We were both lovers of Longfellow, also, and used to sit at the open window every New Year's Eve and read aloud his *Midnight Mass* to the Dying Year. Thaxter was an enthusiastic naturalist, which was another bond of union, and has bequeathed this taste to his youngest son, now an assistant professor of botany in Harvard University. To him I owe, finally, the rare privilege of borrowing from Maria White the first thin volumes of Tennyson's poems, which seemed to us, as was once said of Keats, to "double the value of words;" and we both became, a few years later, subscribers to the original yellow-covered issue of Browning's *Bells and Pomegranates*. Thaxter's personal modesty and reticence, and the later fame of his poet-wife, Celia, have obscured him to the world; but he was one of the most loyal and high-minded of men.

At my graduation I was four months short of eighteen, and my purpose was to teach for a few years, and then to study law. This early maturity had, however, one obvious advantage: that it would plainly give me more time to turn round, to pursue general study, and, if need be, to revise my choice of a pursuit. I ultimately used the interval for just these purposes, and was so far a gainer. In all other respects my youthfulness was a great disadvantage, and I have often dissuaded others from following my example in entering college too young. If they disregard the remonstrance, as is usually the case, great patience and charity are due them. The reason for this is that precocity scarcely ever extends through all the faculties at once, and those who are older than their years in some respects are almost always younger in others, — this being nature's way of restoring the balance.

Even if intellect and body are alike precocious, the judgment and the moral strength may remain weak and immature. Development in other respects, therefore, creates false expectations and brings unforeseen temptations of its own. This was, at any rate, the result in my case, although it took me several years

to find it out. The experience of those years, during that seething and exciting period marked by what the outside world called vaguely "Transcendentalism," and the enthusiasts inside the movement sometimes termed "the Gospel of the Newness," will be the subject of the next paper.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

WILLIAM MORRIS: THE MAN AND HIS WORK.

"WHEN Topsy dies, people will say, 'There goes the last of the Vikings.'" It is, alas, some fifteen years since I heard Dante Gabriel Rossetti speak these words in his studio one evening. Tired with his day's painting, he was talking of some early work which he, William Morris, and Burne-Jones had done in a common spirit, and this led to a discussion as to what was Morris's best achievement as a poet. One of the two others who were present declared for *The Earthly Paradise*; the other preferred the *Vol-sung* epic. Rossetti said that, speaking along the line of poetry as poetry, Topsy (a favorite name for Morris, almost invariably used by Rossetti, if I remember aright, first given by him on account of the shaggy locks and "Berserker" appearance of his friend) had never done anything to surpass his first volume, *The Defence of Guenevere*. Thereafter, al-luding to some stupid remark that had been made in public about William Morris being merely a craftsman who also wrote poetry, he spoke of him with the utmost enthusiasm, of the man as poet, as creative artist, as a craftsman of extraordinary skill, knowledge, and initiative, and of the rare worth of the man as a man. It was then, apropos of his appearance, manner, and northern intensity of vigor, that he added, "When Topsy dies, people will say, 'There goes the last of the Vikings.'" Another fre-

quent name for Morris with Rossetti, and one readily adopted by other friends, was "the Skald." The circumstances which gave rise to the nickname are indicated in a letter from Rossetti (dated August, 1871) when he was staying at Kelmseott Manor, which at that time he shared with William Morris.

"Morris is expected here in about a month now, doubtless with wonderful tales of Iceland. But what is the use of going there if you are not allowed to make people stare well when you come back? An Icelandic paper which he sent, reporting his arrival, describes him as 'William Morris, Skald.'" "

For a long time thereafter, Morris was called by this appellation, which delighted him. Hammersmith, with all its commonplace and ignominious littlenesses, fell away from him when he could think of himself, or hear himself spoken of, as a skald, as the weaver of sagas, of heroic poems and chronicles for heroic men.

A skald, a viking indeed, was William Morris. I have never met any man who gave an impression of more exhaustless vitality. There never was a man who lived a fuller life; he was the very incarnation of ceaseless mental and bodily energy. Once he was asked if he were subject to that extreme despondency which so often accompanies the essentially poetic temperament. "I dare-

say I am," he answered, "but I've never had time to think about it, so I really can't say." Probably one of the few despondent remarks that Morris ever made was quite recently; when told of Mil-lais' death he answered, half jocularly, "I'll be seeing the old boy before long."

There are not many now alive who can remember William Morris as a boy or youth; but I have heard from one or two of his early friends that his was a most striking personality even when he was still in his teens. Strangely enough, one of these friends speaks of him as a rather sensitive and delicate youth, with little promise of that robustness of manner as well as physique which afterwards brought him his nickname "the Viking." He was a romantic youngster, and was so dreamy that his intimates thought "Bill Morris" would never do anything but moon away his time. Before he was of age, however, he must have dissipated this idea, for, though his early writings were of an ultra-romantic and occasionally sentimental caste, he had already begun to show unmistakable signs of originality and power. It will probably be a long time before the full story of William Morris's life is written. When it is, his admirers will be interested to learn how much he owed to his love for the beautiful woman who became his wife, and who may be thus alluded to without offense, as for twenty years or more her face has been familiar to lovers of Rossetti's art, — for in her (and his noble Proserpine may be taken as a typical example) the poet-painter found his ideal of tragic beauty. As some misleading and even wholly perverse statements concerning Morris's first meeting with this lady have gained currency, it may be as well to give here the actual facts.

By 1856, when he was in his twenty-second year, Morris had left Oxford. In the following year, however, he returned to that city, because of his selection as one of those commissioned to

decorate the walls of the Oxford Union Debating-Room. This now famous scheme resulted rather disastrously, for before long the mural decorations began rapidly to fade. "I've come to my Oxford Union" was at one time a colloquialism, among the Rossetti-Morris circle, for the vanishing point in worldly means. What inspired Morris was the prospect of collaboration with two young men: one, Edward Burne-Jones, his chief friend at Oxford, and the other, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, whose acquaintance he had made in London. The subjects of these frescoes were legends from the Arthurian cycle; and unmistakably to his preoccupation with the central subject, and to Rossetti's enthusiastic mediævalism, we owe the wonderful atmosphere and color of *The Defence of Guenevere* — that remarkable first volume, which appeared in 1858, and has at this day as rare a poetic beauty as it had then, and an influence scarcely less potent, if more limited.

But to return. Whatever direct result the painting at the Oxford Union had for Morris, it was ever memorable to him for another reason. I may give the statement in the words of the late William Bell Scott. "After the labors of the day, the volunteer artists of the Union regaled themselves by coming to the theatre, and there they beheld in the front box above them what all declared to be the ideal personification of poetical womanhood. In this case, the hair was not auburn, but black as night; unique in face and figure, she was a queen, a Proserpine, a Medusa, a Circe — but also, strangely enough, a Beatrice, a Pandora, and a Virgin Mary. They made interest with the family, and she sat to them. Morris was at that time sworn to be a painter. She sat to him. . . . He proposed marriage, and the next I heard of them was that they were starting for his new house at Upton."

The lady was a Miss Burdon. The children of their marriage were two

daughters, one of whom, Miss May Morris, a few years ago married Mr. Haldiday Sparling, who edited Mr. Morris's socialistic paper, *The Common Weal*. After their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Morris lived for a time at Bexley Heath, near London; thereafter at Queen's Square and at Turnham Green. It was not till 1878 that he occupied the now celebrated house in Hammersmith, which, by the way, was formerly tenanted by George Macdonald, the novelist. Morris's favorite residence, however, was always that old mansion of Kelmscott, near Lechlade, in Oxfordshire, a building of the Jacobean date and type. As the country residence of two of the greatest poets of our time, and as the place where Rossetti and William Morris dreamed some of their most beautiful dreams, and wrought some of their finest work, Kelmscott Manor must always be a shrine for those who love to do homage.

A few words as to the early incidents of Morris's life.

Born at Walthamstow in Essex, on March 24, 1834, his birth is associated with the year wherein Lamb and Coleridge died. In a prolific period, it is interesting to note that this year has given us no other eminent poet or writer, the most noteworthy being James Thompson, the author of *The City of Dreadful Night*. The cynical saying, "Tell me what a son's father is, and then I'll know what that son is not," was exemplified in the case of Morris. His father was a well-to-do city merchant of London, and a hard-and-fast evangelical Tory of the old type. William was the eldest in a family of nine children, and was about fourteen years old when Mr. Morris died. Fortunately there were ample means for the large family. Morris passed from a small academy at Walthamstow to Marlborough Public School; whence, after a year's reading with a private tutor, he went in 1852 to Exeter College, Oxford.

Already he had shown unmistakable artistic bias, though principally in archæology and architecture. The first definite force from outside came from the now famous organ of the pre-Raphaelites, *The Germ*. He was not only inspired to original work of his own by the ardent enthusiasm, the originality, and here and there the signs of new genius displayed in this brief-lived periodical, but through it he made the two chief friendships of his life, those with Edward Burne-Jones and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. At Oxford itself he distinguished himself in no way: no doubt fortunately for English literature. It is well that a thousand youths should be strictly trained in the way they should go; but it is better fortune when a youth of genius "gangs his ain gate." During his last year at Oxford, Morris and Burne-Jones became intimate. Their first coming together was through a common enthusiasm for the poetry of a then unknown young man, whose very name, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, was as unfamiliar in English ears as his verse was to English critics. Both young men formed the idea of seeking out this foreign-named new writer, and of associating themselves with him. But first Morris articulated himself in Oxford to an architect, who has since become famous, Mr. G. E. Street. Tiring of office work, however, Morris, though he had paid his premium, left Oxford for London.

The earliest prose writings of William Morris appeared, just forty years ago, in the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*. Collectors have long sought certain odd numbers of the old *Oxford and Cambridge*, and, to use a hackneyed phrase, these are now, because they contain some of the early writings of William Morris, Rossetti, and others of that potent clan of new "makers," literally worth their weight in gold. He was often importuned to reprint these strange archaic romances, but for one reason or another never consented. If

it is certain that he wished them to remain in that relative obscurity, there they should be allowed to stay; otherwise there must be thousands who would welcome a reprint of the earliest imaginative work of the author of *The Earthly Paradise*.

When did Morris do all his work? That was a question often asked twenty years ago in Rossetti's studio, then a gathering-place for the elect of the circle — a question asked, indeed, and with good reason, much more frequently of late years. He had time to read, to study, — and some of his Scandinavian studies, in particular, involved prolonged time and absorption, — to write incessantly in imaginative prose, in verse; to occupy himself with socialistic labors, humanitarian pamphlets, speeches, papers; to make his house a centre for the "advanced wing;" to work daily at some one or other of his innumerable decorative undertakings; and to superintend a busy and complex business, for a business in the ordinary sense the manufacture of decorative tapestry and other craft-productions unquestionably was. Some of his friends aver that the strain of all this complex and unceasing activity undermined his vitality, and so in a sense killed him; others make a scapegoat of uncongenial business preoccupations and responsibilities; and others, again, attribute the dissipation of his energies to his active sympathy with every "socialistic crank," and his practical identification with innumerable schemes to better the mental, moral, and bodily welfare of his fellows. Morris himself would never have admitted either of the two latter at any rate. He loved his decorative craft-work to enthusiasm, and his whole big heart was in his unselfish thought and labor for the common weal. Books like his *Dream of John Ball*, and *News from Nowhere* were not the "fads" of a dreamer with spare time, but the impassioned if controlled expression of what were vital truths and necessitous

warnings. Of late years especially, William Morris thought much more of what he might do than of anything he had done; and perhaps if he had found it necessary to throw over the edge of oblivion any one big achievement of his, of a literary nature, it would have been his so-called chief work, *The Earthly Paradise*. "The best thing about it," he said once, "is its name. Some day or other that will inspire others when every line of the blessed thing is forgotten. *That's* what we're all working for." I have heard, though at the moment I cannot recall whether from a trustworthy source, that he once pooh-poohed the ideal beauty of *The Earthly Paradise*, and said that there was "more real ideal" in *News from Nowhere*. Indeed, his most famous book was that which he least liked to hear about, and there was even a time when he was sick of the very name, if obtruded upon his notice. I remember once journeying Hammer-smith-ward with him in the open third-class of an underground train, and his pleasure in the brusque frankness of a laboring man who recognized him. "They tell me you're a pote, Mr. Morris. Well, I know nuthin' about potes or pote'ry, but I'm bloomin' well sure I know a *man*, an' *you're* one, by God!" "That's the stuff," he said to me afterwards, — "that's the stuff we want; and, mark you, that's the stuff, too, that in the long run I'm working for in prose and poetry as well. I believe in the common blood." Again, at the time when he started the socialistic paper *The Common Weal*, he was taken to task by an old friend for thus "giving himself away." "You'll never be laureate now," the objector added, "not even though Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne go off at one fell swoop." Morris laughed in genuine amusement. "As to the giving myself away," he added, "it's not much to give at the best, either for me or for any of us. But what you say about the laureateship is too funny.

Let it go to So-and-so or So-and-so, and welcome. If I can't be the laureate of reading men, I'll be the laureate of sweating men."

"The laureate of sweating men." I have thought of that phrase again and again since the news of the death of that brave viking of modern life who was not ashamed to be both dreamer and worker, poet and socialist, the aristocrat of the imagination, and a citizen of the human republic. At the time of Lord Tennyson's death, William Morris was, of course, one of the two poets of whom every one thought as successor to the laureateship. "It's bound to be either Topsy or Swinburne," said some one in his hearing; to which he replied at once, "Don't be a fool; you must know quite well it won't be either." Among the absurd objections to Morris's claims was that of superfine bardlets and criticasters, — that "Morris, as poet-laureate, would be too much of a good thing." I have heard him alluded to as though he were a redshirt of the Commune, or at best as a boor. None who once visited him in his fascinating house in Hammersmith, or in his beautiful Oxfordshire summer-house, Kelmscott Manor (immortalized by Rossetti), and enjoyed the poet artist's frank cordiality, and genial, sunny, ardent, hopeful nature, could possibly fall into such an error. In his personality and views, Morris might be spoken of as Shelley translated into a viking. He was like Trelawney in one thing, — that his appearance suggested to the stranger the mien and manner of a sea-captain. When people who knew nothing of the poet save as the author of *The Earthly Paradise* had their attention directed to him, they could hardly believe that, in the robust, square-set, ruddy-faced, blue-eyed, pilot-coated, blue-shirted, sea-captain-looking man, they beheld "the idle dreamer of an empty day." "What is William Morris like?" an American admirer of the poet asked me recently,

and I could think of nothing more apt than to say that he was like Ibsen if one could think of Ibsen as the jolly skipper of a North Sea trawler.

He was a misleading man to meet with in literary circles — a phrase itself somewhat misleading, for William Morris was rarely to be found in what are called literary circles. "Afternoons" saw him not, or if ever he turned in at a friend's gathering, it was because that friend was of old standing, and probably because some personal obligation was involved. "Evenings" of the "at home" kind, he disliked equally. I do not remember ever having seen him even at any of the literary gatherings where he might have been expected to put in an appearance, such as the Authors' Society's Annual Dinner, the less formal Vagabonds, the more select Odd Volumes, or the chief of our literary associations of the kind, the Omar Khayyám Club. His method of enjoyment was "to do something," and it fretted him to sit long or even to listen long. Indeed, this physical impatience often rendered him apparently more heedless to music, the theatre, lectures, than he really was; though when heart and brain were both under a spell, as when a speaker was urging in a new and vigorous way the claims of the people, or the rights and wrongs of some "case," or again when a friend was reading from the manuscript of a poem or other imaginative production, he would listen intently, leaning forward, with his vivid blue eyes gleaming out of his ruddy face, and his broad brows beneath his mass of upstanding and out-standing grizzled gray hair. In music he took keen delight, having a sensitive and trained ear. I have watched him at times, when the man whom I have heard spoken of as boorishly indifferent to others was so eagerly interested that it was possible to see the nervous life within him. That he could be, that he habitually was, genial, cordial, and courteous, is a commonplace to those who

really knew him. At the same time it is true he was apt to freeze into a grumpy silence if he were bored, and he had also a strange kind of shyness. Once in quite late years he went to a literary afternoon, because the host was the late Ford Madox Brown, an old and intimate friend — and, indeed, not long before the veteran painter took the fatal turn in the complaint which ultimately killed him. There was a man present who for some reason exceedingly annoyed William Morris. As fate would have it, this individual drifted alongside of the poet at a moment when, for a wonder, the latter was disengaged. "Ah, I'm very pleased to meet you, Mr. Morris," the gentleman began, in a condescending voice; "I don't read your prose, you know, but I'm a great admirer of *The Earthly Paradise*, and" — but here Morris broke in with, "But you *have* met me before; you addressed me in the studio a few minutes ago. And I'm really not interested in *The Earthly Paradise*, and if you'll excuse me, we'll drop the subject." And with that the ruffled poet turned to a friend, and began an obviously private chat.

There were, of course, two individuals known as William Morris. The William Morris who, of an evening at Hammer-smith, discoursed philosophic and practical Socialism with difficult gentry of "the left wing" ("the extreme rearward feather," as Rossetti once called the forlorn little band of ultra-socialistic reformers) was a very different man from William Morris who of a summer day on the Thames, or of an autumn evening at Kelmscott Manor, would read with a peculiar chanting intonation some translation of an Icelandic saga, or pages from one or other of those Old World romances which he delighted to write.

Probably the three things which in recent years gave him most pleasure were his preoccupation with his archaic prose tales, his Icelandic and Scandinavian studies and writings, and the Kelmscott

printing-press. It was a source of keen gratification to him that his efforts to make a fine art of printing and binding met with so much practical approval, but probably no one took more delight than he did in the beautiful books which have issued from the Kelmscott Press. Among recent undertakings he was especially interested in the production of a limited edition of the long-expected poems of his friend Mr. Theodore Watts, or Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, as he must now be called. Not only had he a very deep and sincere admiration for Mr. Watts-Dunton's poetry, but he valued the author as one of his oldest and most intimate friends. Even when busiest he had always time to see and talk with this good friend, and it is pleasant to know that among his latest occupations was the printing of a book in whose fortunes he was so profoundly interested, both for its own sake and for that of the friendship between the author and himself.

It is unnecessary in an article such as this to dwell in detail on the literary and artistic achievements of William Morris. The main facts of his career are common property.

As a poet, he first attracted the attention of the literary world in general by his *Life and Death of Jason* (1867), and, in quick succession (1868-1870), that of the great reading public, by his four volumes of *The Earthly Paradise*. It is interesting to know that *Jason* was originally one of the tales told by the elders of the town, in *The Earthly Paradise*; but grew so long that it was published in a volume by itself, and independently of the larger and later collection. In *Jason* the stories are arranged under the signs of the zodiac, with one classical and one mediæval legend for each month of the year; and lovers of poetic statistics will be interested to know that *The Earthly Paradise* extends to forty thousand lines.

In this disconnected epic, if one may

so call a collection of narrative poems occupied with epical themes, there are one or two of those beautiful Scandinavian legendary romances in which Morris, as he said once, found the reflection of his heart. In fact, the noblest poetic narrative in the whole sequence of *The Earthly Paradise* is *The Lovers of Gudrun*, in the third volume. Here is, indeed, a noble music. Who can forget those lines where Kiartan bids farewell to Gudrun? —

"And is it so,"

She broke in, "that these feet remain behind?
Men call me hard, but thou hast known me
kind;

Men call me fair, my body give I thee,
Men call me dainty, let the rough, salt sea
Deal with me as it will, so thou be near!
Let me bear trouble with thee, take the fear
That thy heart casts aside!"

Almost concurrently with the issue of the fourth volume of *The Earthly Paradise*, Morris published the first of those re-creations of ancient Scandinavian literature with which his name is now so intimately associated. In collaboration with one or other Norse friend, he produced saga after saga out of the Icelandic tongue. The first of the series was *Grettis' Saga*, issued in 1869, and written in collaboration with Mr. Asmundasson. Later, he worked along with his intimate friend, Mr. Eric Magnusson, with whom he made his first visit to Iceland. The most important result of this visit was the publication in 1870 of the *Volsunga Saga*. Since then, volume after volume of saga literature, due to joint enthusiasm and energy, has appeared.

But, so far as English literature is concerned, by far the most noteworthy outcome of William Morris's Scandinavian studies was his superb epic narrative in verse, *Sigurd the Volsung*, and the *Fall of the Niblungs*. It is now twenty years since the publication of *Sigurd*. Then, it was hailed as a noble tale nobly retold; to-day, it is accepted as one of the highest poetic achieve-

ments of the Victorian Age. Morris himself ranked it high above any other literary work of his. On the day of its publication, he exclaimed: "There, I have touched my high-water mark!" Certainly, in the score of years that have elapsed since then, he published nothing which can for a moment be compared with that epic; and it is more than probable that the disengaged criticism of succeeding generations will find that he published nothing so wholly satisfactory before it. In this great work we come upon William Morris as the typical saga-man of modern literature. The breath of the North blows across these billowy lines, as the polar wind across the green waves of the North Sea. The noise of waters, the splashing of oars, the whirling of swords, the conflict of battle, cries and heroic summons to death, reëcho in the reader's ears. All the romance which gives so wonderful an atmosphere to his earlier poems, all the dreamy sweetness of *The Earthly Paradise* and creations such as *Love is Enough*, are here also; but with them are a force, a vigor and intensity, of which, save in his translation of the *Odyssey*, there are few prior indications. True, intensity is at no time a characteristic of Morris's poetic expression, at any rate at no time since the early *Defence of Guenevere*: it is in the mass, in the main effect, that his work can with justice be called intense. His individual lines are oftener "of linked sweetness long drawn out;" they march rather to Lydian airs than to martial measures, perhaps rather to those Dorian flutes to which the Spartans of old, ironically discarding the frenzy of fife and clarion, went forth to battle. But in cumulative effect, how few long poems of our time can be compared with the *Sigurd*. It is here, and in the later works of the kind, whether in prose or in verse, that he moves with a mien as of a prince come into his own. The North was native to him. In that land of

dream, wherein he delighted to sojourn, he was a powerful Goth, conscious of his delayed war-galley, of his recumbent spear, of his dissuaded sword. But when he tells the story of Sigurd, or relates the fall of the Volsungs, we hear the clank of the hero's sword, we see the shine of his spear; in the air is the rushing sound of his viking galley — as the men of old said, "It drinks the blue wine of the waves."

It is far too soon to attempt an estimate of the place which William Morris will hold in contemporary poetry. We are still, as it were, among the hedges which surround the earthly paradise which his genius wrought out of dream and his passionate devotion to beauty. We are too close to the fair structure to see whether it is withstanding the ruining breath of time, or whether its fabric is too exquisitely delicate to sustain the shrewder air of a later period. Morris himself realized that he had conveyed into his work an element of dream-life out of proportion to that atmosphere of actuality which is an elemental necessity to literature that shall endure. In later years, he wearied greatly of praise of his earlier writings, and himself found, what many critics complained of, that his fluent and melodious chronicles of a past time had ceased to stimulate the ever adventurous imagination or to solace the world-weariness of "the idle dreamer of an empty day." Strangely enough there is no one line in the whole immense range of his writings which has passed so universally into current phraseology as this famous refrain from *The Earthly Paradise*, — strangely, because it is so uncharacteristic of the stronger part of Morris's life-work; but mainly because it is so untypical of the man. Of no man of his time could it with less justice be said that he was the idle singer of an empty day. William Morris was the most strenuous man of genius whom our age has produced: his one dominant aim was to prove that the day was not idle

and that idlers were no more than cumberers of the ground. With him beauty was a practicable, a realizable, dream. Beauty, he once declared, is "in one sense the most common thing in the world: for it is everywhere. Wherever there is the rhythm of light, there is some transmutation into beauty." To him it was no impossibility that the human mind might become no less a magician with the alchemy of thought, than sun and wind with their cosmic chemistry. To a man such as this, no time or period could be empty; still less could he himself be, in his own estimation or that of others, "the idle singer of an empty day." It is possible, indeed, that Morris's very preoccupation with the intensely absorbing aspects of the beautiful, as he tried to capture them into the woof of temporal and common things whereat he wove so industriously, may in some measure have interfered with that robust expression in the art of words which would seem to be most natural to him. The law of contraries, in the arts, has often been demonstrated. There is no cry so poignant for the joy of vigorous life, as that of the consumptive and delicate Robert Louis Stevenson; there is no greater insistence on sanity of thought and action than that of Rousseau himself, morbid to the extremes of sanity. The most passionate cry to the divinity of health, for the Greek ideals of beauty, came from the feeble and laboring lungs of Richard Jefferies. It is not surprising, therefore, that the man oppressed by the commonplaces and weary routine of conventional life should thirst for swift adventure and heroic deeds, and the supremacy of the old pagan laws of strength and daring. Not more surprising is it, again, that one like Morris, with every hour of his life surcharged with an intense active living, should find mental and spiritual relief in the embroidering anew along the fringes of contemporary life traceries of a beautiful past, apparently content to

be wholly "unpractical," wholly "unutilitarian," — in a word, "the idle singer of an empty day."

It is a mistake of some to think that Morris believed the triumph of democracy might mean the wane of art. He held exactly the opposite view. In some noble lines in his *Chants for Socialists* he gives expression to the faith within him as to the ultimate weal of which he dreamed: —

"And what wealth, then, shall be left us, when
none shall gather gold
To buy his friend in the market, and pinch
and pine the sold?
Yea, what but the lovely city, and the little
house on the hill,
And the wastes and the woodland beauty,
and the happy fields we till,
And the homes of ancient story, the tombs of
the mighty dead,
And the wise man seeking out marvels, and
the poet's teeming head,
And the painter's head of wonder, and the
marvelous fiddle-bow,
And the banded choirs of music, all them
that do and know."

It is interesting to note the continuity of William Morris's mind, indeed of his style. Before the public had heard of him at all he had written those wonderful short stories of his, still unpublished, which appeared in the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*. From these stories of 1856 to *The Well at the World's End* of 1896, there is simply the evolution of a native style. There is not a passage in this last-named book, or in any of the archaic romances of the *House of the Wolfings* kind, which does not bear the unmistakable idiosyncratic signs of their actual authorship; and in books externally so diverse as any of these, and the socialistic visionary romances, there is practically no divergence in method or manner. Forty years ago Morris began thus, in that now so rare undergraduates' magazine at Oxford, his beautiful story of *Gertha's Lovers*: —

"Long ago there was a land, never mind where or when, a fair country, and good to live in, rich with wealth of

golden corn, beautiful with many woods, watered with great rivers and pleasant trickling streams; moreover, one extremity of it was bounded by the washing of the purple waves, and the other by the solemn watchfulness of the purple mountains."

It is this ideal land of his youth for which he never ceased to yearn. With him, too, that land was to be found only in the realm of dream; but, on the other hand, the life of dream was as actual, as vivid, as inevitable, and as necessary, as the life of outward action. He begins his socialistic romance, *The Dream of John Ball*, thus: —

"Sometimes I am rewarded for fretting myself so much about present matters by a quite unasked-for pleasant dream."

The unasked-for pleasant dreams were the delight and solace of Morris's feverishly strenuous life, and are the solace and delight of innumerable readers to whom he has given them as his best gift to his fellows. His eyes are ever upon the ideal landscape; an ideal civic vision is ever before him, an ideal fellowship, a self-sustaining, self-sufficient commune. The heroism of his earlier stories is not merely that of the battle-axe or the sword of chivalry, but is seen in the minds as well as in the actions of his personages. There may seem a wide gulf between a poem such as *The Earthly Paradise*, or one of those early stories such as *The Hollow Land*, and *The Dream of John Ball*; but here, too, the first thing he sees is some familiar English aspect touched by the light of dream into ideal beauty. Even in the actual dreams of sleep, he tells us there is no disarray of images, there is no grotesque or merely fantastic, and above all no disorderly, incompleteness in the mental architecture shaped by the master-spirit within the brain. "Sometimes," he says, "it is a splendid collegiate church untouched by restoring parson and architect, standing amid an

island, shapely trees, flower-beset cottages of thatched gray stone and cob, amidst the narrow stretch of bright green water-meadows that wind between the sweeping Wiltshire downs. Or, again, some new scene and yet familiar cluster of houses in a gray village of the Upper Thames, overtopped by the delicate tracery of a fourteenth century church; or, again, as once when I was journeying (in a dream of the night) down the well-remembered reaches of the Thames betwixt Streatly and Wallingford, where the foothills of the White Horse fall back from the broad stream, I came upon a clear-seen mediæval town, standing up with roof and tower and spire within its walls, gray and ancient, but untouched from the days of its builders of old."

It is difficult not to believe that the literary historians of the future will indorse the opinion of William Morris held by his great compeer, Rossetti. In *Fraser's Magazine* for February, 1869, there was an article on Morris's work by Mr. Skelton ("Shirley"). A few days after the appearance of the number, Rossetti wrote as follows in a letter to Mr. Skelton: "I think all you say of Morris is very completely and excellently said. It indicates, I should say, on the whole, the same estimate of him which I have long entertained, as being — all things considered — the greatest literary identity of our time. I say this chiefly on the ground of that highest quality in a poet — his width of relation to the mass of mankind: for inexhaustible splendor of execution, who can stand beside Swinburne? — not to speak of older men. . . . You know Morris is now only thirty-five, and has done things in Decorative Art which take as high and exclusive a place in that field as his poetry does in its own. What may he not yet do? The second volume of *The Earthly Paradise* is getting forward; . . . in some parts the poet goes deeper in treatment of intense personal passion

than he has yet done. After this work is finished, I trust his next step will be in dramatic composition, in which I foresee some of his highest triumphs."

This letter is profoundly interesting and suggestive. There are many who have considered Rossetti himself to be the greatest literary identity of his time; but probably he is right in his generous judgment as to Morris. Again, one is glad to note that Rossetti, commonly supposed to be so remote in his sympathies, recognizes that the test of the highest quality in a poet is his width of relation to the mass of mankind. Although, it is true, Morris never achieved success as a dramatist, Rossetti was certainly right in his belief that in dramatic composition his friend might attain to some of his highest triumphs. It was more because Morris disbelieved in the public taste for the higher drama, and was too profoundly dissatisfied with the recent and present conditions of the stage, than from indifference or lack of impulse that he refrained from direct participation in dramatic literature. Those who knew him intimately, however, were aware that he not only acted occasionally himself, but once or twice proved himself as able at stagecraft as though he had been long in training, and had none of his innumerable distractions to dissuade him from his current pre-occupation.

Rossetti, in a letter to a friend early in 1857, writes: "Two young men, projectors of the Oxford and Cambridge Magazine, have recently come to town also from Oxford, and are now very intimate friends of mine. Their names are Morris and Jones. They have turned artists instead of taking up any other career to which the University generally leads, and both are men of real genius. Jones's designs are marvels of finish and imaginative detail, unequaled by anything unless perhaps Albert Dürer's finest works; and Morris, though without practice as yet, has no less power,

I fancy. He has written some really wonderful poetry, too."

Later in the same year, Rossetti wrote again: "Morris has as yet done nothing in art, but is now busily painting his first picture, Sir Tristram after his Illness, in the Garden of King Mark's Palace, recognized by the Dog he had given to Yseult, from the *Morte D'Arthur*. It is being done all from nature, of course, and I believe will turn out capitally."

The "really wonderful poetry" was soon to convince the few lovers of poetry for poetry's sake — though Richard Garnett, himself then a youthful poet and writer of extraordinary ability, was almost alone in influential recognition of *The Defence of Guenevere*, at the time of its appearance. On the other hand the lengthily named picture fell short of the expectations of both the artist and his friends. Rossetti himself, ever generously prone to enthusiasm in connection with the achievement of his friends, came at last to believe that Morris's abilities were those of a decorative artist rather than of a painter of pictures in the ordinary sense of the words. He declared once, whimsically, that Morris must have seen the error of his ways, for on his (Rossetti) entering his friend's studio he saw a grotesque parody of the ambitious "masterpiece," re-worded thus: "Sudden Indisposition of Sir Tristram, in the Garden of King Mark's Palace, recognizable as Collywobbles by the pile of gooseberry-skins beside him, remains of the unripe gooseberries devoured by him while he was waiting for Yseult."

Considering the high opinion that Rossetti always held concerning his friend — "the only man I have known who beats every other man at his own game," he said to me once — it is interesting to know what Morris thought of Rossetti. "It is," he wrote, — "it is certainly to be wondered at that a master in the supremely difficult art of painting should have qualities which enable him to deal

with the other supremely difficult one of poetry; and to do this not only with the utmost depth of feeling and thought, but also with the most complete and unfaltering mastery over its material; that he should find in its limitations and special conditions, not stumbling-blocks or fetters, but just so many pleasures, so much whetting of invention and imagination. In no poems is the spontaneous and habitual interpenetration of matter and manner, which is the essence of poetry, more complete than in these. Among pieces where the mystical feeling is by necessity of subject most simple and most on the surface, *The Blessed Damozel* should be noticed: a poem in which wild longing, and the shame of life, and the despair of separation, and the worship of love, are wrought into a palpable dream; in which the heaven that exists as if for the sake of the beloved is as real as the earthly things about the lover — while these are scarcely less strange, or less pervaded with the sense of his passion, than the things his imagination has made. . . . I think these lyrics, with all their other merits, the most *complete* of their time. No difficulty is avoided in them, no subject is treated vaguely, languidly, or heartlessly. As there is no commonplace or second-hand thought left in them, to be atoned for by beauty of execution, so no thought is allowed to overshadow that beauty of art which compels a real poet to speak in verse and not in prose. Nor do I know what lyrics of any time are to be called *great*, if we are to deny that title to these."

Where, at the close of the sixth decade in our century, Morris was known at all, it was only, except among a few enthusiasts, to be derided either as an affected mediævalist or as a mere impracticable dreamer. By Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and the group of workers in the several arts, he was already hailed as a man of remarkable genius; for the rest, he and his aims were hopelessly misunderstood. At this period, I may add,

from what I have on the best authority, Morris was not only no socialist, but was addicted to that most arrogant of aristocratical obsessions, the preoccupation of the artist with his own point of view as the only one of any value or even interest. He had a theory that a beneficent tyrant would be the ideal monarch — and this not without a lurking idea that he knew where he could find a modest and retiring, but highly qualified autocrat! I remember being told years ago, though I do not recollect on what authority, that in one of his Oxford deliverances he maintained that there were only two sovereign overlords in the world, — Queen Art and King Sword.

However, "the idle dreamer" proved that he had a shrewd head — justifying Rossetti's parody many years later, "The busy Morris of a twelve hours' day." In the year 1861, he gave money, energy, thought, and enthusiasm to the formation of an "arts and crafts" association, — an enterprise successful from the first, though for a time very moderately so, and of late years one of the most potent factors in the evolution of domestic decoration, the domestic arts and crafts generally, in Great Britain and America. For colleagues he had Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Maxlo Brown, and his friend Webb. The business was located in Red Lion Square, and from that unpromising region went forth the stained glass and ornamental furniture which was then almost grotesquely unpleasing to ordinary taste, and is now so familiar and generally admired. Recognition, however, came soon, for in 1862 a gold medal was obtained at the Exhibition for the stained glass. "Morris & Co." now branched out into the manufacture of paper-hangings and textile fabrics — with what extraordinary results is now common knowledge.

It is not generally known, even in the Morris circle, that at this juncture the firm nearly collapsed. The leading members simultaneously developed a

feverish energy in creative work of their own, and each revolted against "the sordid purlieus of Red Lion Square." Again Morris came to the rescue. His archæological and architectural studies had made him familiar with every building of historic interest in or near London, and it occurred to him that an old Norman abbey, which had been desecrated by "a falsely utilitarian factory," might be reconsecrated, in a sense, by its selection as the Home of the New Art, — in other words, of "Morris & Co." This old building, familiar as Merton Abbey, near Wimbledon, is known in history as the Norman Abbey where the Parliament of 1236 was held, and where the Barons gave their famous answer "*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari.*" Here, then, the art factory was established, and soon all went well. While Morris from the first gave the utmost attention to the comfort and even culture of his workmen, and saw that each man was paid adequately, it is a common mistake that he adopted, much less inaugurated, the coöperative method of remuneration. True, the heads of departments shared on this principle; but all the artisans were paid in the usual way, by piece work. "Socialist as he was," writes one familiar with his system and principles, "or rather because he was a socialist, Mr. Morris had no faith in the coöperative system, which he regarded as only a delusive palliative of the evils of competition. The object of the Merton workshop was not in the least to make philanthropic experiments on the relations of capitalist and laborer, but simply to supply goods of honest and beautiful workmanship in which the individual skill and fancy of the craftsman and the artist, and not the mere power of machinery, should be shown."

Despite the immense and incessant expenditure of energy, and this in so many directions, Morris was, until the spring of this year, at any rate, as full of ambi-

tious schemes as ever. There were to be books written, periods re-created, problems examined, remedial schemes demonstrated, wrongs righted, abuses exposed, crafts stimulated, and a higher excellence in decorative art and in printing obtained even than that already achieved. "I look to see the bloom on the first fruits of the social revolution," he said once, at one of those gatherings at his Hammersmith home, where the flag of enthusiasm never drooped. Perhaps, after all, he has seen this bloom, tasted the sweets of those first fruits. No one could have lived such a life as he did and failed to find some tangible, some palpable assurance of the reality of his hopes, of the actuality of his efforts.

When the life-work of William Morris comes to be estimated, most, even of those who are fairly familiar with his ceaseless energy, will be astonished at the amount he achieved and produced. Even if there were not a printed line to his credit, his life would still afford a record of exceptional fullness and activity, would still be far and away beyond that led by most of his fellows. But, apart from that full and busy life of his as a craftsman, and away from all his innumerable other distractions, what an imposing record his mere literary achievement is! From *The Defence of Guenevere* to the latest of his prose romances, his work, in mere output, is quite Balzacian in quantity. It is his high distinction that he has never published anything which an enemy could blame as unworthy of a poet and artist. Of course it is by his poetry that he will be remembered. Poetry endures when marble monuments crumble and fall away. The high hopes he had, and lit in others, — these in other brains will remain alight; the immense impulse he gave to the decorative arts will not be lost; all that in his ceaseless activity he achieved will pass into the sum of a general good. But these are influences which do not come and go

with the individual. They are eddies of the wind of the human spirit, and when once a man like William Morris dies they pass into the larger world and are lost therein, — lost so far as individual identification is concerned. But the work survives. All that is controversial and accidental in the literary work of William Morris will necessarily perish, and perish soon; much even of his beautiful and fascinating prose cannot survive the disintegration of time and change of front which is ever taking place; but the best of his achievements, the nobler residuum of his poetic life, has become part of our literature, and will keep his name and memory green. "*Sic itur ad astra.*"

As for some last word of William Morris here: it is characteristic of the man that we should seek to find it, not in those dreams of poetic beauty with which his name is most associated, but rather among those writings wherein his fervent idealism was directed towards a practicable end — the one end for which he really cared much in life, the amelioration of the lot of the toiling generations, and their ultimate redemption from themselves, as well as from their oppressors and adverse circumstances, by the gradual expansion towards an ideal of beauty to be realized in every phase of life, from the most mechanical actions and contrivances to the controlled pleasures, excitements, and energies of the impatient human heart, the dauntless human spirit.

It is not, therefore, to *The Earthly Paradise* that we should turn; not even to those masterpieces of a heroic genius expressing itself through the atmosphere of dream, *Sigurd* and *Jason*; though these do, indeed, in common with the most dreamlike of his works, *Love is Enough*, contain the same beautiful message which impelled him from the first; but rather to books sneered at, or even ignored, as they are, by those to whom Morris's genius was clouded, not clarified, by his passionate spirit of revolt and of reform,

—books such as *News from Nowhere* and *The Dream of John Ball*. In one of the many obituary notices of him, there is a statement to the effect that his best work will endure, though neither his own time nor any later period is likely to be the better of such misdirected writings as “these socialistic romances.” Not so thought William Morris himself; not so think those who with him believe that a man’s work in the world is something better merely than to dream, though to dream, indeed, is well.

With the sound of the falling sods still in one’s ears, where the great poet and strenuous artist lies at rest in that remote Oxfordshire village which he loved so much, it is well to repeat one passage from this nobly conceived and nobly wrought book which has been so much misunderstood: for here, indeed, we have William Morris the man, as well as the dreamer, the poet, the artist, the worker, the visionary, the socialist. Here we have that wonderful and alert genius who, more than any other of our time, for forty years of unceasing mental activity, was able to dream through the past and through the present to the future, to face both ways, to see clearly down both vistas, and to discern the meeting horizons of the dreamlands of the past and of the dreamlands of the future.

“And how shall it be,” says John Ball in his unforgettable speech to the Men of Kent, — “how should it be, then,

when these cumberers of the ground are gone? What else shall ye lack when ye lack masters? Ye shall not lack for the fields ye have tilled, nor the houses ye have built, nor the cloth ye have woven; all these shall be yours, and whatso ye will of all that the earth beareth. Then shall no man mow the deep grass for another, while his own kine lack cow-meat; and he that soweth shall reap, and the reaper shall eat in fellowship the harvest that in fellowship he hath won; and he that buildeth a house shall dwell in it with those that he bid-deth of his own free will; and the tithe barn shall garner the wheat for all men to eat of when the seasons are untoward, and the rain-drift hideth the sheaves in August; and all shall be without money and without price. Faithfully and merrily, then, shall all men keep the holidays of the Church in peace of body and joy of heart. And man shall help man, and the saints in heaven shall be glad, because men no more fear each other; and the churl shall be ashamed, and shall hide his churlishness till it be gone, and he be no more a churl; and fellowship shall be established in heaven and on the earth.”

“Hard it is for the old world to see the new.” Thus is headed one of the chapters in *The Dream of John Ball*. In the life-work which is the dream of William Morris, hard also is it for our old world to see the new; but at least he has pointed out to us the way.

William Sharp.

THE LAST OF THE FIRST.

A TALE OF AN OLD TOWN.

I.

"I've always thought somethin' would turn up after while, if I just stuck it out long enough."

"Well, if I'm not much mistaken, sir, you'll have your reward now, or soon."

The young newspaper reporter, standing there on the broken stone steps, looked up approvingly as he spoke, and drew a long, satisfied breath as he stuck the pencil with which he had been scribbling back into the elastic loops of his notebook. The old man seated on the dilapidated porch above bent forward still further, with a nod.

"You are 'most sho' that it's the same name, sir?" he asked.

"As near sure as you can get without being dead sure. 'Tis n't a common name, is it? Tebbys! I don't think I ever heard it but once before this time. With due respect to the bard of Avon, there's something in a name now and then. I hope it won't fail now. He's a wide-awake fellow, sir, that friend of mine. If a man's got even common sharpness to start with, that sort of claim agency's the thing to whittle it down to a point. If I'm not mistaken, he's off on a false scent now. But there are precious few of us who don't get fooled sometimes. Tebbys! Yes, that's the name, certain. He'd a notion the heir ought to be somewhere in Virginia, but could n't start a trail. You say that Maryland family he's gone to look up is a younger branch, — yours the main line; and you ought to know, sir. If this does n't mean more than just a common newspaper screed to all of us, — you and me and this whole queer old place, — why, I'm deucedly wide of the mark!"

The old man gave a fluttering chuckle.

"Goin' to put *me* into yo' article?" he asked.

"Do you think I could afford to leave you out, sir? Leave you out? The last of the first! Not only the oldest inhabitant, but the last of the — ahem — old first-chop sort of people! Mr. Vender," — he turned to a third man standing near, one step below, — "no offense, I hope. You told me so yourself; and being, as it seems, the main antiquary here, I reckon you know who's who. Why, to leave you out, sir," — again addressing the old man, — "would n't it be Hamlet left out of Hamlet? Oh yes, whether that million or so over there in the Bank of England comes in for me as an additional attraction or not, you'll have to take your proper stand in the old town. It's the crowning touch, the finishing point. It's such a piece of good luck for a fellow in my line that I can't help thinking something's got to come out of it for you, too. Look out for a letter soon. If Legget's back again, I'll see him to-morrow. I shan't forget, you may depend." He flashed a bright, bold glance over the gray head full into a pair of eyes beyond, and went on: "No chance of my doing *that*. Too much interested. I've been trying to stir up Mr. Vender, here, on the subject of that pyrites-mine, — make him see a glowing future there; but he says it's no good. By the bye, Mr. Vender, don't let me forget those specimens you gave me, please. It's the prettiest ore I ever saw. If all that glistens were gold, now, or had gold in it, you'd be safe. Are you sure that fellow who tested it for you was even a good amateur expert? 'Tis n't easy to find anything worth mining nowadays, with so many mines shutting up instead of opening; but it seems to me that, so

near Washington as this, or rather, right on through there to Baltimore, that sort of thing ought to be worth looking into. Your finding it yourself, too, — the town antiquary poking about the old town stone quarries on a Sunday afternoon, — I like that! Sure you did n't have help, — some pair of bright eyes along, — Miss — er — Miss Tebbys' eyes, for instance? Eh! How far from the town did you say? Half a mile! Whe-ew! If it had turned out anything worth while, enough to set matters going, would n't the Tebbys fortune piled on top of it set this old Doomstone booming again! As for the last — well, we'll see, anyhow. I'm glad I came. It's been a pleasant day all round."

His bold eyes lingered a moment on the face of the girl in the doorway. She drew herself up half resentfully, but her own gaze fell beneath the look, and a blush — not a rose-flush, but a great crimson wave of color — rushed from brow to chin. That other man, the one called Vender, saw. The old man took no notice. He was still bending forward eagerly, the rickety split-seated rocking-chair in which he sat creaking as with his own human excitement and anxiety; the silver head of the old-fashioned stick between his knees trembling under the thin, clawlike, and not over-clean hands crossed upon it. There was little or no breeze this midsummer evening, but the white locks on his head seemed also astir. His deeply sunken eyes glistened feverishly. The same flame had crept into his wasted cheeks. The face, though refined by age and perhaps some suffering, was neither strong nor intelligent. Its low brow and feeble chin spoke of degeneracy, both mental and physical. Neither was he by any means a "nice-looking" old man. The soiled alpaca coat which he wore covered a back hopelessly bent; his frayed, dingy shirt-front, a cavernous chest. There were few traces of the gentleman left in either countenance or carriage, but just

now it was as if a past hardly at times suggested, a very different past, had all at once come to life again, quivering, yearning toward a possible new future.

"Fifty years! Fif-ty years!" He leaned back suddenly in his chair, — struck the floor with his stick sharply. Mr. Stanforth, the newspaper man, also started. His keenest professional look had returned, but still the speaker did not seem to see. "Fifty years an' mo'," he went on, "I've stuck it out, — the last gentleman-born left in this old town! Ten years I've been livin' on my neighbors' charity, clean forgot by kith an' kin ev'rywhere. Now the tide's goin' to turn at last, an' they'll see if I've forgot who's done for me an' who has n't!"

Vender was looking very grave just now. Even the glance of triumph and promise cast at him with these last words met no like response.

"When the last one of 'em went, he called me a fool for stayin', but I stayed. I said I'd stick it out. The foreign trade had stopped when I was a boy, an' the place was already goin' down, but I was n't one to quit where I was born an' raised, — not to speak of father an' gran'father befo' me, — an' set off, like some Tom or Dick, seekin' my fortune. No, sirs! When they moved the co't-house an' the bank, moved 'most all the brick buildin's, just kyarted the bricks away, I stayed. When the big fire broke out an' swept off 'most all the old wooden ones, I stayed on just the same. When the creek got so filled up the last Baltimo' boat stopped comin', why, then the chills an' fevers came. They've shaken my bones ever since, year after year, but still I've stuck it out. I've lived with the chills an' without the first fam'lies, — not a single gentleman-born to play a game of kyards with, or lady for my partner in a reel! Was it any wonder, sirs, that I came down at last to takin' up with, an' 'most marryin', a gyrl from Tarrypin Forest?"

The girl in the doorway gave a fierce

start here. The old man looked around half guiltily. "I'm not sayin' anything against yo' mother, child," said he. "In most ways she was a heap too good for me. An' if I did first lay eyes on her sellin' strawberries in the street, an' barefooted too, there was never a handsomer woman in Doomstone. I might ha' done worse than to stick it out with her, as I've done since she died with you. If she'd lived, I'd ha' married her, in spite of the townspeople. They'd not hear of it, but they treated her well for my sake. They've never once turned against the last of the old sort. Have n't they fed an' clothed me now for ten years? When this fortune comes, — I knew somethin' was comin' some day, — I'll stand by them that have stood by me."

A few moments later Mr. Stanforth and Vender were walking rapidly downhill toward a smart Dayton wagon containing the party of young people with whom the reporter, spending his summer holiday near the railway station ten miles away, had come to-day picnicking. Girl voices were already calling, hurrying "cousin Stan," when he stopped halfway and wheeled suddenly around for another backward look. The hills behind sloped picturesquely down in three rugged shoulder-like swells from the high bleak upland which stretched above, away toward distant woods. Between the stone piles on this incline, the gullies wandering here and there, the pine and sassafras and sumach bushes growing alongside, stood a few irregularly scattered houses; among others, yet apart on its own comparatively bare space, the mansion the two young men had just left. Its high black-shingled roof was in gaping holes. Its high, narrow, shutterless windows were even more dilapidated. From various openings in its cavelike basement stared empty-eyed darkness. The sun sinking behind those upland woods still struck yellowly athwart the

tops of four tall chimneys, but had already left all the lower part in shadow. Against the dull, faded red of the wall, the long, jagged flight of white stone steps in front, the white stone coping, gleamed out with the effect of a rather ghastly grin. It was not the largest house in sight. Down in front by the roadside, — the old sandy tide-water road which crept along out of the woods on the left to form the principal street, and then stole back again into the woods on the right, — downhill by this road-street stood another red brick building, twice as large; once a busy, crowded tavern, telling now, by its silent emptiness, of the present as well as the past. On either hand were two or three more old stone-coped, solidly built witnesses to a larger, wealthier life which had ebbed away, but only two or three. An ancient though still stout stone bridge across a stream flashing merrily down between two of the upslants; a few tumble-down brick or stone outbuildings grouped about massive foundation walls; a few old wooden dwellings, peak-roofed and dormer-windowed, left over from the fire which was one chapter in the tale of ruin, — these, along with a dozen or so comparatively new yet prematurely rickety and decaying structures, made up now what had once been the most important, most flourishing town in this part of Virginia. Farther off in front, and lower still, where had stood the wharves, the warehouses, the custom-house (for this had even been a port of entry), yellowing corn waved high along another stream, the once broad, deep creek, now almost stagnant in shrunken shallowness, which, skirting the hills, curved lazily away, through level meadow and swamp ground, to the river just beyond sight in the distance. It had proved traitor to the place to which it first gave prosperity. Let the faithless sluggard go! At "the head of tide-water" still stood poor old Doomstone, but the tide had turned against her, indeed.

The picnickers had left no part unexplored to-day. Even Church Hill with its foundation-stones and grave-stones, even Gallows Hill, — both a good way outside, — had been visited, as well as each of the old houses, except that last, by the curious, laughing, chattering group. On the counter in the post-office and store, kept by Mr. Vender, the little collection of local relics, hospitably spread forth, had been duly inspected. He had done the honors this time faithfully, but drawn a line at last. Only one person, the most intelligent and appreciative one, had he taken with him for a call on the old man up yonder. Looking back again, they could see him now still sitting on the porch; the girl, who had stepped forward, standing near, her tall, fine shape clearly outlined, — youth, beauty, in striking contrast to its whole setting and background. The ardent young newspaper man saw, and in his way appreciated. His was only the journalistic interest in it all, — not the mingled artistic and antiquarian delight which looked out of those eager brown eyes, that thoughtful, delicate face beside him, — but he smiled broadly in pure pleasure. “George!” he burst forth, “how it will work up!”

As they turned again, he added: “If I go back to town to-morrow, I’ll see Legget right away. Don’t forget — let me forget, my pyrites. For a lady friend, you understand; but I won’t let even her put that old fellow out of my mind. Look out to hear from me soon.”

II.

“I’ve come for the mail, if there’s any.”

The speaker had entered with a sort of soft-stepping fierceness, — with the mien, the gestures, of one who has hesitated a good while over something, but at last has made up her mind what to do. She spoke stiffly, unnaturally. Vender started,

turned, feather-brush in hand, and then dropping the empty box which he was in the act of dusting, dusted instead a stool as he dragged it hastily forward.

“Why, child,” said he, “do you think I would n’t have saved you this walk if there’d really been a letter? I am goin’ up, anyway, after a bit. Sit down. I’ll be ready by the time you’re rested.”

She simply stood, looking hard at him.

Her beauty was of the kind that nothing extraneous can dim; which rather from a mean and dingy setting gleams out all the brighter by contrast, — as now from the old gray blanket shawl thrown over her head, and held together by a shapely hand beneath her chin. The Tarrypin Forest mother had apparently added new vigor to and attracted little delicacy from the Tebbys stock. Neither in feature nor in coloring was there much trace of the good folk from that region who habitually dealt with Mr. Vender. The nose was as straight as the black eyes were bright and deep. The firm red lips were clean-cut. The flushed oval of the cheeks was perfect. The dark hair on brow and temples curled silkily. As she stood there full in the light of the solitary coal-oil lamp, it was no wonder, the admiration in those puzzled, wistful eyes that met her challenging gaze.

“How is he to-night?” he asked presently.

She gave a half-sob, half-angry pant. “If he’s better than he’s like to be to-morrow, why, he’s worse than he was yesterday.”

“Ah-h-h!” said Vender. His face fell. His eye, his hand, went helplessly back to that empty box, to certain things on the counter which had come out of it. Rhoda Tebbys stood frowning, biting her lip; seemingly nerving herself up to some effort.

“T is n’t only a letter I’ve come here for to-night,” she said.

He looked up suddenly, but said nothing.

“T is n’t only a letter, — though if

there's one sure enough, why, let whoever the cap fits wear it! 'T is n't all the letter, nor him neither. You know well as me how it's been with him about it all these days an' weeks, — how he's set there an' laid there watchin' an' waitin' without hearin' one single word! He was goin' fast enough befo'. Now he's 'most gone. The hope of its bein' true has burnt him up worse than fever, an' the fear of its not bein' true has struck to his very bones. Even his appetite" — she laughed bitterly — "his appetite for charity food is gone. He don't seem to sleep any o' nights. You know how he's been lookin' an' lookin' for that letter, an' sendin' for it day after day! You know what 't would be to him — even if he died next minute — to get one, to hear 't was really true. What's the use of my sayin' any mo' about *that*? It's for myself I'm goin' to speak now."

A pair of brown eyes were staring at her in wild amazement. Something fell with a sharp clang to the floor. It was a great rusty key which Vender had been fingering. He did not seem to notice. "I — I don't understand," he said slowly.

It would seem that some restraining cord was suddenly snapped here, that some inner fire of passion flamed up, got the better of that other. "Don't understand!" she cried, with shaking voice, yet resolute. "Well, I'll make you, now. That's all! I don't s'pose it's ever struck you *I* might be carin', too, be lookin' an' hopin' for somethin' outside, somethin' different. I don't s'pose you've ever thought I'd a right to anything but jest life in this ole forsaken hole. An' such a life as mine's been! But you shall hear now why I won't be put off."

There was no answer as she paused for breath.

"I — I'm sorry if I hurt you" — she began; then her glance dropped from his face to something on the counter, something that had come out of that box afore-

mentioned. "What's the use talkin'?" she cried sharply. "You've got yo' ole irons an' stones an' bones. If you care any mo' for me 'an for them, 't ain't much! What's the use? But *I will* say my say! You *shall* hear! What have I had to satisfy me here? Much good bein' owned by him — havin' his name — has done me! Much the blood, as he calls it, — the blood you think so great, too, even comin' the way it has, — much it's done so far for me! What's it been but a singsong to drive me wild? Don't I know that the very people in this ole town who look up to me a little bit on account of it look down on me mo' on account of mother? But here have I been ever since she died — ever since I was born — tied to an ole crazy man; it's the truth, if he *is* my father, if I am sort o' fond o' him, — crazy as well as old! Here have I been livin' on neighbors' charity, on yo's! An' because I've some human pride in me, an' won't be beholden any mo' than I can help, livin' on scraps, goin' in shoes like darkies wear, in five-cent lawn an' calico, this ole blanket shawl" (she flung it off, down to the floor, as she spoke), — "me! with my spirit an' my looks! Nothin' to eat but gall an' bitterness, nothin' pretty to wear, no schoolin', no goin' away or seein' things anywhere else. Just foolin' along in must an' dust an' rust, with my one chance to marry you, an' settle down, after the first, deeper in it than ever! Much you've known how it's been with me! Many's the time I've wished I was all Tarrypin Forrester, livin' right out in the pines, an' never had heard the name of Tebbys! But if there's any good comin' out of it now, I want it to come. 'T is n't because — you need n't think it's because I've taken a fancy to anybody, want anybody else any mo' 'an I've wanted you; but if any money or pleasure such as money 'll buy, anything different is comin', I want it for my own sake well as his. You know I'd not stay to spend any for-

tune here. Let him give — you take what you choose for the town, so I have my share an' go! I was fooled once, — when you thought we 'd found that mine. I — I won't be put off nor fooled again. I know you 've been good to us, our best friend for years an' years; but don't I know when it comes to a woman — a woman like me — there 's no tellin' what the best of men may do? If you think because — because I'm one that other people besides yo'self can look at, can see is n't ugly, anyway; one that with money, and away from here, could pick and choose, — if you think because of this " (she was faltering now), "that what's 'most too late to do him any good, an' might be — harm — to you" — She paused again and shrank back a little. The face before her was so amazed, so white, so drawn with pain, that it was hard even for one by this time half beside herself to keep on, deal that final blow; but she kept on: "Do you think I'll believe he 's clean forgot it, has n't written, after the way he talked, an' — an' looked? I don't, any mo' than I believe you don't know his address to write an' find out. There must have been a letter befo' this. If you 've kept it back, thinkin' — thinkin' " —

Her words failed; her voice broke. She leaned back suddenly, supporting herself with trembling hands against the other counter behind. Vender had sunk on the stool heavily, lifelessly, like one struck numb and dumb. He made no motion at first, spoke never a word. There was no sound but the girl's own stormy breath, the dripping of the rain outside. It was in a tone scarcely louder, half to himself, that he presently said, "If I 'most hoped it would n't come, I'm punished now."

"Hoped it would n't come!" She sprang upright again, seizing as it were greedily at this crumb of admission on his part, justification for herself. "Ah-h! I thought so!" she cried. "I knew there was something! Was that all?"

Vender looked at her dully. His lips were twitching. He stooped and picked up the fallen key with a shaky hand. "I thought that bad enough to fight right hard against," he said huskily. "It was all, though, and I hope now the letter — the man — will come. I hope to God you won't be disappointed."

She burst out crying. Whether those wild tears, those stormy sobs, were of sorrow or passion it would have been hard to guess. She turned suddenly around, stepping unconsciously on the despised shawl, and, with a swift childish gesture, put her elbows on the counter, her hands over her face. The glossy black hair, loosened from its coil, slipped down unheeded on one heaving rounded shoulder. Her whole frame shook. The other heard, but did not look up. He also turned his back, and began mechanically sorting and shifting his "stones and bones."

There they lay: first that ponderous rusty old key, the key of the bank whose foundation site was now overgrown with sumach, an old wrought-iron inkstand from the court-house, and the brass door-knocker left behind from one of those houses "kyarded" away. An old carved and fluted soapstone candlestick and a queer-shaped leaden oyster spoon, which came next, might have done duty in its great kitchen; while a chipped "mad-stone" from the East Indies, a knee-buckle set with Scotch pebbles, and an eighteenth-century French shell snuff-box spoke eloquently of the lost foreign trade. Two or three bundles of old business papers and parchments, fusty, musty, and quaintly suggestive, made up with these the more important part of this antique collection. And last, and probably least in their owner's eyes, certain lumps of mica-like pyritic ore, the few that Stanforth and his party had left behind, glistened amid this general dinginess with more than silvery sheen, the iron sulphuret of science, the fire-stone of the unlearned. Carefully, jealously

guarded relics of that local past so fascinating to him; still sparkling though delusive promise of a yet brighter, more prosperous future! Next to the old man up yonder, the girl here behind, these had been nearest and dearest. With what lingering tenderness had he taken them, awhile ago, from the box which needed dusting! Now he picked up one after another with nerveless fingers, and laid them down again. What was either past or future to him?

The girl's sobs died away presently. She lifted her head, then stooped and picked up the fallen tumbled shawl. The flush had faded from her face. It would seem that shame and penitence were already dawning there, but suspicion still lingered in the glance which she cast around, upward, amid the hanging tins and hats and bridles, the now shop-worn lawns and calicoes. Not even in the darkest mail pigeon-hole, however, not even on the highest shelf or under the lowest, did it apparently find anything to fasten upon. She started toward the door; then paused, with a look at the man just as he abruptly started up.

"Wait! It's dark; I'll go with you," he said.

"I'm not afraid, thank you. You need n't come."

"You need n't try to stop me," said Vender.

He put on his hat and followed as she went swiftly out, down two or three worn sandstone steps, now slippery with rain, along the miry street for a little way, then through the sodden grass up the hill.

It was a wet night. It had been a wet day. Late summer, with a burst of equinoctial sobs and tears, had turned to autumn. Yellow leaves were drifting down on damp winds from the upland. The rivulets between those hill-shoulders were running high. Each gully made way for its tributary stream. The creek, of late so lifelessly crawling, was far beyond its low banks; though in mere shallow mockery of its commerce-

bearing pride, almost as imposing as of yore. In the one sandy street of the little old town, the water settled dolefully into each footprint and wheel-track; trickled hardly less dolefully, though with now and then a musical note, from roofs new and old, shiny tin or mossy time-worn hiped-and-shingled. The merry days of watermelons, of chinquapins, were past. It was chill-and-fever time now. Even from "'way up in the forest" — Tarrypin Forest — the yellow-faced natives were coming for quinine. It seemed to Vender, himself by turns shaking and parching, that he sold scarcely anything else, so great was this demand. It was too late for customers to-night, however. He was free to go with Rhoda Tebbys.

The path lay through darkness, on and up. The "house with the steps," as strangers called it, had stood all day mercifully veiled in mist, its skull-like grin softened to a smile. Now they saw but a vague dark outline, looming nigher. From only one broken window was a light gleaming, dim and low as the life-light there flickering out. The only sounds, as they went, besides the voice of high water all around, were the "swish, swish," of the girl's damp skirt, the wet sucking and splashing underfoot. He walked behind, not by her. Not a word was spoken till she paused at the lowest step, turned half round. Even then a faint choking attempt on her part died away inarticulately. But Vender said quite clearly and very gravely, "Not now; but if he wants me to-morrow, or any time, you know where to send." There was a pause, and then with a mighty effort he added, "Well, good-night, and Heaven forgive you, child, even if I can't!"

III.

"Has he come? Who's that talkin'?"

"The neighbors in the front room, father."

"Has he come — Tommy Vender — the letter?"

The girl winced and paled, seemed to gather herself together. "No, father, not yet," she replied.

"Why can't you send for him?"

"After while — maybe."

"It must be 'most mail-time now."

It was more than an hour past. If she could get him to sleep without knowing that once more no letter had come!

"If I could hear somethin', I think 't would put new life in me. I'd be up again to-morrow — no mo' trouble to you. It must be 'most time. Can't you send? Maybe it's come at last."

"After while, father."

"You've had a hard time here with me, child. I — I see it now plainer than befo'. I've had some things to keep me up — make 'em all look up to me — that you — you have n't had. Maybe it's been harder on you than I thought. Never mind, though. Yo' mother was the handsomest woman in this town, if she was a Tarrypin Forester an' did use to go barefooted. If she had n't died, I'd ha' married her. We'll show 'em all, when this fortune comes, that a Tebbys is a Tebbys for all a new cross in the breed, an' that with parson or without. Yo' pride shan't suffer any mo'. With me it's been diff'rent, of co'se. Had n't I a sort o' claim on the town? What other gentleman-born would ha' stayed here, mixed up with such as were left, stuck by it ev'ry way, as I've done? I'd a claim, but you — Well, you can queen it now, though — in silk an' satin — keep yo' carriage. As for marryin', you can pick an' choose now. I'm fond of Tommy Vender — had no objection to him befo' — but now it seems to me you might look higher. When the town's what I'm goin' to make it with that money from ole England, the creek dredged out, an' all, why, they'll be comin' back fast enough, the ole fam'lies. You wait! Vender's good stock, but plain. He shall have all the money

he wants, everything else but this. It's yo' natural-born right to look higher. The bar sinister's no bar, after all, when it's gilded. Wait! We'll be payin' off debts now, both kinds."

"Will we?" It came with almost a cry, as if wrung out against her will. Then she seemed to recollect herself. "Don't talk about such things, about money or marryin' now, father," she said. "Just lie easy now, go to sleep!"

"I am cold."

Whether the blankets that she pulled up over that little hollow, rather than heap, in the middle of the bed were contemporary with what they covered might be subject of guess. She took from a chair hard by her gray shawl, folded it and laid it across the foot of the bed.

"Thanky, my dear," came in a whisper. "Forest blood or no, you've always been the lady with me."

She bit her lip, but the black eyes were glistening moistly as she turned toward the dying fire. Next moment a blaze sprang up, lighting each crack and corner of the room.

It was large and bare-floored, imposing and yet dilapidated. The wainscoting of polished walnut still held its own. The high mantelpiece, and above it the folding-doors of one of those old-fashioned presses now and then so placed in houses of that day, still showed their carving and paneling intact; but from the lofty ceiling and high gaunt walls the plaster had fallen in patches. In one corner stood the bed, a great four-poster, handsome and even grand in its day. The woodwork was handsome, but the cloth curtains, of faded crimson, were hanging in moth-eaten rags. Besides this bedstead and a brass-handled chest of drawers there was hardly a piece of furniture that either antiquary or thrifty housekeeper would have looked at twice. A common rickety wash-stand, a most uneasy-looking old easy-chair, a stool or two, made up the list. Opposite the fire hung what had been a map of

the town in its best, most prosperous days, now almost as tattered as the bed-curtains. It was the only decoration of the sort visible. Fine old engravings, portraits, there were none. Had they not long ago been handed over to those members of the family who went away, — sold, in short, along with nearly everything else handsome or valuable, to prolong life in the one who stayed? The poor old room told its tale too well.

There were voices not far off, talking low, but eagerly. All day the neighbors had been sending and coming. They were not all in sympathy with Vender's tastes, but even those with whom he passed for more than half crazy took an interest more or less in the old man now a-dying. He belonged to the town, — certainly depended upon the town as nobody else did. Having reached that fascinating point of illness described as "low," he lacked neither offered sympathy nor service. The tributes of retainership which they had for years been paying, the fresh butter and new-laid eggs, the tenderest chickens and choicest slices from the oldest hams, — that "charity food," which to him, graciously receiving, had been a matter of course, to his daughter gall and wormwood, — had been all day coming in, though the first mouthful had yet to be tasted. It was no easy matter now to keep the anxious "setters-up" out of the sick-room. Rhoda Tebbys, well aware of the headshakes, the half-offended whispers, just beyond sight, reflected a little grimly that if enjoying it less than they had hoped in one way, they were enjoying it more in another. She smiled as, moving to the window, she stood there looking out into the rainy night. It was a back window, so she could not see the hillside path. Did she hope or fear most that Vender, too, might be coming for a last look at his last living relic? She had sent to the post-office awhile before, and learned not only that there was no letter, but that the postmaster was away,

— had gone off before sunrise, nobody knew where, but it was guessed on unexpected "gov'ment business" to Washington, where his position was supposed to bring him into intimate personal contact with the supreme head of the post-office department at the very least. Would he come back in time, — come at all? Her face, after that bitter little smile faded, looked haggard and drawn, but childishly young, too, childishly wistful. Was she thinking of any one else besides her father and Vender? Did she know what was coming? That thread-like voice from the bed was the voice of one dying. The fever had done its work. This chill was probably the last. Did she know? Standing there at the broken window, looking out into the dark, — while the rain fell faster, the night grew blacker, — could she really be thinking of anything or anybody but what was so plainly approaching, what those neighbors in the next room were waiting for?

There were two people coming up the path, one behind the other: first, a tall young man in a Derby hat and light overcoat, walking with an energetic swing; next, a shorter, smaller somebody, who stepped as if both weary and determined. They were talking in low tones.

"I felt sure," said Mr. Stanforth, "that if I waited — kept that article long enough — there 'd be some sort of dramatic close for it."

"Did you? Well, let's hope you won't be disappointed. There's been a good deal of waiting from first to last. Somebody ought to find compensation."

Vender spoke dryly. He was not in a soft humor to-night. But the other did not seem to notice. He went on: —

"If I'd known the poor old fellow had taken it so much to heart, and if I'd not been so infernally busy, I'd have written. But, after all, what was there, till now, to tell? Judging by myself, when I found out how matters stood, I knew what a trial it would be to him.

Was n't it just as well to let him go on dreaming and planning, — thinking the grand triumph might come any day? I've my doubts about hope deferred being all misery. Now, though, it's very different, of course. There's some good news to tell, even though not exactly what he was looking for. If he takes it in his own sense — too far gone to ask particulars — we can send him off happy, with the good time coming, the old town going to be built up again — all that! Tell you what, it's a good thing you found me to-day, and saw those fellows yourself. They mean business. Altogether, I don't think this has turned out so badly, for either you or me. It's a risk to a fellow's peace of mind" (an unusual note crept into his voice), "seeing that girl again, and under present circumstances, but I guess I'll take it. And the old man! Well, I'm not in such luck every day. George! how it will work up!"

"If you think I'd have let you come without some better object than that" —

"What?"

They had reached the steps by this time. The young journalist, in his excitement, his professional pleasure, as it were, was venturing boldly on and up, when the other's words, his tone, called him to a sudden halt. He glanced sharply over one shoulder.

"I think you not only *let*, but asked me to come," said he.

"Yes, I did, sir. Won't the very sight of you — if he's still living — seem like a sort of confirmation? I think he'll most save you the trouble of saying anything at all. It seemed best for you to come, for several reasons; but if you think there's nothing to be kept back, or — or treated with respect" —

"Not even Miss Tebbys," broke in Stanforth, with a laugh that was only would-be easy. Then he drew a good long breath. "My dear friend," he said good-naturedly, "I think I know my trade, — know how to fix up things for a first-class newspaper better than that.

I've a notion that you have n't told quite all your motives for inviting me here. Whether one has anything to do with the young lady — giving me another chance to fall in love with her, or her to fall out with me — I don't know; you're keeping back something. But I'll say this much: as for Miss Tebbys, I'll take the risk; as for the old gentleman, if you think anything's going to be given away, anybody's feelings hurt by that article, why, you're very much mistaken."

"You're just in time, sir, if you want to see the ole gent'man."

"Yes, yes. He's mighty low."

"Most gone, I reck'n; an' the worst of it is, he don't 'pear to know. Ther' 's been no farewells took, nor nothin'. By her even lettin' anybody stay, it's serious; but we ain't been called in to do a thing. Though he ain't never perferred conversion, it" —

"How you harp on that, Mary Jane! 'Tis n't quality style to git religion that way. He was raised in the ole church, — the 'Piscopal. They don't perless, — never let on nohow whether they've got it or not."

"Well, 'Piscopal or no 'Piscopal, it 'pears to me the preacher ought to be called in. Even a Hard-Shell, as he calls ourn, is better 'an none. It'll take some-thin' hard, I reck'n, to cut through *his* shell. Well, it's aggravatin', I must say. Not even no last words! 'Pears likè his ought to be somethin' out o' common."

"Are you kin to him, sir?"

It was a small, yellow-faced woman who asked this last question, probably the youngest of the speakers. She was not ugly about the eyes and forehead; but below, chills and fever for more than forty years, and strong medicines for the same, had done their work. To Mr. Stanforth she will be forever "the woman with one tooth."

He looked round him with a sigh of delight.

Even across Vender's painfully anxious absorption there came just now a thrill of vexedness, to think that these persons, to-night the most pertinacious if not the most genuinely interested people in Doomstone, should be among the least favorable specimens. He was jealously sensitive on this point; but if Rhoda Tebbys had made a selection especially for the young newspaper man's benefit, she could hardly have pleased him better. As he stood there in the lighted front room, glancing from one to another: at the three or four old men seated around the refreshments (some of those aforementioned tributes) spread forth on an old-fashioned card-table in the midst; at the half dozen or so old or elderly women, each with snuff-stick in hand or mouth, and just risen from the fire, gazing solemnly at the new-comers, or speaking with the doleful enjoyment, the lugubrious self-satisfaction in survival common to such a company on such an occasion, — as he took all this in, his hand went instinctively to his notebook. Even the place, the room, too! Bare and wretchedly furnished as it was, even more so than that other, his keen eye took note of a certain picturesque incongruity of setting in the paneled wainscoting, shoulder-high, the handsomely carven cornice. Not for such guests as these was this old parlor built, evidently. The journalistic heart throbbed. He was feeling for the pencil, when —

"Ah-h-h!"

The door into the back room had opened. She stood there framed against the darkness, as he had seen her before.

"Come!"

There was no new-kindled eagerness now, no half-defiant pleasure in a new admiration, in either that pale face or that suppressed voice. If any feeling whatever for his own smart self were suggested, it was slight, weary contempt. Could the handsome girl who had tickled his fancy not be in love with him, after all? or was this only a bit of clever act-

ing? Somehow he felt strangely small. At Vender she did not look.

"Come!" she said again, as Stanforth still held back; then she stepped aside, made way for him.

"You, sir. Ah-h! I thought it would come — at last!"

Mr. Stanforth had for once, at least, forgotten the "article." He was staring, with a sudden chill of awe, into the darkness there under those tattered old curtains. Could aged and dying eyes see so much better than his own, standing too as he was with back to the waning fire? He spoke with stammering effort: "Yes, I — I've come, sir. It — it's come at last."

The figure that he dimly made out was sitting upright, free of the pillows. Two clawlike hands went up, flash-quick, strong with exultation.

"Ah-h-h! I thought if we stuck it out — long enough — there'd be new life for — new life" —

Let us hope there was!

The neighbors were having their own way with things. There was due enjoyment, though due solemnity, both in that back room where chill silence reigned and in the front one amid decorous whisperings round the fire. Rhoda Tebbys was not interfering. As she sat there outside on the topmost step, alone in the dark, the drizzling rain, face on her knees, and hands clasped around them, she did not seem even to hear or heed Vender, as, returning from the village where he had left Stanforth for the night, he came up and stood beside her.

"Rhoda!"

There was no reply. Her head sank lower. Her shoulders began to quiver.

"Child!" The other's voice was quivering, too. "Don't cry! Is n't he better off as well as you? Don't you want to hear more about — the fortune?"

"Fortune! Don't you say fortune to me!"

She had lifted her head fiercely. She

dropped it again. Vender stood there looking down, hesitating. Should he wait awhile, or tell her all now? His own little fight last night, this morning, had been hard; but he had conquered. Why not go on to the end? He began at last, slowly, with a mighty effort.

"Not your fortune," said he, "not any old claim come true. It was well for him — I wanted him to die thinking so. It was only truth that Mr. Stanforth told, and he took it that way; but it's a little different. If I were to tell you there was nothing in the old claim, that the lawful heir had been found and his right proved, that this was only a younger branch of the same family, and the good fortune we told him of, though coming indirectly through Mr. Stanforth, just something coming to the town, to all of us alike, would you be sorry? That would not be quite all, maybe. I might say that

after a while, the town not needing me any more, I might take you, if you would go, away with me, clean away from" —

"Oh! I see now, — I see!" She sprang to her feet, caught hold of him with trembling hands. "It's the iron stuff, the mine we found. Ah-h-h! It's turned out somethin', after all! You'll be glad, all of you! And I'm glad, too, though not for myself. Don't think about me. I don't want — don't deserve anything. Let me go to hire out as a servant, hide anywhere out of yo' sight. 'T is n't because I want — care so much now for the change, all that — but after the way I've treated you, after the way you've taken it, how can I ever look you in the face — in the face" —

There was no need for it just then, out there in the darkness, with both his arms around her.

A. M. Ewell.

A COLONY OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

I.

If the world of work has its interest for the social economist, no less has the world out-of-work for every student of social aims and conditions. It may be divided like the earth into two great hemispheres, — the one half that will not work, and the other half that cannot work "because no man has hired them." One of these hemispheres I had explored in several countries. I had found its inhabitants in England, Germany, and America thoroughly committed to the theory of living without work, choosing rather mendicancy or degradation. I became irresistibly drawn to the other half, and resolved on as practical a study of the man out of work by no fault of his own as I had made of the tramp who is accustomed to boast

that he can live better without work than with it.

Being in Germany, I began on the spot. Thanks to a good philanthropist, and fortunately for my purpose, there was accessible an institution which offered me an immediate opportunity for studying the out-of-work at close range. It is called *die Arbeiter-Kolonie*, and there are at present twenty-seven colonies scattered throughout the empire. Pastor von Bodelschwingh, the philanthropist referred to, the superintendent of the large Epileptics' Hospital near Hanover, started the first one about fourteen years ago in the town of Bielefeld in Westphalia. At that time Germany was literally overrun by tramps. Two hundred thousand were arrested every year, and the poor-houses and shelters were full to overflowing. In 1882, von Bodelschwingh con-

ceived the idea of establishing labor colonies, or refuges, where unemployed men, able and willing to work, might go, and at least pay their way until more profitable labor was found. His plan was to make it impossible for the beggar to say that there was no place where he could find shelter, and that therefore he must beg.

The colony in Westphalia proved so useful that others soon sprang up in other parts of the country, and, as I said, there are now twenty-seven, culminating in a landed estate near Bremen, where men who have proved themselves particularly deserving in other colonies may acquire a piece of land and eventually set up independent homes of their own. Each applicant for help must promise to stay in a colony at least four weeks, after which he can go or stay longer, as he pleases, provided no work has been found for him outside. The authorities try to keep in touch with all employers seeking labor, and the moment they can recommend a man they do so, in order that some other out-of-work may take his place. The colonies are supported in the main by private charity and the proceeds of the work of the colonists. In some cases the district in which a colony is situated helps it out of the public funds, and in Berlin a society of several thousand members contributes largely to the maintenance of the colony there. Each member pays a specified annual fee, and receives a number of tickets, which entitle him to send men to the colony, where they are taken in if room can be found for them and they prove themselves worthy.

I chose the Berlin colony, or rather its branch at Tegel, outside the city, for my investigations. It is one of the very few found near large towns, and it offers on this account the better opportunity for study, because of the congestion of the labor market in a commercial centre. German farmers often complain that there are not laborers enough to reap their harvests, while in the cities the working-

man often has to sell his labor at ruinous prices. I applied to the director of the colony, stating frankly to him my purpose, and asked if I might be received as a regular colonist, to work, eat, and sleep with the men, and see not only the workings of the institution, but the lives of the inmates as well. After testing my honesty in the matter, the director granted my request and sent me to the branch at Tegel, where no one could know anything of me or my errand, not even the overseer.

It was a warm May afternoon when I presented myself in tramp garb at the little brick office and asked for admission. I had with me my American pass, and a letter from the director of the main colony to the effect that I was "all right" and should be taken in without hesitation. By rights I should also have had an *Arbeitsbuch*, which every German workingman must carry,—it contains his recommendations and the police stamp of the different towns in which he has worked,—but the director's letter explained my being without one. Thinking that I did not understand much German,—and I was careful, for reasons easily understood, not to make him think differently,—the *Hausvater*, or overseer, merely asked me the ordinary questions. I had to tell where I was born, how old I was, what trade I had, where I had worked last, whether I had ever been in prison, where I had come from, and whether I was married, single, divorced, or a widower. This interview over, I was given a contract to sign, to the effect that I would obey all the rules of the colony and remain at least a month, unless I should find work outside. By the rules I was bound to work to the best of my ability and show every respect to the officials, who were the *Hausvater*, a young theological student acting as pastor, and a foreman who superintended matters when the *Hausvater* was absent; these were the only outsiders in any way connected with the

institution. I was also cautioned against making any irreverent remarks about the Bible and religion, and was told that the first offense would be punished with immediate dismissal. The contract signed and stamped, I was received into the corporation, and was assigned at once to the "straw factory section," where I was expected to learn how to make straw cases for wine bottles. I remained at this work throughout my stay in the colony.

The daily programme was as follows : We rose in the morning at five o'clock, made our beds, washed, had breakfast, attended prayers, and were off to work by six. At nine there was a short pause for lunch, after which we resumed work until noon. From twelve to one was the dinner hour. After dinner we worked on until seven, with a short pause at four for another lunch. After supper we sat around in the woods and garden until half past eight, when we had evening prayers. At nine everybody was supposed to be in bed. On Sunday there was no work, and after church in the morning we were free to lie about in the woods. I received in payment for my labor a mark a day. No one received less than this, and some made as much as a mark and a half. These were colonists who worked in the forest, clearing the ground where a penitentiary is to be built, or those who managed the machines in the straw factory and were paid by the piece. There were several men who had no less than thirty marks to their credit in the colony treasury. Out of every man's earnings seventy-five pfennigs a day were taken to pay for food and lodging. The food was simple, but abundant. For breakfast we had a bowl of gruel and a slice of black bread ; for lunch (at nine and four), black coffee and bread and butter ; for dinner, broth, potatoes, and meat, all in one dish ; for supper, tea and bread. I cannot say that the food was as nourishing as I should have liked, and I often heard the men grumble, but for seventy-five pfennigs a

day one could not expect more. The beds were furnished with mattresses, pillows, blankets, and sheets, and were fairly comfortable. I slept in a room with six other men ; most of the colonists were in a larger room close by.

On Saturday afternoon a little store was opened in the garden, where the men could buy tobacco, shirts, collars, socks, handkerchiefs, toothbrushes, suspenders, and other useful things. Each of the colonists had a separate account, and whatever he bought was put down in a little book, shown to him every week. On Sunday afternoon all new-comers were called to the pastor's room, where he talked with them confidentially about their life, supplementing the questions put to them officially in the office. He is a practical religionist, and looks after all the interests of the men and their positions outside. He thought, like the Hausvater, that I was quite helpless in German, so my encounter with him was short. As I was leaving his room, however, he asked again, as if the thought had just come to him, "Have you ever been in prison?" Afterward, when my identity was discovered and I was no longer a colonist, he told me that men often tell him the truth when the question is put to them in this way.

So much for the routine in the colony. I have hurried over it in order to tell about the colonists rather than dwell on the monotonous programme which it is their daily task to fulfill.

II.

There were in all forty-two men in the colony while I was there ; in winter there are over a hundred. Mechanics and common laborers were most numerous, but there were others who had been druggists, school-teachers, clerks, officials in the civil service, cadets and officers in the army, students in the university, lawyers, merchants, and even noblemen. Each one had fallen very low, and fully half had been forced to ask the Haus-

vater to give them clothes to cover their nakedness. Not all were willing to talk about their careers, and there were some who, the minute work was over, retired into corners and would commune with no one, but I succeeded in gathering more or less definite information about the most of them.

First of all and most noticeable of all were the boys and young men. They numbered fully a third of the colonists, and were by all odds the easiest to get acquainted with. They had done nothing of which they felt particularly ashamed; life was still before them, and they talked freely and without reserve with all who would listen. They were mainly *Handwerksburschen*,—apprentices who have learned trades and travel about the country from one master to another. They had taken shelter in the colony, partly because there was no other place for them, and partly to get a fresh *Arbeitsbuch*. For those who tramp the highways in Germany as the *Handwerksburschen* do it is not allowed to be out of work longer than six weeks, unless they have been ill, and the gendarmes can tell from their books when and where they last had a position. A great many succeed in eluding the officers, and rove for months without even asking for work. It often happens, however, that when they do seek work their books are in such bad order that no one will employ them, and there is then nothing better for them to do than go into an *Arbeiter-Kolonie*, where they can get a fresh stamp in their books, which allows them, on release, six weeks' grace before the police can molest them. Not all *Handwerksburschen* are so unprincipled as this, but there are so many who are that their class has become notorious, and those whom I met in the colony were exclusively of this character. All of them said they could have found work had they wanted to, but preferring to travel about and see the country, they had got into the trouble I have de-

scribed. They were not tramps in the sense in which the American hobo is a tramp, and most of them intended to look for work on leaving the colony, but they were so possessed of *Wanderlust* that until they had satisfied it there was not much hope of their settling down. Each one had traveled all over Germany, and several had been in every country of Europe. England and the United States seemed to be their Mecca, and they called their desire to visit these countries *die Englische Krankheit*.

The larger part of the colonists were men all the way from thirty to forty-five or fifty years of age. They were principally common laborers, but there were also men who had fallen from higher walks of life. The latter were easily marked by their love of seclusion and by a refinement of manner which, try as they would, they could not entirely conceal. They called themselves *Arbeiter*, like the rest, but bits of their stories had leaked out, and it was known to everybody that they had seen better days. One of them, a poor fellow whose misfortunes had unbalanced his mind, I learned to know personally. I never found out what he had really been,—some thought a lawyer,—but the story he gave me was this: He belonged, he said, to a very distinguished family, settled in a little province of its own on the river Oder, not far from Stettin. It is a custom in this family for some one of each generation to live his life among the poor, and he had been chosen for this task. While still a little child he was put in a peasant's hut, and never thereafter allowed to see his father or mother. He managed, however, to get an education, and he told me that he had been a military officer in Turkey, a journalist in France, a barrister in England, and a labor agitator in the United States. While in Turkey he had married, and two children, a boy and a girl, were born to him. He had returned to Germany in order to compel his family

to receive these children into the old home. He did not mean to ask anything for himself; he believed, indeed, that Providence had willed that he should live his life in just this way, but he was determined to carry the case of the children to the very highest courts, if necessary. Sometimes, when off duty, I would find him mumbling to himself in the garden, and it was always concerning his case in the courts, and that he "was going to conduct it himself." I have seldom met a more pitiful case of distress. He was the raggedest man in the colony; nearly everything he had on had been borrowed from the Hausvater, yet his poor deluded brain made him think that he was the most aristocratic of all. He called himself Count Adrian-Hohenstein.

Another man, who had been a druggist, was also interesting. His great theme was America, and how any one with a will is bound to get on there. His own case illustrated the fact, he said. He had lived nearly fifteen years in the United States, and there was not a day when he was without work, if he wanted it. In Milwaukee he had been a police station janitor, in San Francisco a lawyer's clerk, in Chicago a news-vender, in New York an independent druggist, and for three years he had been cook on a steamer plying between New York and Brazil. Wherever he had gone he had made money, and wherever he had stopped he had, unfortunately, spent it. He returned to Germany by mistake. Stranded in Rio Janeiro one day, he had to ship in a steamer bound for Copenhagen, in order to get out of the country. Landed in Copenhagen, his earnings soon went for liquor, and the first thing he knew he was in Germany, a wandering beggar. He was working in the colony to get money enough to cross over to England, where he hoped to ship for New York. He was sure that luck would again favor him when once out of *verdammt Deutschland*.

There were several men of this stamp, and all seemed to have fallen through drink. They wanted work, and did willingly their tasks in the colony, but I fear they could not hold any position long.

The other men of the class I am considering were ordinary day laborers. They were in the colony because they had been unable to find even a bread-and-water existence outside. Wherever they had been, and particularly in Berlin, no employer needed their services, and they were trying to earn a few marks to help them on their travels when they left the colony. It was evident from their conversation and faces that liquor had played havoc with them, also, but they were by no means such victims of drink as the men whom I have described. Their greatest mistake had been in seeking work in large towns. They were part and parcel of that large army in Germany continually storming the cities, and once enlisted they had not been able to return to the farm. They had tramped from city to city, asking for work in each one, but had foolishly passed by the villages, where, at least in summer, farmers often bid high for laborers. They had acquired the passion for town life, and even hunger could not drive them farther away from it than out to Tegel, where they still heard the roar of the neighboring city. Their class is uncommonly large in the Fatherland, and is likely to keep on growing until something definite is done to force them back to the fields. This is where most of them belong, and the wonder is that Germany, with its all-powerful paternal government and strict police regulations, has allowed them to swarm into the cities. I believe that they honestly desire work, but they must be made to seek it where it can be found. Berlin could dispense with thousands of them without in the least disturbing its business, and the pity is that they are permitted to remain.

Last of all in my observations came

the old men, of whom there were about ten in the colony. Nearly all had trades, but they were too old to ply them satisfactorily. One said to me: "When I ask for work, people say, 'Why, father, what can you do?' and then they smile, give me a piece of bread, and tell me that my hair is too white. The world is not what it used to be. In '48 they preferred old men to young; to-day it is just the opposite. All that an old man can do now is lie down and die."

There was something indescribably pathetic about these old men, as they gathered together and talked over the times when the world was larger and more comfortable, but I could not help wondering why they had not saved something to keep them in old age. They were all intelligent, well-read men, and several had had very good positions in their day, yet not one had a home to which he could return. Some had been married and had children, but either the latter would not receive them, or the old men were too proud to seek them out. They fussed about the colony, doing light work in the factory and household, each one anxious to keep up his end, if possible, but their outlook was hopeless. No employer could make use of them, and without the colony they must have given up the struggle.

I could not bring myself to the point of asking any of them outright for the story of their lives, — it seemed cruel to make them hark back in detail over the mistakes and failures which had brought them here; but from remarks dropped now and then in general conversation, I managed to patch together the stories of two or three. One, a Silesian, interested me particularly. He was over sixty, and had come to Tegel from another colony in Schleswig-Holstein where he had spent several months. He worked next to me in the factory, and at lunch-time we occasionally talked together about our travels. I told him about America, and he told me about

Poland, Russia, and Hungary. He had been all over these countries, and spoke the different languages besides several dialects. He knew south Russia best, however, and from little things that he said I concluded that he had fled there with his parents after the revolution in Baden in '49, of which he had considerable to say. From his conversation one would have taken him for something more than a simple locksmith, and he had the manner of a man who had been brought up in polite society, but he assured me that whatever education he had, had been acquired by his own efforts. His great trouble in life, the one indeed by which he explained his forlorn condition, had been his passion for politics, as he put it. The revolutionary spirit was in him, and he had got into trouble in every country he had visited. In Hungary he had served three years in prison, in Poland two, and in Russia there was a sentence of exile to Siberia standing against him. He did not look like a dangerous man, and many of his political notions could have been subscribed to by any American, but I was told by other colonists that he was one of the most violent Socialists in Germany.

Another old man had been unfortunate in his married life, and his wife was consequently much blamed for his sad state. He could not hear the word "woman" mentioned without exclaiming, "*Langes Haar und kurze Gedanken!*" Through some short-sightedness of his wife — I did not learn what — he had lost his home in Thuringia, and had never been able to found another. For fully a third of his fifty-odd years he had been wandering about Europe, working wherever he could, but always spending his money as fast as he earned it. He lost his ambition to save, he said, when his home was taken away from him. Still another of the old men had made a wreck of his life by trying to patent his inventions. He told me of a num-

ber of things which he had invented, among them a wrench in use at the colony factory, but he had invariably lost them through the meanness of unscrupulous lawyers. I liked him for the simple-hearted way in which he took his troubles. There was always a pleasant smile on his fatherly face, and I fail to recall a bitter word from his lips. All he would say, was, "Ich hab' kein Glück gehabt."

There was one other who I think might easily prove a specimen for Lombroso. He was not an old man, but I have reserved his case till now because his peculiarity has nothing to do with the conditions in relation to which I have considered the others. He ought long since to have been committed to a psychological laboratory, where he might have figured as a significant study in criminology. Sometime in his career, I do not know exactly when, he had killed a man by holding his head under water in a lake. There was no particular enmity between the two men, and the murderer seems to have acted merely on a natural inclination to be cruel. He suffered but ten years' imprisonment for the crime, his lawyer having made out that he was not entirely in his right mind. He had drifted into the colony, like the rest, to find shelter. The curious thing about him was, that he killed everything he dared. He saw a bird's-nest one day in a tree in the garden; it was full of little birds. Down they must come, and the cat was called to eat them up. He looked on and grinned. There was a dog in a corner of the garden. He plagued it to distraction; he would have strangled it, he said, had he not been afraid of the consequences. In the forest he was always looking for ants' nests, which he rooted out and then stamped on the ants. Flies he liked to pick to pieces. His attitude toward the other men was that of cold indifference. He always tried to get more than his share of the food, and I never

saw him do a favor or ask one. At prayers and in church he was the most devout of all: he sang louder than any one else, and followed the readings in the Bible with the closest attention. He was one of the few real moral delinquents it has been my privilege to meet, and I have taken note of him on account of the genuineness of the type.

Such were my companions in the colony. I am convinced that the great majority of them desire work, and look for it, as a rule, rather than beg, but I cannot say that I found in them the out-of-work I was seeking — sufferers from a dearth in the labor market, and unemployed through no fault of their own. There was not a man in the institution who did not seem to me more or less responsible for his condition, and I understand that this is the case in all the labor colonies of Germany. In 1895, sixty-four per cent of all the colonists received at Tegel and at the main colony in the city had been confined at least once in a jail, workhouse, or penitentiary. About nine hundred were admitted during this year, and they came from all parts of the country, and represented nearly all branches of industry. They may be taken as a fair sample of unemployed men in Germany, and I feel safe in saying that the forty-two I learned to know were equally typical.

III.

The most alluring thing to me, in my intercourse with these men, was to get at their opinions and philosophy of life. They were all great travelers, had seen much and heard much, and I tried to find out what they thought about people and things in general. There was not much time to talk with them during the day, but at night, after we had turned in, they often chatted for an hour or more, and I then had a chance to hear their views. I cannot attempt here more than a brief summary of what they said, but I assure the reader that they were

most interesting to listen to. Germany and its present condition was the absorbing topic of conversation. Although the men had traveled much in other countries, the "Fatherland" was, after all, their home, and they enjoyed telling each other of the reforms which, in their opinion, were necessary to make it habitable. No country that they had visited suited them entirely, not even America, but they found so many things out of order in Germany that they could not keep off the subject long.

There were four institutions which they particularly disliked, — the church, the monarchy, the army, and the police. Nearly everything they said in criticism bore directly or indirectly on these institutions, and I fail to recall a conversation, in the least serious, when one of them was not the subject of discussion. The church they considered antiquated, hypocritical, and oppressive. There was no distinction made between Protestant and Catholic, and the entire institution was condemned. It was antiquated, they thought, "because it teaches things which all the world knows are no longer true;" hypocritical, "because the clergy, as a class, do not live up to what they preach;" and oppressive, "because it taxes people who do not believe in it." They also said that it is much to blame for the ignorance that prevails in the peasant class. "In no other country," one declared, "are the peasants so stupid and bigoted as here, and the *Pfaffen* are the cause of it. They go about and tell the peasants that they must vote and think the way the church wants them to, and they are just fools enough to do it. Down with the *Pfaffen*, I say!"

Very few of these men, however, were out-and-out disbelievers. Nearly all had their own private religious ideas, and were perfectly sincere in stating them. They believed that there is a great Power which regulates the world, but not a personal God, or indeed One to whom prayers may be offered. They consid-

ered the devotional exercises in the colony ridiculous, and attended them merely because attendance was compulsory. As to what happens after death, which was one of their favorite themes when discussing the church, a great deal was said, but there seemed to be no unanimity of opinion. One man declared that he did not believe in heaven and hell at all, as popularly depicted. He thought that when a man dies, the good in him, spiritual as well as physical, is used again in this world, and that the bad is destroyed. He talked for nearly two hours on this subject, one night, and seemed to be well informed about all religions. He often asked me about the different sects in America, and was the only colonist who knew positively that Americans are not heathen. The others were most peculiar in this respect, considering their general intelligence. I had told them that I did not belong to the so-called evangelical church of Germany, and the rumor spread about that I was a heathen. I finally received the nickname of "Heide." This was not meant in any unfriendly way, but merely as a name to go by.

A great deal is being done just now in Germany to win such men as these back to the church, and there are those who prophesy sore disaster to the state unless the present estrangement is overcome. The Christian Socialists are particularly fearful of this result. I cannot forbear reporting one of the comments which a colonist made on a certain phase of German methods to convert men of his kind. On entering the colony, every man is told that he must thank Providence alone for the benefits there conferred upon him. "One would think," the man said apropos of this, "that human nature was incapable of charity. Why can't they say, 'I do this for you, my good man, because I want to help you'? It would impress me a great deal more than continually talking about Providence."

The criticisms of the monarchy, army,

and police were pretty much what any man of their stamp, who had learned to know more liberal forms of government, would have made. They considered the monarchy the result of the stupidity of the people, — such a thing should never have been allowed, — and the army and police institutions devised to protect it. "If we had never had a monarchy," said one of the old men, "we should never have had the army. It is for something more than merely to fight France. They have it so that they can keep us poor people down, if we should ever try to revolt, — that's the bottom of the whole business. Kaiser Wilhelm sees that things are getting hotter and hotter for him, and he hangs on to his soldiers, so that he can shoot us down, if necessary. I know these emperors and kings! What did they do in '49? Crowded us into corners and then jabbed at us with bayonets. Our time will come, though; just wait. Some day we'll do the jabbing."

Not all were so revolutionary as this, and for the boys and young men the army seemed to have certain attractions, but there was a general tendency to put the blame for the present feeling of unrest among the laboring classes on the institutions in question. The monarchy was too despotic, the army too expensive, and the police too overbearing. But very little was said about economic conditions or the overcrowding of the labor market. Each man appeared to think that these questions would settle themselves, if the others were once solved. "I would rather have liberty," one of the mechanics remarked, "than good wages, but you can't find either in Germany now. All I save from my earnings has to go in taxes, and all I get from the latter is a shove from a policeman and a warning to move on. That's a nice state of affairs for *hoch-cultiviertes Deutschland*, is n't it?" And he sneered.

Three remedies were suggested to bet-

ter the existing condition of things, and I give them in the order of their radical nature. The first was a republican form of government. This was the scheme of the old men. They thought that if Germany could only have a President instead of an Emperor, everything would improve. I said to one that Germany was not yet ready to become a republic, that the people were still too much attached to the monarchy. "Bosh!" he exclaimed. "All we have to do is to send the Kaiser out of the country, and put a President and the Reichstag in his place. We are as ready for that as we shall ever be. If the army were disbanded, we would soon show what we want. The trouble is that the soldiers stick by the Kaiser, and, as they have the guns, we can't do anything." The subject was so dear to the old man that it was impossible to discuss it with him calmly, and all I could get out of him, or the others who favored it, was the simple declaration that *eine Republik würde alles ändern*.

Socialism was the next suggestion. It was upheld mainly by the middle-aged colonists, who were nearly all members of the Social Democratic party. They had sat at the feet of Bebel and Liebknecht, and, like the other followers of these strenuous agitators, would listen to no reform other than that of a complete reconstruction of society.

"The whole thing must be changed," said one, "and until it is the poor man will be kept down." They made the usual remarks about "unearned increment" and "the exploitation of the proletariat," and seemed to be well up in the general terminology of their cult. I tried to get from two or three of them clear statements of exactly what was to happen under the socialistic *régime*, and how the change was to be brought about, but I could obtain nothing beyond the usual promises of the millennium. They seemed to me to be seeking merely a general overthrow of society that they

might enjoy for the moment the riotous living that would follow, and I can only say that if the rank and file of German socialism is equally indefinite in its ideals and the means whereby they are to be achieved, the government is fully justified in keeping it under strict police surveillance. Such men, in my opinion, would make an even greater failure of life under Socialism than they do now.

A "big war" was the third remedy. The young men and boys favored this procedure. "The world is too full of *Menschen*," they said, "and the only way to thin it out is to let things go *los* for a while." By *los* they meant an all round battle between the nations. "After the war with France everything boomed," one declared, "and that's what we need now." They were just as obstinate and one-sided in their opinions as the others, and protests about the horrible results of war had no effect upon them.

In all these conversations and suggestions, I was struck with a trait of character which is common to men of this class the world over. They all know, or think they know, what ails the world, and exactly what it needs for its regeneration, but it almost never dawns on them that they themselves have any personal responsibility in the reforms suggested. They seem to consider themselves as something aloof from society, lookers-on, as it were, justified in making all manner of criticisms, but not required to look at all deeply into their own failings and sins. Tramps have this same trait. They will talk for hours at the hang-out camp-fire about what ought to be done to make the world better, and at times with a clearness of perception and earnestness of argument that are unexcelled; but let a little personal introspection or criticism be suggested, and a silence comes over them like that of the graveyard. Other people's failings they feel perfectly free to discuss; their own must remain a sealed book.

Another thing that impressed me in

the colony — and I have noticed it before in all places where men are shut in — was the irritability of the inmates. Sometimes they could hardly stand a contradiction in conversation without showing anger, and in the workshop the least trouble with a machine would send some of them into a violent rage. Those who had been in the colony longest were the most easily excited. I report this fact for the benefit of those penologists who find in the criminal's irritability an evidence of his natural lack of stamina and will power. If simple out-of-works in such an institution as the colony, where, after all, they are not very closely confined, show the nervousness and petulance that I have described, how much more must the man show, and with reason, who is shut up for years, perhaps for life, in a prison cell? Criminologists would do well to take this matter more into account before pronouncing judgment too definitely upon the criminal's natural capabilities.

IV.

A week of colony life was over, and my work was done as far as these men were concerned. I felt that I knew them as well as it was possible to know them in such a place, and a longer stay seemed unnecessary. A card to a friend in the city soon brought me word that work was waiting for me, and I was released in good faith. I went, as I came, a common day laborer.

A few days later, "clothed and in my right mind," I sought out the colony again. I desired to express to the Hausvater thanks for the fair treatment I had received, and to talk over with him and the theological student my experiences. I found them, as before, in the little brick office, and it was hard for them to believe that I was the same man who had presented himself a week previously in such a pitiable plight. They thought that some joke had been perpetrated upon them, and it took all my powers of

persuasion to convince them of the earnestness of my purpose. This accomplished, however, I was made most welcome, and immediately invited to drink coffee with the Hausvater's family. He called his wife and daughters from the house, and I was introduced to them as *der Entpuppe*, — the chrysalis turned butterfly. We all took seats at the cosy little table in the garden, laid for afternoon refreshments, and it was a pleasure I shall never forget to sit there and enjoy the things which had seemed to me so delicious while I was forced to live upon the simpler fare of the colonists, — a gratification somewhat similar, I fancy, to that which the prisoner experiences when eating his first "square meal" after a long bondage.

I was plied with all manner of questions about how I had found the food and the beds, and what treatment the men had given me; and then the Hausvater and the Herr Candidat told me of their own experiences with the colonists. I asked them what percentage of all who came to them for assistance they considered worthy of help and capable of betterment.

"Not half," they replied. "The majority are men who, on account of their bad habits, would go under in the struggle in any country. They are not actual tramps, in the sense that they are absolutely averse to work, but the most of them want work that they cannot find. They are dilettanti, and skip from one thing to another without any definite aim or purpose."

"Do you consider them fair representatives of the so-called army of the unemployed?"

"They are good representatives of the men who are continually talking about lack of employment. They find no work because they seek it, as a rule,

where it is least likely to be found. Here in Germany, if a man really wants labor, and is not particular about the kind, so long as it keeps him going till something better turns up, he can generally find it."

"Of what use, then, do you consider the colony, and is it worth while housing men of such a character?"

"It is useful in helping us to form a more or less correct idea of who the worthy unemployed are. All sorts and conditions of men come into these colonies, and we soon find out who are deserving and who are not. The former we do our best to place in suitable positions, and to the latter we give the benefit of our home, believing that the strict order and discipline required can at least do them no harm, and may possibly help them. In this way we are able to keep pretty well informed about the real situation, which was impossible before the colonies existed. Then, when great distress was reported, one had to take the statement more or less on trust. To-day we can tell to a nicety, as far as single men are concerned, how much real need there is, and that goes a long way toward settling the problem. The colony serves as a test-house where a man can prove, if he wishes, his determination to help himself."

As such I can recommend it to the careful attention of all who are interested in philanthropic work. I do not believe that the time has yet come when such an institution is absolutely necessary in this country on simple grounds of charity, — there is still work enough in the United States for every man in it who is not afraid to take the first thing that comes, — but I am fully persuaded that it would be of great use in winnowing the honest from the dishonest, and the industrious from the lazy.

Josiah Flynt.

THE JUGGLER.

II.

LATE in the night of the "show" old Tubal Sims sat brooding over the embers of the fire. As he reviewed the incidents of the evening, he chuckled with a sort of half-suppressed glee. His capacities for enjoyment were not blunted by the event itself; the very reminiscence afforded him a keen and acute pleasure. In all his sixty years he had never known such a vigil as this. He could not sleep for the crowding images with which his brain teemed. Each detail as it was enacted returned to him now with a freshened delight. The objections on the score of necromancy gave him peculiar joy; for he and his wife were of a progressive tendency of mind, and had that sly sense of mental superiority which is one of the pleasantest secrets to share with one's own consciousness. As he sat on a broken-backed chair, his shoulders bent forward and his hands hanging loosely over his knees, rubbing themselves together from time to time, for the air was growing chilly, the light of the embers on his shock of grizzled hair, and wrinkled face with its long blunt nose and projecting chin, and small deep-set eyes twinkling under their overhanging brows, he now and again lifted his head to note any sudden stir about the house. So foreign to his habit was this long-lingering wakefulness that it told on his nerves in an added acuteness of all his senses. He marked the gnawing of a mouse in the roof-room, the sound of the rising wind far away, and the first stir of the elm-tree above the clapboards. A cock crew from his roost hard by, and then with a yawn Tubal Sims pulled off one of his shoes and sat with it in his hand, looking at it absently, and laughing at old Parson Greenought and his interference

to discourage Satan. "I wisht I could hev knowed what the boy would hev done nex', if so be he hed been lef' alone." He made up his mind that he would ask the juggler the next day, and if possible induce a private repetition of some of the wonders for which, evidently, the public of Etowah Cove was not yet ripe. For the juggler was his guest, having reached his house a few evenings previous in the midst of a storm; and asking for shelter for the night, the wayfarer had found a hearty welcome, and was profiting by it. Sims could hear even now the bed-cords creak as he tossed in uneasy slumber up in the roof-room, so still the house had grown.

So still that when a deep groan and then an agonized gasping sigh came from the sleeper, the sounds were so incongruous with the trend of old Tubal Sims's happy reflections that he experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling that was like a shock. The rain began to fall on the roof; it seemed to come in fine lines on a fluctuating gust, for it was as if borne away on the wings of the wind, and the eaves vaguely dripped.

"But oh," cried the sleeper, "the one who lives! what can I do! — for his life! his life! his life!" and spoke no more.

Yet the cabalistic words seemed to ring through the house in trumpet tones; they sounded again and again in every blast of the wind. The place had grown cold; the fire was dead on the hearth; it was the unfamiliar midnight. Who was "the one who lives," whose life the stranger grudged? And following the antithesis, — not that Tubal Sims would have thus phrased the process, — was there then one who died?

It occurred to Tubal Sims, for the first time, that there was something inexplicable about this man. Apparently, he had no mission here save for the ex-

hibition of jugglery, — how suddenly it had lost its zest! He knew naught of the people or the surrounding region; he had no baggage, no sort of preparation for continued existence, not even a change of clothes. Mrs. Sims, being subsidized to supply this deficiency, had already constructed for him one blue homespun shirt, which evidently astounded him when he first beheld it, so different it was from the one he wore, but which he accepted meekly enough. Tubal Sims told himself that he had been precipitate in housing this stranger beyond a shelter during the storm.

To this it had come, — the happy dreaming over the fire, renewing a pleasure so rare, — to these vague fears and self-reproaches and suspicions and anxious speculations. He stumbled to bed at last in the dark. It was long ere he slept, and more than once he was roused from slumber to the dark silence by the fancy that he heard the poignant iteration anew.

If the juggler had dreams, they may have weighed heavily upon him the next day when he came down the rickety stairs, pale and silent, with heavy-lidded eyes and dark blue circles beneath them. Under Mrs. Sims's kindly ministrations he sought in vain to eat the heavy thick biscuit, the underdone fried mush, and the fat greasy bacon; for Mrs. Sims was not one of those culinary geniuses sometimes encountered at humble boards; in good sooth, but for her cows and chickens, in these early days of his stay in the Cove, he would have fared ill indeed.

"Ye make a better out at swallerin' needles 'n ye do swallerin' fried 'taters," she declared, with a reproachful glance, supplemented by her good-humored chuckle.

He could make no sort of compact with the beverage she called coffee, and after the merest feint of breakfast he took his host's angling-tackle and wended his way down to the river, observing that the fish would bite well to-day,

since it was so cloudy. Cloudy it was, undoubtedly, sombre and drear. Now and then drizzling showers fell, and when they ceased the mists that rose in every ravine and skulked in every depression were hardly less dank and chill. The river, in its deep channel of jagged rocky gray bluffs and shelving red clay banks of the most brilliant terra-cotta tones, was of the color of copper instead of the clear steel-gray or the silvered blue it was wont to show, so much of the mud of its borders did it hold now in solution, brought down by the rains of the night. Here and there slender willows hung over it in lissome and graceful wont, with such vivid vernal suggestions in the tender budding foliage as to shine with disproportionate lustre, like the high lights in some artificial landscape of a canvas, amidst the dark dripping bronze-green pines of the Cove, which from this point the young man could see stretching away in sad-hued verdure some three or four miles to the opposite mountain's base, — the breadth of the restricted little basin. This was the only large outlook at his command; for behind the house he had left, the slopes of the wooded mountain rose abruptly, steep, rugged, soon lost among the clouds. He gazed absently at the little cabin, the usual structure of two rooms with an open passage, as he lay on the shelving rock high above the river, the fishing-pole held by a heavy boulder placed on it to secure it in its place, his hands clasped under his head, his hat tilted somewhat over his eyes; for despite the paucity of light in the atmosphere the mists had a certain white glaring quality.

Meanwhile, he was the subject of a degree of disaffected scrutiny from indoors.

"Jane Ann," said Tubal Sims, suddenly interrupting the loud throaty wheeze by which his helpmeet beguiled the tedium of washing the dishes, and which she construed as that act of devotion com-

monly known as singing a hymn, "that thar man ain't got no bait on his hook."

Jane Ann set the plate in her hand down on the table, and turned her broad creased face toward him as he sat smoking in the passage, just outside the door.

"Then he ain't goin' ter ketch no feesh," she replied logically, and lifting both the plate and her droning wheeze she resumed her occupation as before.

Tubal Sims, like other men, fluctuated in his estimation of his wife's abilities according as they seemed to him convertible to his aids and uses. Ordinarily, he was wont to commend Jane Ann Sims's logical common sense as "powerful smartness," and had been known to lean on her judgment even in the matter of "craps," in which, if anywhere, man is safe from the interference and even the ambition of women. He rejoiced in her freedom from the various notions which appertain to her sex, and felt a certain pride that she too had withstood the panic which had so preyed upon the pleasures of the "show." But now, when her lack of the subtler receptivities balked him of a possible approach to the key of the mystery which he sought to solve, he was irritated because of her density of perception, and disposed to underrate her capacities to deduce aught from that cabalistic phrase which he alone had heard uttered in the dumb midnight, and from such slender premises to frame a just conclusion. And furthermore, with the rebuff he realized anew that Jane Ann Sims was a woman, incompetent of reason save in its most superficial processes, or she would have perceived that the significance of the unbaited hook lay in the strange mental perturbation which could compass the neglect of so essential a particular, not in the obvious fruitlessness of the labor. Jane Ann Sims was a woman. Let her wash the dishes.

"Naw," he said aloud, half scornfully, "he'll ketch no feesh."

Mrs. Sims ceased to wheeze, and her

fat face relapsed from the pious distortions of her psalmody into its normal creases and dimples. "I be plumb fit ter fly inter the face o' Providence," she said, as she moved heavily about the table and slapped down the blue platter but half dried.

"What fur?" demanded the lord of the house, whose sense of humor was too blunted by his speculations, and a haunting anxiety, and a troublous eagerness to discuss the question of his discovery, to perceive aught of the ludicrous in the lightsome metaphor with which his weighty spouse had characterized her disaffection with the ordering of events.

"Kase Euphemy ain't hyar, o' course. Ye 'pear ter be sorter dunder-headed this mornin'!" Thus the weaker vessel!

She wheezed one more line of her matutinal hymn in a dolorous cadence and with breathy interstices between the spondees; then suddenly and finally discarding the exercise, she began to speak with animation: "I hev always claimed an' sot out ter be suthin' of a prophet, — ye yerse'f know ez I be more weather-wise 'n common. I be toler'ble skilled in cow diseases, too; an' I know 'forehand who be goin' ter git 'lected ter office, — ginerally, though, by knowin' who hev got money an' holds his hand slack; an' I kin tell what color hair a baby be goin' ter hev whenst he ain't got so much ez a furze on the top o' his bald pate; an' whenst ye 'low ye air strict sober of a Christmas-time or sech, I kin tell ter the fraction of a — a quart how much apple-jack hev gone down yer gullet; an' —"

He sacrificed his curiosity as to her other accomplishments as a seer, and hastily inquired, "What on the yearth hev sot ye off ter braggin' this-a-way, Jane Ann? I never hearn the beat!"

"I ain't braggin'," expounded Mrs. Sims. "I be just meditatin' on how forehanded I be in viewin' facts in giner'al; an' yit," — her voice rose in pathetic exasperation, — "the very day o' the evenin' this hyar stranger-man got

hyar I let Euphemy go over ter Piomingo Cove ter visit her granny's folks; an' the chile did n't want ter go much, — war afeard o' rain, bein' dressed out powerful starched; an' I, so forehanded in sight, told her 't warn't goin' ter rain till evenin'."

"Waal, no more did it. Phemie war under shelter six hours 'fore it rained."

"Lawd-a-massy!" cried Mrs. Sims, at the end of her patience. "What war the use o' creatin' man with sech a slow understandin'? I reckon the reason woman was made arterward war ter gin the critter somebody ter explain things ter him! Can't you-uns sense" — she turned toward her husband — "ez what I be a-tryin' ter compass is why — why — I could tell ter a minit when the storm war a-comin', an' yit could n't tell the juggler war comin' with it?"

Tubal Sims, staring up from under his shaggy eyebrows, his arms folded on his knees, his cob pipe cocked between his teeth, could only ejaculate, "I dunno."

"Naw, you-uns dunno," flouted Mrs. Sims, "an' you-uns dunno a heap besides that."

He received this fling in humble silence. Then, after the manner of the henpecked, unable to keep out of trouble, albeit before his eyes, and flinching at the very moment from discipline, he must needs inquire, "Why, Jane Ann, what you-uns want the pore child hyar fur? Ye git on toler'ble well with the cookin' 'thout her help. Let Phemie git her visit out ter her granny in Piomingo Cove," he concluded expostulatingly.

There was not a dimple in Mrs. Sims's face. It was all solid, set, stern, fat. She sunk down into a chair and folded her arms as she gazed at him. "Tubal Cain Sims," she addressed him solemnly, "ef I hed no mo' head-stuffin' 'n you-uns, I'd git folks ter chain me up like that thar tame b'ar at Sayre's Mill, so ez 't would be knowed I warn't 'sponsible. Ye hev yer motions like him, an' ye kin scratch yer head like him,

too; but he can't talk sense, an' ye can't nuther." She paused for a moment; then she condescended to explain: "I want that child Euphemy hyar kase she oughter hed a chance ter view that show las' night."

His countenance changed. He too valued the "show" as a special privilege. He was woe for Euphemia's sake, down yonder in the backwoods of Piomingo Cove.

"Mebbe he mought gin another over yander ter the Settlemint," he hazarded. "The folks over thar will be plumb sharp-set fur sech doin's whenst they hear 'bout'n it."

The sophistications of polite society are not recognized by the medical faculty as amongst the epidemics which spread among mankind, but no contagious principle has so dispersive a quality in every feature of the malady. Given one show in Etowah Cove, and Tubal Cain Sims developed the acumen of a keen *impresario*. He saw the opportunity, counted the chances, evolved as an original idea — for the existence of such a scheme had never reached his ears — a successful starring tour around the coves and mountain settlements of the Great Smoky range.

The melancholy expressed in the slow shaking of Mrs. Sims's head aroused him from this project.

"Naw," she said; "the fool way that folks tuk on 'bout Satan — they'd better hev the high-strikes 'count o' thar sins — an' thar threatenings an' sech will purvent him. He won't show agin. An' I be plumb afeard," she cried out in renewed vexation, "the man will get away from hyar 'thout viewin' Euphemy. I'll be bound he never seen the like of her afore!" with a joyous note of maternal pride.

The pipe turned around in Tubal Sims's mouth, and the charge of fire and ashes and tobacco fell unheeded on the floor. Like a voice in his ears the echo of that strange cry of the sleeper came

to him out of the deep darkness of the stormy midnight, with the problem of its occult significance, with the terror of its conjectural meaning, and every other consideration slipped from his consciousness. The perception of the mental trouble in the man's face, its confirmation even in the trifle of the unbaited hook, returned to him, with the determination that, if possible, he must know more of him or get him out of the Cove before Euphemia's return. "The man's dad-burned good-lookin'," he said to himself, perceiving the fact for the first time, since it had a personal application. "An' Phenie be powerful book-l'arned, an' be always scornin' the generality o' the young cusses round about, kase she knows more 'n they do. Mebbe he knows more 'n she do." He pondered for a moment on the possibility that daughter Euphemia's knowledge, acquired at the little schoolhouse where the "show" was held, was exceeded by the fund of information stored in the brain-pan of any single individual since the world began. At all events, anxiety, complications, familiar association in the sanctions of the fireside, impended. He rose to his feet. This was a man with a secret, and, innocent or guilty, a stranger to his host. He must be quick, for Mrs. Sims — transparent Mrs. Sims! — was even now evolving methods by which Euphemia might be summoned peremptorily from Piomingo Cove, and means of transportation. She chuckled even amidst her anxieties. The juggler, in all his experience, — and his conversation now and again gave intimations that he was a man of cities and had seen much folk in his time, — had never viewed aught like Euphemia, and if scheming might avail, he should not leave Etowah Cove till this crowning mercy was vouchsafed him.

Whether Tubal Sims vaunted his wife's mental qualities or derided them, — and his estimate swung like a pendulum from one side to the other, as her views coincided with his or differed from them, —

he knew that on this topic she was immovable. To pierce the juggler's heart by a dart still more mystic and subtle than aught his skill could wield was her motive. Help must come, if at all, from without the domestic circle. He waited, doubtful, until after dinner, and as he looked about for his hat, his resolution taken after much brooding thought, he noted a change in the weather-signs. The wind was blowing crisply through the open passage. The mists had lifted. The river, dully gurgling in the dreary early morning, had begun anew its lapsing sibilant song that seemed a concomitant of the sunshine; for the slanting afternoon glitter was on it here and there, and high on the mountain side all the various green possible to spring foliage was elicited by the broad expanse of the golden sheen that came down from the west. He noted, as he took his way along the road, that the recumbent figure once again on the ledge below was not asleep, for the juggler lifted his hand as the rocks above began to reflect the beams on the water in a tremulous shimmer, and drew his hat further over his eyes. "Ye mought hev better comp'ny 'n yer thoughts, Mr. Showman, I'm a-thinkin'," Tubal Sims muttered, and he mended his pace.

His path, much trodden, wended along about the base of the range, and finally, by a series of zigzag curves, began to ascend the slope. The clouds, white, tenuous, were flying high now. The sun had grown hot. Already the moisture was dried from the wayside foliage of laurel as he came upon the projecting spur of the range where the lime-burners worked. The logs, protected from the rain by a ledge of rocks, had been piled anew with layers of limestone, and the primitive process of calcination had begun once more. Here and there were great heaps of fragments of rock placed close at hand, and numerous trees had been felled for fuel and lay at length on the ground, yet so dense was the forest

that the loss was not appreciable to the eye. The stumps and boles of these trees furnished seats for a number of lounging mountaineers, in every attitude that might express a listless sloth. Those who had come to work felt that they had earned a respite from labor, and those who had come to talk hastened to utilize the opportunity. Their talk was something more brisk than usual, accelerated by interest in a new and uncommon topic. As Sims had foreseen, the events of the previous evening occupied every thought, and many experienced a freshened joy in detailing them anew to Peter Knowles, who alone of all the neighborhood for a circuit of ten miles had been absent. He had heard every incident repeatedly rehearsed without showing a sign of flagging interest. Now and then he bent his brows and looked down at the quicklime scattered on the ground, and silently meditated on its capacity to destroy bone and on the juggler's unhallowed curiosity.

"A body dunno how ter git thar own cornsent ter b'lieve his own eyesight," one of the men reflectively averred. The interval since witnessing the astounding feats of the prestidigitator had afforded space for rumination, and but served to deepen the impression of possibilities set at naught and miracles enacted.

"That thar man air in league with Satan," declared another. "Surely, surely he air." He accentuated his words with his long lean forefinger shaken impressively at the group.

"Ye mark my words," said Peter Knowles suddenly, eying the refuse of quicklime on the ground, "no good hev kem inter the Cove with that thar man."

"Whar 'd he kem from, ennyhows?" demanded the first speaker.

"Whar 'd he kem from?" repeated Knowles, peering over the great kiln. "From hell, my frien's, — straight from hell."

He had the combined drone and whine which he esteemed appropriate to the

clerical office; for though he had never experienced a "call," he deemed himself singularly fitted for that vocation by virtue of a disposition to hold forth at great length to any one who would listen to his views on religious themes, — and in this region, where time is plenty and industry scanty, he seldom lacked listeners, — a conscience ever sensitive to the sins of other people, and great freedom in the use of such Scriptural terms as are debarred to persons not naturally profane or suffering under the stress of extreme rage.

"Waal, sir!" exclaimed old man Cobbs, sitting on a stump and gently nursing his knee. He spoke with a voice of deep reprehension, and as simple an acceptance of the possibility of hailing from the place in question as if it were geographically extant.

Ormsby, who had been standing leaning on an axe, silently listening, laughed slightly at this, — an incredulous laugh. "Folks ez git ter that kentry don't git back in a hurry," he drawled negligently, but with a manifest satisfaction in the circumstance, as if he knew of sundry wights whom he esteemed well placed.

"How d'ye know they don't?" demanded Peter Knowles. "Ain't ye never read the Scriptures enough ter sense them lines, 'Satan was a-walkin' up and down through the yearth,' ye blunderin' buzzard, an' *he* fell from heaven?"

The young fellow's slim athletic figure was clearly defined against the western sky. He swung his axe nonchalantly now, for to be an adept in reading and remembering the Scriptures was not the height of his ambition. Nevertheless, the idea of the possibility of being in the orbit, as it were, of an earthly stroll of the Prince of Darkness roused him to argument and insistence on a less terrifying solution of the mystery.

"He telled it ter me ez he kem from Happy Valley," he volunteered.

The elders of the party stared at one another. The fire roared suddenly as a

log broke, burned in twain; the limestone fragments, still crude, went rattling into the crevices its fall had made. Peter Knowles's arm, with the free ministerial gesticulation which he was wont to copy, fixed the absurdity upon Ormsby even before he spoke.

"Don't ye know that thar Philistine ain't got sech speech ez them ez lives in Happy Valley, nor thar clothes, nor thar raisin', nor thar manners, nor thar ways, nor thar — nuthin'? Don't you-uns sense that?"

"I 'lowed ez much ter him," replied Ormsby, a trifle browbeaten by the seniority of his interlocutor and the difficulty of the subject. "I up-ed an' said, 'Ye ain't nowise like folks ez live in Happy Valley. Ter look at ye, I'd set it down fur true ez ye hed never been in the shadder o' Chilhowee all yer days.'"

"An' what did he say, bub?" demanded old man Cobbs gently, after a moment of waiting.

"Great Gosh, yes!" exclaimed Peter Knowles explosively. "We-uns ain't a-waitin' hyar ter hear you-uns tell yer talk; ennybody could hev said that an' mo'. What did the man say?"

Ormsby turned doubtfully toward the descending sun and the reddening sky. "We-uns war a-huntin', me an' that juggler. I seen him yistiddy mornin'. I went down thar ter Mis' Sims' an' happened ter view him. An' I loant him my brother's gun. An' whenst I said that 'bout his looks an' sech we war a-huntin', an' he 'peared not ter know thar war enny Happy Valley over yander by Chilhowee. An' I tuk him up yander whar he could look over an' see the Rich Woods an' Happy Valley, an' — an' —" He paused.

"An' what did he say?" inquired Knowles eagerly.

Ormsby looked embarrassed. "He jes' say," he went on suddenly, as if with an effort, "he jes' say, 'Oh, Dr. Johnson!' an' bust out a-laffin'. I dunno what the critter meant."

Once more Ormsby turned, swinging his axe in his strong right hand, and glanced absently over the landscape.

The sun was gone. The mountains, darkly glooming, rose high above the Cove on every side, seeming to touch the translucent amber sky that, despite the sunken sun, conserved an effect of illumination heightened by contrast with the fringes of hemlock and pine, that had assumed a sombre purple hue, waving against its crystalline concave. In this suffusion of reflected color, rather than in the medium of daylight, he beheld the scanty fields below in the funnel-like basin; for this projecting spur near the base of the range gave an outlook over the lower levels at hand. Some cows, he could discern, were still wending homeward along an undulating red clay road, rising and falling till the woods intervened. The woods were black. Night was afoot there amongst the shadowy boughs, for all the golden glow of the feigning sky. The evening mists were adrift along the ravines. Ever and anon the flames flickered out, red and yellow, from the heap of logs. Not a sound stirred the group as they pondered on this strange reply, till Ormsby said reflectively, "The juggler be toler'ble good comp'ny, though, — nuthin' like the devil an' sech; leastwise, so much ez I know 'bout Satan," — he seemed to defer to the superior acquaintanceship of Knowles. "This hyar valley-man talks powerful pleasant; an' he kin sing, — jes' set up an' sing like a plumb red-headed mock-in'-bird, that's what! You-uns hearn him sing at the show," — he turned from Knowles to appeal to the rest of the group.

"Did he 'pear ter you-uns, whilst huntin', ter try enny charms an' spells on the wild critters?" asked Knowles.

"They did n't work if he did!" exclaimed Jack Ormsby, with a great gush of laughter that startled the echoes into weird unmirthful response. "He shot one yallerhammer arter travelin' nigh

ten mile ter git him." After a pause, "I gin him the best chance at a deer I ever hed. I never see a feller hev the 'buck ager' so bad. He never witched that deer. He shot plumb two feet too high. She jes' went a-bouncin' by him down the mounting, — bouncin' yit, I reckon! But he kin shoot toler'ble fair at a mark." The ready laughter again lighted his face. "He 'lows he likes a mark ter shoot at kase it stands still. He's plumb pleasant comp'ny, sure."

"Waal, he ain't been sech powerful pleasant comp'ny down ter my house," protested Tubal Sims. "Ain't got a word ter say, an' 'pears like he ain't got the heart ter eat a mouthful o' vittles. Yander he hev been a-lyin' flat on them wet rocks all ter-day, with no mo' keer o' the rheumatics 'n ef he war a bullfrog, — a-feeshin' in the ruver with a hook 'thout no bait on it."

"What 'd he ketch?" demanded one of the men, with a quick glance of alarm. Miracles for the purpose of exhibition and cutting a dash they esteemed far less repellent to the moral sense than the use of uncommon powers to serve the ordinary purpose of daily life.

"Pleurisy, ef he got his deserts," observed the disaffected host. "He caught nuthin' with ez much sense ez a stickle-back. 'Pears ter me he ain't well, no-how. He groaned a power in his sleep las' night, arter the show. An' " — he felt he ventured on dangerous ground — "he talked, too."

There was a significant silence. "That thar man hev got suthin' on his mind," muttered Peter Knowles.

"I be powerful troubled myself," returned the level-headed Sims weakly. "I ought n't ter hev tuk him in, — him a stranger, though" — he remembered the hospitable text in time for a flimsy self-justification. "But 't war a-stormin' powerful, and he 'peared plumb beat out. I 'lowed that night he war goin' inter some sort'n fever or dee-lerium. I put him inter the roof-room, an' he went ter

bed ez soon ez he could git thar. But the nex' day he war ez fraish an' gay ez a jay-bird."

"What's he talk 'bout whenst sleepin'?" asked Peter Knowles, his covert glance once more reverting to the refuse of quicklime at his feet.

"Suthin' he never lays his tongue ter whenst wakin', I 'll be bound," replied Tubal Sims precipitately. Then he hesitated. This disclosure was, he felt, a flagrant breach of hospitality. What right had he to listen to the disjointed exclamations of his guest in his helplessness as he slept, place his own interpretation upon them, and retail them to others for their still more inimical speculation? Jane Ann Sims, — how he would have respected her judgment had she been a man! — he knew, would not have given the words a second thought. But then her habit of mind was incredulous. Parson Greenought often told her he feared her faith was not sufficient to take her to heaven. "I be dependin' on suthin' better 'n that, pa'son," she would smilingly rejoin. "I ain't lookin' ter my own pore mind an' my own wicked heart fur help. An' ye mark my words, I 'll be the fust nangel ye shake han's with when ye git inside the golden door." And the parson, impaled on his own weapons, could only suggest that they should sing a hymn together, which they did, — Jane Ann Sims much the louder of the two.

Admirable woman! she had but a single weakness, and this Tubal Cain Sims was aware that he shared. With a single thought of their household idol, Euphemia, every scruple slipped from his consciousness.

"Last night," he began suddenly, "I war so conflusticated with the goin's-on ez I could n't sleep fur a while. An' ez I sot downsteers afore the fire, I could but take notice o' how oneasy this man 'peared in his sleep up in the roof-room. He sighed an' groaned like suthin' in agony. An' then he says, so painful,

'But the one who lives — oh, what can I do — the one who lives!'" He paused abruptly to mark the petrified astonishment on the group of faces growing white in the closing dusk.

An owl began to hoot in the bosky recesses far up the slope. At the sound, carrying far in the twilight stillness, a hound bayed from the door of the little cabin in the Cove, by the river. A light, stellular in the gloom that hung about the lower levels, suddenly sprung up in the window. A tremulous elongated reflection shimmered in the shallows close under the bank where the juggler had been lying. Was he there yet? Sims wondered, shaking with the excitement of the moment.

His anxiety was not quelled, but a great relief came upon him when Peter Knowles echoed his own thought, which seemed thus the natural sequence of the event, and not some far-fetched fantasy.

"That thar man hev killed somebody, ez sure ez you live!" exclaimed Peter Knowles. "'But the one who lives!' An' who is the one who died?"

"Jes' so, jes' so," interpolated Sims, reassured to see his own mental process so definitely duplicated in the thoughts of a man held to be of experienced and just judgment, and much regarded in the community.

"He be a-runnin' from jestice," resumed Knowles. "He ain't no juggler, ez he calls hisself."

There was a general protest.

"Shucks, Pete, ye oughter seen him swaller a bay'net."

"An' ole Mis' Sims tole him she'd resk her shears on it, she jes' felt so reckless an' plumb kerried away. An' he swallered them too, an' then tuk 'em out'n his throat, sharp ez ever."

"An' he swallered a paper o' needles an' a spool o' thread, an' brung 'em out'n his mouth all threaded."

There was a delighted laugh rippling round the circle.

"Look-a-hyar, my frien's," remon-

strated Peter Knowles in a solemn, sepulchral voice, "I never viewed none o' these doin's, but ye air all 'bleeged ter know ez they air on-possible, the devices o' the devil. An' hyar ye be, perfessin' Christians, a-laffin' at them wiles ez air laid ter delude the onwary."

There was a general effort to pull themselves together, and one of the men then observed gravely that on the occasion when these wonders were exhibited Parson Benias Greenought taxed the performer with this supposition.

"Waal," remarked Ormsby, "ye air 'bleeged ter hev tuk notice, ef ye war thar las' night, ez old Benias never moved toe or toe-nail till arter all the jinks war over. He seen all thar war ter see 'fore he 'lowed how the sinners war enj'yin' tharse'fs, an' called up the devil ter len' a han'."

"What the man say?" demanded Peter Knowles.

"He 'peared cornsider'ble set back a-fust, an' then he tried ter laff it off," replied Gideon Beck. "He 'lowed he could l'arn sech things ter folks ez he had l'arnt 'em, too."

"Now tell me one thing: how's a man goin' ter l'arn a man ter put a per-simmon seed in a pail o' yearth, an' lay a sheet over it, an' sing some foolishness, an' take off'n the sheet, an' thar's a per-simmon shoot with a root ez long ez my han' a-growin' in that yearth?"

There were sundry gravely shaken heads.

"Mis' Jernigan jes' went plumb inter the high-strikes, she got so skeered, an' they hed ter take her home in the wagon," said Beck.

"Old man Jernigan hed none; the las' time I viewed him he war a-tryin' ter swaller old Mis' Jernigan's big shears hisse'f," retorted Ormsby.

"Mis' Jernigan ain't never got the rights o' herself yit, an' her cow hev done gone dry, too," observed Beck.

"Tell me, my brethren, what's them words mean, — 'the one who lives'?"

insisted Peter Knowles significantly. "Sure's ye air born, thar's another verse an' chapter ter that sayin'. Who war the one who died?"

Once more awe settled down upon the little group. The wind had sprung up. Now and again the pennons of flame flaunted out from the great heap of logs and stones, and threw livid bars of light athwart the landscape, which pulsed visibly as the flames rose and fell, — now seeming strangely distinct and near at hand, now receding into the darkness and distance. Mystery affiliated with the time and place, and there was scant responsiveness to Ormsby's protest as he once more sought to befriend the absent juggler.

"I can't git my cornsent ter b'lieve ez thar be enny dead one. I reckon the feller war talkin' 'bout his kemin' powerful nigh dyin' hisself. He 'lowed ter me ez he hed a mighty great shock jes' afore he kem hyar, — what made him so diff'ent a-fust."

"Shocked by lightning?" demanded Peter Knowles dubiously.

"I reckon so; never hearn on no other kind."

"Waal, now," said Tubal Sims, who had sought during this discussion to urge his views on the coterie, "I 'low that the Cove ought not ter take up with sech jubious doin's ez these."

"Lawsy massy!" exclaimed Beck, with the uplifted eyebrows of derision, "las' night you-uns an' Mis' Sims too 'peared plumb kerried away, jes' bodaciously dee-lighted, with the juggler an' all his pay-formances!"

There is naught in all our moral economy which can suffer a change without discredit and disparagement, barring what is known as a change of heart. It is a clumsy and awkward mental evolution at best, as the turncoat in politics, the apologist in social deficiencies, the fickle-minded in religious doctrines, know to their cost. The process of veering is attended invariably with a poignant

mortification, as if one had warranted one's opinions infallible, and to endure till time shall be no more. Tubal Cain Sims experienced all the ignominious sensations known as "eatin' crow," as he sought to modify and qualify his satisfaction of the previous evening, and reconcile it to his complete change of sentiment now, without giving his true reason. It would argue scant courtesy to the absent Euphemia to intimate his fears lest she admire too much the juggler, and it might excite ridicule to suggest his certainty that the juggler would admire her far too much. Sometimes, indeed, he doubted if other people — that is, above the age of twenty-five — entertained the rapturous estimate of Euphemia, which was a subject on which he and Jane Ann Sims never differed.

"I did, — I did," he sputtered. "Me an' Jane Ann nare one never seen no harm in the pay-formance. An' Jane Ann don't know nuthin' contrarious yit, kase I ain't tole her, — she bein' a 'oman, an' liable ter talk free an' let her tongue git a-goin'; she dunno whar ter stop. A man ought n't ter tell his wife sech ez he aims ter go no furdur," he added discursively.

"Thout he wants all the Cove ter be a-gabblin' over it nex' day," assented a husband of three experiments. "I know wimmin. Lawsy massy! I know 'em now." He shook his head lugubriously, as if his education in feminine quirks and wiles had gone hard with him, and he could willingly have dispensed with a surplusage of learning.

"But arter I hearn them strange words," resumed Tubal Cain Sims, — "them strange words, so painful an' pitiful-spoken, — I drewed the same idee ez Peter Knowles thar. I 'lowed the juggler war some sort'n evil-doer agin the law, — though he did n't look like it ter me."

"He did ter me; he featured it from the fust," Knowles protested, with a stern drawing down of his forbidding face.

There was a momentary pause while they all seemed to meditate on the evidence afforded by the personal appearance of the juggler.

"I be afeard," continued Sims, glancing at Knowles, "like Pete say, he hev c'mmitted murder an' be fleein' from the law. An' I be a law-abidin' citizen — an' — an' — he can't stay at my house."

There was silence. No one was interested in the impeccability of Tubal Cain Sims's house. It was his castle. He was free to say who should come and who should go. His own responsibility was its guarantee.

It is a pathetic aspect in human affairs that the fact of how little one's personal difficulties and anxieties and turmoils of mind count to one's friends can only be definitely ascertained by the experiment made in the thick of these troubles.

With a sudden return of his wonted perspicacity, Sims said, "That thar man oughter be gin notice ter leave. I call on ye all — ye all live round 'bout the Cove — ter git him out'n it."

There was a half-articulate grumble of protest and surprise.

"It's yer business ter make him go, ef yer don't want him in yer house," said Peter Knowles, looking loweringly at Sims.

"I ain't got nuthin' agin him," declared Sims excitedly, holding both empty palms upward. "I can't say, 'Git out; ye talk in yer sleep, an' ye don't talk ter suit me!' He mought say ter me, 'Ye walk in yer sleep, an' ye don't walk Spanish!' *But*," fixing the logic upon them with weighty emphasis and a significant pause, "you-uns all b'lieve ez he air in league with Satan, an' his jinks air deviltries an' sech. An' so be, ye *ought* ter make him take hisself an' his conjurin's off from hyar 'fore he witches the craps, or spirits away the lime, or tricks the mill, or — He ought ter be gin hours ter cl'ar out."

Peter Knowles roused himself to argument. He had developed a vivid

curiosity concerning the juggler. The threat of the devil's agency was a far cry to his fears, — be it remembered he had not seen the bayonet swallowed! — and he had phenomenal talents for contrariety, and graced the opposition with great persistence and power of contradiction.

"Bein' ez ye hev reason ter suspect that man o' murder or sech, we-uns ain't got the *right* ter give him hours ter leave. Ye ain't got the *right* ter turn him out'n yer house ter escape from the off'cers o' the law."

The crowd, always on the alert for a sensation, pricked up their willing ears. "Naw, ye ain't," more than one asseverated.

"'T would jes' be holpin' him on his run from jestic," declared Beck. "Further he gits, further the sher'ff 'll hev ter foller, an' mo' chance o' losin' him."

"They be on his track now, I reckon," said old Josiah Cobbs dolorously.

"It's the jewty o' we-uns in the Cove," resumed Peter Knowles, "ter keep a stric' watch on him an' see ter it he don't git away 'fore the sher'ff tracks him hyar."

Tubal Sims's blood ran cold. A man sitting daily at his table under the espionage of all the Cove as a murderer! A man sleeping in his best feather-bed — and the way he floundered in its unaccustomed depths nothing but a porpoise could emulate — till the sheriff of the county should come to hale him out to the ignominious quarters of the common jail! Jane Ann Sims — how his heart sank as he thought that had he first taken counsel of her he would not now be in a position to receive his orders from Peter Knowles! — to be in daily friendly association with this strange guest, to be sitting at home now calmly stitching cuffs for a man who might be wearing handcuffs before daylight! Euphemia — when he thought of Euphemia he rose precipitately from the rock on which he was seated. In twenty-four

hours Euphemia should be in Buncombe County, North Carolina, where his sister lived. The juggler should never see her; for who knew what lengths Jane Ann Sims's vicarious love of admiration would carry her? If the man were on his knees, what cared she what the Cove thought of him? And Euphemia should never see the juggler. She was a sensible girl. He would warn her of the character of his guest, and she would doubtless wish to avoid so unsavory an association. He hurried down the darkening way, hearing without heeding the voices of his late comrades, all dispersing homeward by devious paths, — now loud in the still twilight, now veiled and indistinct in the distance. The chirring of the myriad nocturnal insects was rising from every bush, louder, more confident, refreshed by the recent rain, and the frogs chanted by the riverside.

He had reached the lower levels at last. He glanced up and saw the first timid palpitant star spring forth with a glitter into the midst of the neutral-tinted ether, and then, as if affrighted at the vast voids of the untenanted skies, disappear so elusively that the eye might not mark the spot where that white crystalline flake had trembled. It was early yet. He strode up to his own house, whence the yellow light glowed from the window. He stopped suddenly, his heart sinking like lead. There on the step of the passage sat Euphemia, her elbow on her knee, her chin in her hand, her eyes pensively fixed on the uncertain kindling of that pioneer star once more blazing out the road in the evening sky.

III.

Euphemia could hardly have said what it was that had brought her home, — some vague yet potent impulse, some occult, unimagined power of divination, some subjection to her mother's will constraining her, or simply the intuition that

there was some opportunity for mischief unimproved. Tubal Cain Sims shook his head dubiously as he canvassed each theory. He ventured to ask the views of Mrs. Sims, after he had partaken of the supper set aside for him — for the meal was concluded before his return — and had lighted his pipe.

"What brung her home? Them stout leetle brogans, — that 's what," said Mrs. Sims, chuckling between the whiffs of her own pipe.

"Course I know the chile walked. I reckon she 'll hev stone-bruises a plenty arter this, — full twelve mile. But what put it inter her head ter kem? She 'lowed ter me she ain't dreamed o' nuthin', 'ceptin' Spot hed a new calf, which she ain't got. Reckon 't war a leadin' or a warnin' or" —

"I reckon 't war homesickness. Young gals always pine fur home, special ef thar ain't nuthin' spry goin' on in a new place." And once more Jane Ann Sims, in the plenitude of her triumph, chuckled.

It chanced, that afternoon, that when the red sunset was aflame over the bronze-green slopes that encircled the Cove, and the great pine near at hand began to sway and to sing and to cast forth the rich benison of its aroma to the fresh rain-swept air, the juggler roused himself, pushed back his hat from his eyes, and gazed with listless melancholy about him. Somehow the sweet peace of the secluded place appealed to his world-weary senses. The sounds, — the distant, mellow lowing of the kine, homeward wending; the tinkle of a sheep-bell; the rhythmic wash of the river; the ecstatic cadenzas of a mocking-bird, so intricate, delivered with such dashing *élan*, so marvelously clear and sweet and high as to give an effect as of glitter, — all were so harmoniously bucolic. He was soothed in a measure, or dulled, as he drew a long sigh of relief and surcease of pain, and began to experience that facile renewal of interest common to youth with all its recuperative faculties. It fights a

valiant fight with sorrow or trouble, and only the years conquer it at last. For the first time he noted among the budding willows far down the stream a roof all aslant, which he divined at once was the mill. He rose to his feet with a quickening curiosity. As he released the futile fishing-rod and wound up the line he remarked the unbaited hook. His face changed abruptly with the thought of his absorption and trouble. He pitied himself.

The road down which he took his way described many a curve seeking to obviate the precipitousness of the descent. The rocks rose high on either side, and when the scene broke upon him in its entirety it was as if a curtain were suddenly lifted. How shadowy, how fragrant the budding woods above the calm and lustrous water! The mill, its walls canted askew, dark and soaked with the rain, and its mossy roof awry, was sombre and silent. Over the dam the water fell in an unbroken crystal sheet so smooth and languorous that it seemed motionless, as if under a spell. Ferns were thick on a marshy slope opposite, where scattered boulders lay, and one quivering blossomy bough of a dogwood-tree leaned over its white reflection in the water, fairer than itself, like some fond memory embellishing the thing it images.

With that sudden sense of companionship in loneliness by which a presence is felt before it is perceived, he turned sharply back as he was about to move away, and glanced again toward the mill. A young girl was standing in the doorway in an attitude of arrested poise, as if in surprise.

Timidity was not the juggler's besetting sin. He lifted his hat with a courteous bow, the like of which had never been seen in Etowah Cove, and thus commending himself to her attention, he took his way toward her along the slant of the corduroy road; for this fleeting glimpse afforded to him the first suggestion of interest which the Cove had

as yet been able to present. For the first time since reaching its confines it occurred to him that it might be possible for him to live along awhile yet. Nevertheless, he contrived to keep his eyes decorously void of expression, and occupied them for the most part in aiding his feet to find their way among the crevices and obstacles with which the road abounded. When he paused, he asked, suffering his eyes to rest inquiringly on the girl, "Beg pardon, but will you kindly inform me where is the miller?"

The glimpse that had so attracted him was, he felt, all inadequate, as he stood and gazed, privileged by virtue of his interest in the absent miller. He could not have seen from the distance how fair, how dainty, was her complexion, nor the crinkles and sparkles of gold in her fine brown hair. It waved upward from her low brow in a heavy undulation which he would have discriminated as "*à la Pompadour*," but its contour was compassed by wearing far backward a round comb, the chief treasure of her possessions; the heavy masses of hair rising smoothly toward the front, and falling behind in long, loose ringlets about her shoulders. She had a delicate chin with a deep dimple, — which last reminded him unpleasantly of Mrs. Sims, for dimples were henceforth at a discount; a fine, small, bony, aquiline nose; two dark silken eyebrows, each describing a perfect arc; and surely there were never created for the beguilement of man two such large, lustrous gray-blue eyes, long-lashed, deep-set, as those which served Euphemia Sims for the comparatively unimportant function of vision. He had hardly been certain whether her attire was more or less grotesque than the costume of the other mountain women until she lifted them and completed the charm of the unique apparition. She wore a calico bought by the yard at the store, and accounted but a flimsy fabric by the homespun-weaving mountain women. It was of a pale green tint, and had once

been sprinkled over with large dark green leaves. Lye soap and water had done their merciful work. The strong crude color of the leaves had been subdued to a tint but little deeper than the ground of the material, and while the contour of the foliage was retained, it was mottled into a semblance of light and shade here and there where the dye strove to hold fast. The figure which it draped was long-waisted and slender; the feet which the full skirt permitted to be half visible were small, and arrayed in brown hose and the stout little brogans which had brought her so nimbly from Piomingo Cove. Partly amused, partly contemptuous, partly admiring, the juggler wondered at her hesitation and embarrassment, and relished it as of his own inspiring.

"Waal," she drawled, hesitating, "I don't rightly know." She gazed at him doubtfully. "Air ye wantin' ter see him special?"

He had a momentary terror lest she should ask him for his grist and unmask his subterfuge. He sought refuge in candor. "Well, I was admiring the mill. This is a pretty spot, and I wished to ask the miller's name."

There was a flash of laughter in her eyes, although her lips were grave. "His name be Tubal Sims; an' ef he don't prop up his old mill somehows, it'll careen down on him some day." She added, with asperity, "I dunno what ye be admirin' it fur, 'thout it air ter view what a s'prisin' pitch laziness kin kem ter."

"That's what I admire. I'm a proficient, a professor of the science of laziness."

She lifted her long black lashes only a little as she gazed at him with half-lowered lids. "Ye won't find no *pupils* in that science hyarabout. The Cove's done graduated." She smiled slightly, as if to herself. The imagery of her response, drawn from her slender experience at the schoolhouse, pleased her for

the moment, but she had no disposition toward further conversational triumphs.

There was a moment's silence, and then she looked at him in obvious surprise that he did not take himself off. It would seem that he had got what he had come for, — the miller's name and the opportunity to admire the mill. He experienced a momentary embarrassment. He was so conscious of the superiority of his social status, knowledge of the world, and general attainments that her apparent lack of comprehension of his condescension in lingering to admire also the miller's daughter was subversive in some sort of his wonted aplomb. It rallied promptly, however, and he went on with a certain half-veiled mocking courtesy, of which the satire of the sentiment was only vaguely felt through the imperious words.

"I presume you are the miller's daughter?"

She looked at him in silent acquiescence.

"Then I am happy to make an acquaintance which kind fortune has been holding in store for me, since my stay in the Cove is at the miller's hospitable home." He concluded with a smiling flourish. But her bewitching eyes gazed seriously at him.

"What be yer name?" she demanded succinctly.

"Leonard, — John Leonard, — very much at your service," he replied, with an air half banter, half propitiation.

"Ye be the juggler that mam's been talkin' 'bout," she said as if to herself, completing his identification. "I drewed the idee from what mam said ez ye war a old pusson, at least cornosider'ble on in years."

"And so I am!" he cried, with a sudden change of tone. "If life is measured by what we feel and what we suffer, I am old," — he paused with a sense of self-betrayal, — "some four or five hundred at least," he added, relapsing into his wonted light tone.

She shook her head sagely. "'Pears-like ter me ez it mought be medjured by the sense folks gather ez they go. I hev knowed some mighty young fools at sixty."

The color showed in his face; her unconscious intimation of his youth according to this method of estimate touched his vanity, even evoked a slight resentment.

"You are an ancient dame, on that theory! I bow to your wisdom, madam, — quite the soberest party I have seen since I entered the paradisaical seclusion of Etowah Cove."

She apprehended the belligerent note in his voice, although she scarcely apprehended the *casus belli*. There was, however, a responsive flash in her eye, which showed she was game in any quarrel. No tender solicitude animated her lest unintentionally she had wounded the feelings of this pilgrim and stranger. He had taken the liberty to be offended when no offense was intended, and perhaps with the laudable desire to give him, as it were, something to cry for, she struck back as best she might.

"Not so sober ez some o' them folks ye gin yer show afore, over yander at the Notch. I hearn they war fit ter weep an' pray arterward. Mam 'lowed ye made 'em sober fur sure."

He was genuinely nettled at this thrust. His feats of jugglery had resulted so contrary to his expectations, had roused so serious a danger, that he did not even in his own thoughts willingly revert to them. He turned away on one heel of the pointed russet shoes that had impressed the denizens of Etowah Cove hardly less unpleasantly than a cloven hoof, and looked down the long darkly lustrous avenue of the river; for the mill so projected over the water that the point of view was as if it were anchored in midstream. The green boughs leaned far over the smooth shadowy current; here and there, where a half-submerged rock lifted its jagged summit above the surface, the water foamed pre-

ternaturally white in the sylvan glooms. He had a cursory impression of many features to give pleasure to the eye, were his mind at ease to enjoy such trifles, and his sense alert to mark them: the moss on the logs, and the lichen; the tangle of the trumpet-vines, all the budding tendrils blowing with the breeze, that clambered over the rickety structure, and hung down from the apex of the high roof, and swayed above the portal; even the swift motion of a black snake swimming sinuously in the clear water, and visible through the braiding of the currents as through corrugated glass.

"No," he said, his teeth set together, his eyes still far down the stream, "I did my little best, but my entertainment was not a success; and if that fact makes you merry, I wish you joy of your mirth."

His eyes returned to her expectantly; he was not altogether unused to sounding the cultivated feminine heart, trained to sensibility and susceptible to many a specious sophistry. Naught he had found more efficacious than an appeal for sympathy to those who have sympathy in bulk and on call. The attribution, also, of a motive trenching on cruelty, and unauthorized by fact, was wont to occasion a flutter of protest and contrition.

Euphemia Sims met his gaze in calm silence. She had intended no mirth at his expense, and if he were minded to evolve it gratuitously he was welcome to his illusion. Aught that she had said had been to return or parry a blow. She spoke advisedly. There was no feigning of gentleness in her, no faltering nor turning back. She stood stanchly ready to abide by her words. She had known no trafficking with that pretty superficial feminine *tendresse*, so graceful a garb of identity, and she could not conceive of him as an object of pity because her sarcasm had cut deeper than his own. He had an impression that he had indeed reached primitive conditions. The encounter with an absolute candor shocked his mental prepossessions as a

sudden douche of cold water might startle the nerves.

He was all at once very tired of the mill, extremely tired of his companion. The very weight of the fishing-rod and its unbaited hook was a burden. He was making haste to take himself off — he hardly knew where — from one weariness of spirit to another. Despite the lesson he had had, that he would receive of her exactly the measure of consideration that he meted out, he could not refrain from a half-mocking intimation as he said, "And do you propose to take up your abode down here, that you linger so long in this watery place, — a nymph, a naiad, or a grace?" He glanced slightly down the dusky bosky vista.

She was not even discomfited by his manner. "I kem down hyar," she remarked, the interest of her errand paramount for the moment, "I kem down ter the mill ter see ef I could n't find some seconds. They make a sort o' change arter eatin' bolted flour awhile."

He was not culinary in his tastes, and he had no idea what "seconds" might be, unless indeed he encountered them in their transmogrified estate as rolls on the table.

"And having found them, may I crave the pleasure of escorting you up the hill to the paternal domicile? I observe the shadows are growing very long."

"You-uns may kerry the bag," she replied, with composure, "an' I'll kerry the fishin'-pole."

Thus it was he unexpectedly found himself plodding along the romantic road he had so lately traversed, with a bag of "seconds" on his shoulder, — "a veritable beast of burden," he said sarcastically to himself, — while Euphemia Sims's light, airy figure loitered along the perfumed ways in advance of him, her cloudy curls waving slightly with the motion and the breeze, and the fishing-rod over her shoulder; on the end of it where the unbaited hook was wound with the line her green sunbonnet was

perched, flouncing like some great struggling thing that the angler had caught.

When the miller's cabin was reached, and the bag of seconds deposited upon the swinging shelf where the household stores were safe from rats and mice, he had no inclination to linger, after supper, on the step of the passage, where Euphemia sat alone. He passed stiffly by, with a sense of getting out of harm's way, and ascended to his room in the roof, where for a long time he lay in the floundering instabilities of the feather-bed, which gave him now and again a sensation as of drowning in soft impalpable depths, — a sensation especially revolting to his nerves. Nevertheless, it was but vaguely that he heard the movements downstairs as the doors were closed, and when he opened his eyes again it was morning, and the new day marked a change.

If anything were needed to further his alienation from the beautiful daughter of the house, it might have been furnished by her own voice, the first sounds of which that reached his ears were loud and somewhat unfilial.

"It's a plumb sin not ter milk a cow reg'lar ter the minit every day," she averred dictatorially.

"Show me the chapter an' verse fur that, ef it's a sin; ye air book-l'arned," wheezed her mother, on the defensive.

"I ain't lookin' in the Bible fur cow-l'arnin'," retorted Euphemia. "There's nuthin' in the Bible ter make a fool of saint or sinner."

"Thar's mo' cows spoke of in the Bible'n ever you see," persisted Mrs. Sims, glad of the diversion. "Jacob hed thousands o' cattle, an' Aberham thousands, an' Laban thousands, not ter count Joseph's ten lean kine an' ten fat kine, what I reckon war never viewed out'n a dream, an' mought be accounted visions."

"Waal, I ain't ez well pervided with cattle ez them folks, neither sleepin' nor wakin'," said Euphemia. "I 'lowed

ye 'd milk pore Spot reg'lar like I does, else I would n't hev gone away."

"I slep' till nigh supper-time," apologized Mrs. Sims unctuously, pricked in conscience at last, "else I 'd hev done it. Want me ter go walkin' in my sleep, like yer dad, an' milk the cow?"

Euphemia said no more, but there rose an energetic clashing of pans and kettles, intimating that the explanation had not mitigated the enormity of the offense. It was with a distinct sentiment of apprehension that the juggler made himself ready and descended the stairs. The place was evidently under martial law. The slipshod, easy-going liberty which had characterized it was a thing of the past. He might hardly have recognized it, so different was the atmosphere, but for the fixtures. The perfumed air swept through and through the rooms that he had found so close, from open window to open door. The floors were scrubbed white, and still but half dry. The breakfast-table was set in the passage, and the graceful hop-vines which grew over the aperture at the rear showed the morning sunshine only in tiny interstices, as they waved back and forth with a fluctuating glimmer and an undertone of rustlings and murmurs; through the drooping boughs of the elm at the opposite entrance might be caught glimpses of the silver river and the gray rocks and the purple mountains afar off.

Here he found Euphemia and her parents. The irate flush was still red on the young girl's cheeks, and her eyes were bright with the stern elation of victory. But if submission entailed on Mrs. Sims no effort, she was not averse to subjugation. The juggler was pleased for once to perceive no diminution in the number and depth of her dimples as she welcomed him.

"Ye 'll hev ter put up with Phemie's cookin', now. I don't b'lieve in no old 'oman cookin' whenst she hev got a spry young darter ter do it fur her. I reckon ye 'll manage ter make out. She does

toler'ble well fur her, bein' inexperienced an' sech; but I can't sense it into the gal how ter git some sure enough strong rich taste on ter her vittles."

Old Sims's grizzled, stubbly, unshaven countenance expressed a rigid neutrality, as if he intended to abide by this impartiality or perish in the attempt. His art had sufficed to keep him out of the engagement this morning, and his success had confirmed his resolution.

It seemed afterward to the juggler that this meal saved his life. He ate as if he had not tasted food for a week. He partook of mountain trout broiled on the coals, and of "that most delicate eate" constructed of Indian meal and called the corn dodger. The potatoes were roasted in the ashes with their jackets on, and crumbled to powder at the touch of a fork. He drank cream instead of buttermilk, — it had been too much trouble for Mrs. Sims to skim the big pans when she could tilt the churn instead; and there was a kind of dry, crisp, crusty roll compounded of the seconds that he had brought to the house on his shoulder yesterday, and which was eaten with honey and the honeycomb. He watched the river shimmer between the green willows of the banks. He watched the white mists rise on the purple mountain sides, glitter prismatically in the sun, tenuously dissolve in fleecy fragments, and vanish in mid-air. The faint tinkle of a sheep-bell sounded, — pastoral, peaceful; he heard a thrush singing with so fresh, so matutinal a delight in its tones.

"If this is the line of march," he said to himself, as he maintained a decorous silence, for the state of the temper of the family was too precarious to admit of conversation, "I don't care how soon I fall into ranks."

It is supposed by those who affect to know that the seat of the intellectual faculties is located in the cerebrum situated in the brain-pan. Still, science cannot deny that the stomach is a sin-

gularly intelligent organ. Through its processes alone the juggler perceived how well subjection becomes parents, especially a female parent addicted to the use of the frying-pan; realized Euphemia's strength of character, unusual in so young a person, and conceived a deep respect for her mental and industrial capacities. He appreciated an incongruity in his bantering style and his mocking high-sounding phrases. His manner toward her became characterized by a studious although apparently incidental courtesy, which was, however, compatible with a certain cautious avoidance.

These days passed eventlessly to him. Much of the time he strolled listlessly about, so evidently immersed in some absorbing mental perturbation that Tubal Sims marveled that its indicia should not attract the attention of the women-folk who esteemed themselves so keen of discernment in such matters. He still affected to angle at times, but his hook was hardly less efficient when it dangled bare and farcical in the deep dark pool than when the forlorn minnow it pierced stirred an eddy in the shadowy depths. He did not seem annoyed by his non-success. Mrs. Sims's banter scarcely grated on his nerves or touched his pride. But indeed Mrs. Sims herself did not think ill of the unachieving; somehow the aggressive capability of Euphemia made her lenient. If there were more people like Euphemia, Mrs. Sims might have felt in conscience bound to move on herself. As to the daughter, her little world hastily conformed itself to its dictator, and she ruled it with an absolute sway. Triumphs of baking or butter-making ministered amply to her pride. Even the dumb creatures seemed ambitious to meet her expectations and avoid her censure. The dogs, who had sat so thick around the hearthstone in her absence as to edge away the human household, and had so independently tracked mud over the floors, now never ventured nearer than the threshold; yet

there was much complimentary wagging of tails when she appeared on the porch. Sometimes the clatter of the treadle and the thumping of the batten told that the great loom in the shed-room was astir. Sometimes the spinning-wheel whirled. Occasionally she was busily carding cotton, and again she was hackling flax.

One afternoon he found her differently employed. She sat near the window and caught the waning light upon the newspaper which she held with both arms half outstretched as she read aloud. Mrs. Sims glanced up at the young man with a radiance of maternal pride that duplicated every crease and every dimple. Even Tubal Sims, who, as the juggler had fancied of late, was wont to look at him askance, met his eyes now with a smile distending his gruff, lined countenance, as he sat with his arms folded in his shirt-sleeves across his breast, his chair tilted back on its hind legs against the frame of the opposite window, his gaze reverting immediately to the young elocutionist. With a good-natured impulse to minister to the satisfaction of the old couple, the juggler silently took a chair hard by, and suppressed his rising sense of ridicule.

For, alack, Euphemia's accomplishments were indeed of manual achievement. He listened with surprise that this should be the extent of her vaunted book-learning, knowing naught of how scanty were her opportunities, and what labor this poor proficiency had cost. Subjugation is possible only to superior force. In the instant his former attitude of mind toward her had returned, on this pitiful exhibition of incapacity which she herself and her prideful parents were totally incompetent to realize. She droned on in a painful singsong, now floundering heavily among unaccustomed words, now spelling aloud one more difficult than the others, while he had much ado to keep the contemptuous laugh from his face, knowing that now and again his countenance was anxiously yet trium-

phantly perused by the delighted old people, to lose no token of his appreciation and wonder.

To bear this scrutiny more successfully he sought to occupy his thoughts in other matters. His practiced eye noted even at the distance that the newspaper must be some county sheet, — published perhaps in the town of Colbury. He congratulated himself that the girl had evidently exhausted the columns of local news, and was now deep in the contents of what is known as the "patent outside." Otherwise his polite martyrdom might have been of greater duration. He felt that neither her interest nor that of her audience would long sustain her in the wider range of subjects and the

ore varied and unaccustomed vocabulary of the articles, copied from many sources, which made up this portion of the journal.

The next moment he could have torn it from her hands. His heart gave a great bound and seemed to stand still. His eyes were fixed and shining. He half rose from his chair; then by an absolute effort resumed his seat and resolutely held himself still. In the throes of an inexpressible suspense every fibre of his being was stretched to its extremest tension as, slowly, laboriously, pausing often, the drawling voice read on anent "Young Lucien Royce. Details of his Terrible Death." For so the head-lines ran.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THOREAU.

It lay at the root of Thoreau's peculiarity that he insisted upon being himself. Having certain opinions, he held them; having certain tastes, he encouraged them; having a certain faculty, he made the most of it: all of which, natural and reasonable as it may sound, is as far as possible from what is expected of the average citizen, who may be almost what he will, to be sure, if he will first observe the golden rule of good society, to be "like other folks." Society is still a kind of self-constituted militia, a mutual protective association, — an army, in short; and in an army, as everybody knows, the first duty of man is to keep step.

What made matters worse in Thoreau's case was, that his tastes and opinions, on which he so stoutly insisted, were in themselves far out of the common. Not only would he be himself, but the "himself" was a very queer person. He liked solitude; in other words, he liked to think. He loved the society of trees

and all manner of growing things. He found fellowship in them, they were of his kin; which is not at all the same as to say that he enjoyed looking at them as objects of beauty. He lived in a world of his own, a world of ideas, and was strangely indifferent to much that other men found absorbing. He could get along without a daily newspaper, but not without a daily walk. He spent hours and hours of honest daylight in what looked for all the world like idleness; and he did it on principle. He was more anxious to live well — according to an inward standard of his own — than to lodge well, or to dress well, or to stand well with his townsmen. A good name, even, was relatively unimportant. He found easy sundry New Testament scriptures which the church would still be stumbling over, only that it has long since worn a smooth path round them.

He set a low value on money. It *might* be of service to him, he once confessed, underscoring the doubt, but in

general he accepted poverty as the better part. "We are often reminded," he said, "that if there were bestowed on us the wealth of Cæsus, our aims must still be the same, and our means essentially the same." Highly exalted aims they must have been, to bear such a test. Even the preacher is apt to find his health uncertain if by any chance a fortune drops into his lap. As for houses and lands, to Thoreau's mind they were often no better than incumbrances. Some of his wealthier neighbors were as good as in prison, he thought. In what sense were men to be called free, if their "property" had put them under bonds to stay in such a place and do only such and such things? Life was more than meat, as he reckoned, and having trained himself to "strict business habits" (his own words), he did not believe in swapping a better thing for a poorer one. To him it was amazing that hard-headed, sensible men should stand at a desk the greater part of their days, and "glimmer and rust, and finally go out there." "If they *know* anything," he exclaimed, "what under the sun do they do that for?" He speaks as if the question were unanswerable; but no doubt some readers will think it easy enough, the only real difficulty being a deplorable scarcity of desks. For Thoreau's part, at any rate, other men might save dollars if they would; he meant to save his soul. It should not glimmer and rust and go out, if a manly endeavor was good for anything. And he saved it. To the end he kept it alive; and though he died young, he lived a long life and did a long life's work, and what is more to the present purpose, he left behind him a long memory.

His economies, which were so many and so rigorous, were worthy of a man. In kind, they were such as any man must practice who, having a task assigned him, is set upon doing it. If the river is to run the mill, it must contract itself. Rightly considered, Thoreau's

singularity consisted, not in his lodging in a cabin, nor in his wearing coarse clothes, nor in his non-observance of so-called social amenities, nor even in his passion for the wild, but in his view of the world and of his own place in it. He was a poet-naturalist, an idealist, an individualist, a transcendental philosopher, what you will; but first of all he was a prophet. "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness," he might have said; and the locusts and wild honey followed as things of course. It followed, also, that the fathers neglected him, — stoning having gone out of fashion, — and the children garnish his sepulchre. A prophet is a very worthy person — after he is dead. Then come biographies, eulogies, and new editions of his works, including his journals and private letters. Fame is a plant that blossoms on graves; as a manual of such botany might say, "a late-flowering perennial, nowhere common, to be looked for in old cemeteries."

A prophet, a writer, a student of nature: this was Thoreau, and the three were one.

He preached faith, simplicity, devotion to the ideal; and with all a prophet's freedom he denounced everything antagonistic to these. He was not one of those nice people who are contented to speak handsomely of God and say nothing about the devil.

No man was more of a believer and less of a skeptic. Faith and hope, "infinite expectation," were his daily breath. Charity was his, also, but less conspicuously, and after a standard of his own, philanthropy being one of his prime aversions. He knew not the meaning of pessimism. The world was good. "I am grateful for what I am and have. My thanksgiving is perpetual." To the final hour existence was a boon to him. "For joy I could embrace the earth," he declared, though he seldom indulged himself in emotional expression; "I shall delight to be buried in it." "It was not possible to be sad in his presence," said

his sister, speaking of his last illness. His may have been "a solitary and critical way of living," to quote Emerson's phrase, but in his work there is no trace of anything morbid or unwholesome. Some who would hesitate to rank themselves among his disciples keep by them a copy of *Walden* or the *Week*, to dip into for refreshment and invigoration when life runs low and desire begins to fail. Readers of this kind please him better, we may guess, if he knows of them, than those who skim his pages for the natural history and the scenery. Such is the fate of prophets. The fulminations and entreaties of Isaiah are now highly recommended as specimens of Oriental *belles-lettres*. And yet, worse things may happen to a man than to be partially appreciated. As Thoreau himself said: "It is the characteristic of great poems that they will yield of their sense in due proportion to the hasty and the deliberate reader. To the practical they will be common sense, and to the wise wisdom; as either the traveler may wet his lips, or an army may fill its water-casks at a full stream." His own was hardly a "full stream," perhaps; a mountain brook rather than one of the world's rivers; clear, cold, running from the spring, untainted by the swamp; less majestic than the Amazons, but not less unfailing, and for those who can climb, and who know the taste of purity, infinitely sweeter to drink from.

Simplicity of life and devotion to the ideal, the one a means to the other, — these he would preach, in season and, if possible, out of season. "Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million count half a dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumb-nail." This, which, after all, is nothing but the old doctrine of the one thing needful, — since it is one mark of a prophet that he deals not in novelties, but in truth, — all this spiritual economy is connected at the

root with Thoreau's belief in free will, his vital assurance that the nobility or meanness of a man's life is left largely to his own choice. He may waste it on the trivial, or spend it on the essential. There is "no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavor." And what a man is inwardly, that to *him* will the world be outwardly; his mood affects the very "quality of the day." Could anything be truer or more finely suggested? For himself, Thoreau was resolved to get the best out of time as it passed. He refused to be hurried. The hour was too precious. "If the bell rings, why should we run?" Neither would he knowingly be put off with a sham, — as if there were nothing real! He would not "drive a nail into mere lath and plastering," he declared. Such a deed would keep him awake nights. A very reasonable and practical kind of doctrine, certainly, whether it be called transcendentalism or common sense. Perhaps we accuse it with a long word because of the obligation it lays us under.

And possibly it is for a similar reason that the world in general has agreed to regard Thoreau not as a preacher of righteousness, but as an interpreter of nature. For those who have settled down to take things as they are, having knocked under and gone with the stream, in Thoreau's language, it is pleasanter to read of beds of water-lilies flashing open at sunrise or of a squirrel's pranks upon a bough than of daily aspiration after an ideal excellence. Whatever the reason, Thoreau is to the many a man who lived out of doors, and wrote of outdoor things.

His attainments as a naturalist have been by turns exaggerated and belittled, one extreme following naturally upon the other. As for the exaggeration, nothing else was to be expected, things being as they were. It is what happens in every such case. If a man knows some of the birds, his neighbors, who know none of

them, celebrate him at once as an ornithologist. If he is reputed to "analyze" flowers, — pull them to pieces under a pocket-lens, and by means of a key find out their polysyllabic names, — he straightway becomes famous as a botanist; all of which is a little as if the ticket-seller and the grocer's clerk should be hailed as financiers because of their facility in making change. Thoreau knew his local fauna and flora after a method of his own, — a method which, for lack of a better word, may be called sympathetic. Nobody was ever more successful in getting inside of a bird; and that, from his point of view and for his purpose, — and not less for ours who read him, — was the one important thing. After that it mattered little if some of his flying neighbors escaped his notice altogether, while others led him a vain chase year after year, and are still, in his published journals, a puzzle to all readers. Who knows what his night warbler was, or, with certainty, his seringo bird? The latter, indeed, a native of his own Concord hay-fields, he seems to have been pretty well acquainted with as a bird; its song was familiar to him, and less frequently he caught sight of the singer itself perched upon a fence-post or threading its way through the grass; but he had found no means of ascertaining its name, and so was driven to the primitive expedient of christening it with an invention of his own. His description of its appearance and notes leaves us in no great doubt about its identity; probably it was the savanna sparrow; but how completely in the dark he himself was upon this point may be gathered from an entry in his journal of 1854. He had gone to Nantucket, in late December, and there saw, running along the ruts, flocks of "a gray, bunting-like bird about the size of the snow-bunting. Can it be the seaside finch," he asks, "or the savanna sparrow, or the shore lark?" The man who has "named *all* the birds without a gun" is

yet to be announced; the youngest reader of the present article will not live long enough to see him; and Thoreau's studies in this line, it is fair to add, were pursued under limitations and disadvantages to which the amateur of our later day is happily a stranger. Ornithologically, it is a long time since Thoreau's death, though it is less than thirty-five years.

If any be disposed to insist, as some have insisted, that he made no discoveries (he discovered a new way of writing about nature, for one thing), and was more curious than scientific in his spirit and method as an observer, it is perhaps sufficient to reply that he cultivated his own field. From first to last he refused the claims of science, — whether rightly or wrongly is not here in question, — and with the exception of one or two brief essays wrote nothing directly upon natural history. He worshiped Nature, even while he played the spy upon her, fearing her enchantments and "looking at her with the side of his eye." Run over the titles of his books: *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, *Walden*, *The Maine Woods*, *Cape Cod*, *A Yankee in Canada*, *Excursions*. The first two are studies in high and plain living, — practical philosophy, spiritual economy, the right use of society and solitude, books and nature. The rest are narratives of travel, with a record of what the traveler saw and thought and felt. In *Excursions*, to be sure, there is an early paper on *The Natural History of Massachusetts*, to which, by straining a point, we may add one on *The Succession of Forest Trees*, another on *Autumnal Tints*, and still another on *Wild Apples*. Elsewhere, though the landscape is always carefully studied, it is always a landscape with figures. In truth, while he wrote so much of outward nature, and so often seemed to find his fellow-mortals no better than intruders upon the scene, his real subject was man. "Man is all in all," he says;

"Nature nothing but as she draws him out and reflects him." And again he said, "Any affecting human event may blind our eyes to natural objects." The latter sentence was written shortly after the death of John Brown, in whose fate Thoreau had been so completely absorbed that his old Concord world, when he came back to it, had almost a foreign look to him, and he saw with surprise that the little grebe was still diving in the river as of yore. With all his devotion to nature and philosophy, it was the "human event" that really concerned him. But then he had ideas of his own as to what constituted an event. As for men's so-called affairs, and all that passes current under the name of news, nothing could be less eventful; for all such things he could never sufficiently express his contempt. "In proportion as our inward life fails," he says, "we go more constantly and desperately to the post-office." And he adds, in that peculiarly airy manner of his to which one is tempted sometimes to apply the old Yankee adjective "toplofty," "I would not run round the corner to see the world blow up." After which, the reader whose bump of incuriosity is less highly developed may console himself by remembering that when a powder-mill blew up in the next town, Thoreau, hearing the noise, ran downstairs, jumped into a wagon, and drove post-haste to the scene of the disaster. So true is it that it is

"the most difficult of tasks to keep
Heights which the soul is competent to gain."

Careful economist as Thoreau was, bravely as he trusted his own intuitions and kept to his own path, much as he preached simplicity and heroically as he practiced it, he shared the common lot and fell short of his own ideal. Life is never quite so simple as he tried to make it, and he, like other men, was conscious of a divided mind. He had by nature a bias toward the investigation of natural phenomena, a passion for particulars,

which, if he had been less a poet and philosopher, might have made him a man of science. He knew it, and was inwardly chafed by it. Perhaps it was because of this chafing that he fell into the habit of speaking so almost spitefully of science and scientific men. Not to lay stress upon his frequent paradoxes about the superiority of superstition to knowledge, the advantages of astrology over astronomy, the slight importance of precision in matters of detail ("I can afford to be inaccurate"), — to say nothing of these things, which, taken as they were meant, are not without a measure of truth, and with which no lover of Thoreau will be much disposed to quarrel (those who cannot abide a paradox or a grain or two of exaggeration may as well let him alone), it is plain that in certain moods, especially in his later years, his own semi-scientific researches were felt to be a hindrance to the play of his higher faculties. "It is impossible for the same person to see things from the poet's point of view and that of the man of science," he writes in 1842. "Man cannot afford to be a naturalist," he says again, in 1853. "I feel that I am dissipated by so many observations. . . . Oh, for a little Lethe!" And a week afterward he takes up the same strain, in a tone of reminiscence that is of the very rarest with him. "Ah, those youthful days," he breaks out, "are they never to return? when the walker does not too enviously observe particulars, but sees, hears, scents, tastes, and feels only himself, the phenomena that showed themselves in him, his expanding body, his intellect and heart. No worm or insect, quadruped or bird, confined his view, but the unbounded universe was his. A bird has now become a mote in his eye." What devotee of natural science, if he be also a man of sensibility and imagination, does not feel the sincerity of this cry?

But having delivered himself thus passionately, what does the diarist set down

next? Without a break he goes on: "Dug into what I take to be a woodchuck's burrow in the low knoll below the cliffs. It was in the side of the hill, and sloped gently downward at first diagonally into the hill about five feet, perhaps westerly, then turned and ran north about three feet, then northwest further into the hill four feet, then north again four feet, then northeast I know not how far, the last five feet, perhaps, ascending," — with as much more of the same tenor and equally detailed. A laughable paragraph, surely, to follow a lament over a too envious observation of particulars; with its "perhaps" four times repeated, its five feet westerly, three feet northerly, and so on, like a conveyancer's description of a wood-lot: and all about a hole in the ground which he "took to be" a woodchuck's burrow!

In vain shall a man bestir himself to run away from his own instincts. In vain, in such a warfare, shall he trust to the freedom of the will. Happily for himself, and happily for the world, Thoreau could never cease from his too envious observation. By inclination and habit he liked to see and do things for himself, as if they had never been seen or done before. That was one mark of his individualistic temper. He describes in his journal an experiment in making sugar from the sap of red maple trees. Here, too, he goes into the minutest details, not omitting the size of the holes he bored and the frequency with which the drops fell, — about as fast as his pulse beat. His father, he mentions (the son was then forty years old), chided him for wasting his time. There was no occasion for the experiment, the father thought; it was well known that the thing could be done; and as for the sugar, it could be bought cheaper at the village shop. "He said it took me from my studies," the journal records. "I said that I made it my study, and felt as if I had been to a university." (If fault-finding is in order, an individualist prefers to do

it on his own account.) But whether the old gentleman or the son may be supposed to have been right in the present instance, there can be no doubt that by habits of this kind knowledge is made peculiarly one's own, and, old or new, keeps something of the freshness of discovery upon it. The critic may smile, but even he will not dispute the charm of writing done in such a spirit, — the very spirit in which the old books were written, in the childhood of the world. Even the edibility of white-oak acorns affected Thoreau, at the age of forty, as a new fact. So far as his feeling about it was concerned, the fruit might have been that morning created. "The whole world is sweeter" to him for having "discovered" it. "To have found two Indian gouges and tasted sweet acorns, is it not enough for one afternoon?" he asks himself. And the next day, shrewd economist and exaggerator that he is, he tastes his new dainty again, and behold, a second discovery. The acorns "appear to dry sweet"! One need not be a critic, but only a country-bred Yankee, to smile at this. But indeed, it is a relief to be able to smile now and then at one who held himself so high and aloof, — "a Switzer on the edge of the glacier," as he called himself; who found no wisdom too lofty for him, no companionship quite lofty enough; and who, in his longing for something better than the best, could exclaim, "Give me a sentence which no intelligence can understand." Not that we feel any diminution of our respect and affection; but it pleases us to have met our Switzer for once on something near our own level. In an author, as in a friend, an amiable weakness, if there be strength enough behind it, is only another point of attraction.

As a writer Thoreau is by himself. There are no other books like *Walden* and *the Week*. The reader may like them or leave them (unless he is pretty sure of himself, he may be advised to try *Walden* first), he will find nowhere

else the same combination of pure nature and austere philosophy. It is hard even to see with what to compare them, or to conceive of any one else as having written them. If Marcus Aurelius, with half his sweetness of temper eliminated, and something of sharpness, together with liberal measures of cool intellectuality, injected, could have been united with Gilbert White rather less radically transformed, and if the resultant complex person had made it his business to write, we can perhaps imagine that his work would not have been in all respects unlike that of the sage of Walden; in saying which we have but taken a circuitous course back to our former position, that Thoreau was a man of his own kind.

He was an author from the beginning. Of that, as he said himself, he was never in doubt. His ceaseless observation of nature — which some have decried as lacking purpose and method — and his daily journal were deliberately chosen means to that end. "Here have I been these forty years learning the language of these fields that I may the better express myself." That was what he aimed at, let his subject be what it might, — to express *himself*. Few writers have ever treated their work more seriously, or studied their art more industriously. He talked sometimes, to be sure, as if there were no art about it. To listen to him in such a mood, one might suppose that the fact and the thought were the only things to be considered, and that language followed of itself. Such was neither his belief nor his practice. But he was one of the fortunate ones who by taking pains can produce an effect of easiness; who can recast and recast a sentence, and in the end leave it looking as if it had dropped from a running pen. One of the fortunates, we say; for an expression of innocent unconsciousness is as becoming in a sentence as in a face.

On this point a useful study in contrasts might be made between Thoreau

and a man who gladly acknowledged him as one of his masters. "Upon me," says Robert Louis Stevenson, "this pure, narrow, sunnily ascetic Thoreau had exercised a great charm. I have scarce written ten sentences since I was introduced to him, but his influence might be somewhere detected by a close observer." The observer would need to be very close indeed, the majority of Stevensonians will think, but that, true or false, is nothing to the purpose here. Stevenson and Thoreau both made writing a lifelong study, and with exceedingly diverse results. The Scotchman's style is the finer, but then it is sometimes in danger of becoming *superfine*. We may not wish it different. Such work must be as it is. It could hardly be better without being worse, the writing of fine prose being always a question of compromises, a gain here for a loss there, a choice of imperfections; perfect prose being in fact impossible, except in the briefest snatches. But surely Stevenson's gift was not an absolute naturalness and transparency, such as lets the thought show through on the instant, and leaves the beauty of the verbal medium to catch the attention afterward, if the reader will. "For love of lovely words" an artist of Stevenson's temperament, however sound his theories, may sometimes find it hard to make a righteous choice between the music of an exquisite cadence and the pure expressiveness of a halting phrase. The author of *Walden* had his literary temptations, but not of this kind. Let the phrase halt, so long as it expressed a sturdy truth in sturdy fashion. As for that homely quality — "careless country talk" — which Thoreau prayed for, and in a measure received, it is questionable whether Stevenson ever sought it, though he would no doubt have assented to Thoreau's words: "Homeliness is almost as great a merit in a book as in a house, if the reader would abide there. It is next to beauty, and a very high art."

Thoreau, indeed, first as a spiritual

economist, and next as an artist, had a natural relish for the common and the plain. Every landscape that was dreary enough, as he says of Cape Cod, had a certain beauty in his eyes. Whether in literature or in life, he preferred the beauty that is inherent. Ornament, beauty laid on, did not much attract him. Among persons, it was the wilder-seeming, the less tamed and cultivated, with whom he liked to converse, and whose sayings he oftenest recorded. Though they might be crabbed specimens, "run all to thorn and rind, and crowded out of shape by adverse circumstances, like the third chestnut in the burr," they were still what nature made them. Even a crowd pleased him, if it was composed of the right materials, — that is to say, if it was rude enough. Thus he, a hermit, took pleasure in the autumnal cattle-show. With what a touch of affection he lays on the colors! "The wind goes hurrying down the country, gleaning every loose straw that is left in the fields, while every farmer lad too appears to scud before it, — having donned his best pea-jacket and pepper-and-salt waistcoat, his unbent trousers, outstanding rigging of duck or kerseymere or corduroy, and his furry hat withal, — to country fairs and cattle-shows, to that Rome among the villages where the treasures of the year are gathered. All the land over they go leaping the fences with their tough, idle palms, which have never learned to hang by their sides, amid the low of calves and the bleating of sheep, — Amos, Abner, Elnathan, Elbridge, —

'From steep pine-bearing mountains to the plain.'

I love these sons of earth, every mother's son of them." It is worth while to see the country's people, he thinks, and even the "supple vagabond," who is "sure to appear on the least rumor of such a gathering, and the next day to disappear, and go into his hole like the seventeen-year locust."

For the average reader, be it said,

there is nothing better in Thoreau than his thumb-nail sketches of humble, everyday humanity; as there is no part of his work, not even his denunciations of worldly conformity or his picturing of nature's moods, which is done more truly *con amore*. A man need not be an idealist or a nature-worshiper to like the Canadian wood-chopper, for example, cousin to the pine and the rock, who never was tired in his life, and, stranger still, sometimes acted as if he were "thinking for himself and expressing his own opinions;" or the old fisherman, always haunting the river in serene afternoons, and "almost rustling with the sedge;" or the Cape Cod wrecker, whose face was "like an old sail endowed with life," — one of the Pilgrims, perhaps, who had "kept on the back side of the Cape and let the centuries go by;" or the free-spoken Wellfleet oysterman, "a poor good-for-nothing crittur," now "under petticoat government," who yet remembered George Washington as "a r-a-ther large and portly-looking man, with a pretty good leg as he sat on his horse;" or the iron-jawed Nauset woman, who seemed to be shouting at you through a breaker, and who looked "as if it made her head ache to live;" or the country soldier boy on his way to muster, in full regimentals, with shouldered musket and military step, who in a lonely place in the woods is suddenly abashed at the sight of a stranger approaching, and is hard put to it to get by in anything like military order.

Men like these, natural men, Thoreau could describe as sympathetically as if they had been so many woodchucks or hen-hawks. As he said of his own boyhood, they were "part and parcel of nature" itself. As for fine manners parading about in fine clothes, how should he, a rustic jealous of his rusticity, presume to know what, if anything, might be going on under all that broadcloth?

Whether it would have been better for him had his taste been more liberal in

this respect is a question about which it might be useless to speculate. Breadth may easily be sought at too great an expense, especially by one who has a distinct and highly individual work to accomplish. Economy, even at its best, has something pinched and ungenerous in its look, if not in its very nature, and it is not every good quality that a spiritual economist can afford to cultivate. First of all he must be himself. But that some of Thoreau's private and hasty remarks, in his letters and journals, about the meanness of his fellow-creatures, might profitably have been left unprinted, is less open to doubt. They were expressions of moods rather than of convictions, it is fair to assume, and in any event would never have been printed by their author, one of whose cravings was for some kind of india-rubber that would rub out at once all which it cost him so many perusals and so much reluctance to erase. It is pretty hard justice that holds a man publicly to everything he scribbles in private, — as if no allowance were to be made for whim and the provocation of the moment. The charm of a journal, as Thoreau says, consists in a "certain greenness." It is "a record of experiences and growth, not a preserve of things well done or said." After which it may be confessed that even from *Walden* and the *Week*, published in the author's lifetime, it is possible to discover that charity and sweetness were not his most noticeable characteristics. Taste him after Gilbert White, and contrast the mellowness of the one with the sharp, assertive quality of the other. Thoreau was a wild apple, and would have been proud of the name, suggestive of that "tang and smack" which he so feelingly celebrated. "Nonesuch" and "seek-no-further" were very tame and forgettable, he thought, as compared with the wildings, even the acrid and the puckery among which he begrudged to the cider-mill. It is in part this very "tang and smack," we may be sure, that makes his

books keep so well in Time's literary cellar.

His humor, especially, "indispensable pledge of sanity," as he calls it, is of that best of fruity flavors, a pleasant sour. Some, indeed, emulating his own fertility in paradox, have maintained that he had no humor, while others have rebuked him for priggishly excluding it from his later work. Did such critics never read *Cape Cod*? There, surely, Thoreau gave his natural drollery full play, — an almost antinomian liberty, to take a word out of those ecclesiastical histories, with the reading of which, under his umbrella, he so patiently enlivened his sandy march from Orleans to Provincetown. "As I sat on a hill one sultry Sunday afternoon," he says, "the meeting-house windows being open, my meditations were interrupted by the noise of a preacher who shouted like a boatswain, profaning the quiet atmosphere, and who, I fancied, must have taken off his coat. Few things could have been more disgusting or disheartening. I wished the tithing-man would stop him." Charles Lamb himself could not have bettered the delicious, biting absurdity of that final touch. It was not this Boanergian minister, but a man of an earlier generation, of whom we are told that he wrote a *Body of Divinity*, a book "frequently sneered at, particularly by those who have read it." The whole Cape, past and present, was looked at half quizzically by its inland visitor. The very houses "seemed, like mariners ashore, to have sat right down to enjoy the firmness of the land, without studying their postures or habiliments," — a description not to be fully appreciated except by those who have seen a Cape Cod village, with its buildings dropped here and there at haphazard upon the sand. Here, as everywhere, he was hungry for particulars; now improvising a rude quadrant with which to calculate the height of the bank at Highland Light, now, by ingenious but "not impertinent"

questions, and for his private satisfaction only, getting at the contents of a schoolboy's dinner-pail, — the homeliest facts being always "the most acceptable to an inquiring mind." Thoreau's mother, by the bye, had some reputation as a gossip.

His work, humorous or serious, transcendental or matter-of-fact, is all the fruit of his own tree. Whatever its theme, nature or man, it is all of one spirit. Say what you will of it, it is never insipid. As his friend Channing said, it has its "stoical merits," its "uncomfortableness." Well might its author express his sympathy with the barberry bush, whose business is to ripen its fruit, not to sweeten it, — and to protect it with thorns. "Seek the lotus, and take a draught of rapture," was Margaret Fuller's rather high-flown advice to him; yet she too perceived that his mind was "not a soil for the citron and the rose, but for the whortleberry, the pine, or the heather." In all his books it would be next to impossible to find a pretty phrase or a sentimental one. He resorted to nature — in his less inquisitive hours — for the mood into which it put him, the invigoration, the serenity, the mental activity it communicated. But his pleasure in it, as compared with Wordsworth's or Hazlitt's, to take very dissimilar examples, was mostly an intellectual affair, the reader is tempted to say, though the remark needs qualification. One remembers such a passage as that descriptive of a winter twilight in Yellow Birch Swamp, where the gleams of the birches, as he came to one after another of them, "each time made his heart beat faster." Yet even here we are told of his ecstasy rather than made to feel it; and in general, surely, though he valued his emotions, and went to the woods and fields to enjoy them, they were such emotions as belonged to a pretty stoical sort of Epicurean; less rapturous than Wordsworth's, less tender than Hazlitt's, and with no trace of the brooding melancholy

which makes the charm of books like *Obermann* and the journal of *Amiel*. He delighted in artless country music (it does not appear that he ever heard any other, and of course he felicitated himself upon this as upon all the rest of his poverty; it was only the depraved ear, he thought, that needed the opera), but let any reader try to imagine him writing this bit out of one of Hazlitt's essays:

"I remember once strolling along the margin of a stream, skirted with willows and plashy sedges, in one of those low, sheltered valleys on Salisbury Plain, where the monks of former ages had planted chapels and built hermits' cells. There was a little parish church near, but tall elms and quivering alders hid it from sight, when, all of a sudden, I was startled by the sound of the full organ pealing on the ear, accompanied by rustic voices and the willing quire of village maids and children. It rose, indeed, 'like an exhalation of rich distilled perfumes.' The dew from a thousand pastures was gathered in its softness; the silence of a thousand years spoke in it. It came upon the heart like the calm beauty of death; fancy caught the sound, and faith mounted on it to the skies. It filled the valley like a mist, and still poured out its endless chant, and still it swells upon the ear, and wraps me in a golden trance, drowning the noisy tumult of the world!"

Here is another spirit than Thoreau's, another voice, another kind of prose, — prose with the throb and even the accent of poetry. Stoics and spiritual economists do not write in this strain, nor is this the manner of a too envious observer of particulars. For better or worse, the prose of our poet-naturalist went squarely on its feet. His fancy might be never so nimble; conceit and paradox might fairly make a cloud about him; but he essayed no flights. If his heart beat faster at some beauty of sight or sound, he said so quietly, with no change of voice, and passed on. As far as the mere writing went, it was done in straightforward.

honest fashion, as if a man rather than an author held the pen.

Thoreau believed in well-packed sentences, each expressive of its own thought, rememberable and quotable. Of the beauties of a flowing style he had heard something too much. In practice, nevertheless, whether through design or by some natural felicity, he steered a middle course. The sentences might be complete in themselves, detachable, able to stand alone, but the paragraph never lacked a logical and even a formal cohesion. It was not a collection of "infinitely repellent particles," nor even a "basket of nuts." A great share of the writer's art, as he taught it, lay in leaving out the unessential, — the getting in of the essential having first been taken for granted. As for readers, in his more exalted moods he wished to write so well that there would be few to appreciate him; sometimes, indeed, he seemed to desire no readers at all. He speaks with stern disapproval of such as trouble themselves upon that point and "would fain have one reader before they die." A lamentable weakness, truly.

In his present estate, however, let us hope that he carries himself a shade less haughtily, and is not above an innocent pleasure in the spread of his earthly fame, in new readers and new editions, and such choicely limited popularity as befits a classic. Even in his lifetime, as Emerson tells the story, he once tried to believe that something in his lecture might interest a little girl who told him she was going to hear it if it was n't to be one of those old philosophical things that she did not care about; and this although he had just been maintaining, characteristically, that whatever succeeded with an audience must be bad. He speaks somewhere against luxurious books, with superfluous paper and marginal embellishments. His taste was Spartan in those days. But he was never a

stickler for consistency, and we may indulge a comfortable assurance that he takes no offense now at the sight of his Cape Cod journey — in which he worked so hard on that soft, leg-tiring Back-Side beach to get the ocean into him — decked out in colors and set forth sumptuously in two volumes. It is a very modest author who fears that his text will be outshone by any pictures, no matter how splendid. But who would have thought it, fifty years ago, — a book by the hermit of Walden in an *édition de luxe*, to lie on parlor tables! If only his father and his brother John could have seen it!

Thoreau believed in himself and in the soundness of his work. He coveted readers, and believed that he should have them. Without question he wrote for the future, and foresaw himself safe from oblivion. Emerson regretted Henry's want of ambition, we are told. He might have spared himself. "Show me a man who consults his genius," said Thoreau, "and you have shown me a man who cannot be advised." And he was the man. He was following an ambition of his own. If he did not keep step with his companions, it was because he "heard a different drummer." His ambition and what seemed his wayward singularity have been justified by the event. His "strange, self-centred, solitary figure, unique in the annals of literature," is in no danger of being forgotten. But what is most cheering about his present increasing vogue, especially in England, is that it arises from the very quality that Thoreau himself most prized, the innermost thing in him, — the loftiness and purity of his thought. Simplicity, faith, devotion to the essential and the permanent, — these were never more needed than now. These he taught, and, by a happy fate, he linked them with those natural themes that change not with time, and so can never become obsolete.

Bradford Torrey.

A LIVING GOD.

I.

OF whatever dimension, the temples or shrines of pure Shintō are all built in the same archaic style. The typical shrine is a windowless oblong building of unpainted timber, with a very steep overhanging roof; the front is the gable-end; and the upper part of the perpetually closed doors is wooden lattice-work, — usually a grating of bars closely set and crossing each other at right angles. In most cases the structure is raised slightly above the ground on wooden pillars; and the queer peaked façade with its visor-like apertures, and the fantastic projections of beam-work above its gable-angle, might remind the European traveler of certain old Gothic forms of dormer. There is no artificial color. The plain wood¹ soon turns, under the action of rain and sun, to a natural gray, varying according to surface exposure from the silvery tone of birch-bark to the sombre gray of basalt. So shaped and so tinted, the isolated country *yashiro* may seem less like a work of joinery than a feature of the scenery, — a rural form related to nature as closely as rocks and trees, — a something that came into existence only as a manifestation of Ohotsuchi-no-Kami, the Earth-god, the primeval Soul of the land.

Why certain architectural forms produce in the beholder a feeling of weirdness is a question about which I should like to theorize some day; at present I shall venture only to say that Shintō shrines evoke such a feeling. It grows with familiarity instead of weakening; and a knowledge of popular beliefs is apt to intensify it. We have no English words by which these queer shapes can be sufficiently described, much less any language able to communicate the pecu-

¹ Usually *keyaki* (*Planeca japonica*).

liar impression which they make. Those Shintō terms which we loosely render by the words "temple" and "shrine" are really untranslatable; I mean that the Japanese ideas attaching to them cannot be conveyed by translation. The so-called "august house" of the Kami is not so much a temple, in the classic meaning of the term, as it is a haunted room, a spirit-chamber, a ghost-house; many of the lesser divinities being veritably ghosts, — ghosts of great warriors and heroes and rulers and teachers, who lived and loved and died hundreds or thousands of years ago. I fancy that to the Western mind the word "ghost-house" will convey, better than such terms as "shrine" and "temple," some vague notion of the strange character of the Shintō *miya* or *yashiro*, — containing in its perpetual dusk nothing more substantial than symbols or tokens, the latter probably of paper. Now the emptiness behind the visored front is more suggestive than anything material could possibly be; and when you remember that millions of people during thousands of years have worshiped their great dead before such *yashiro*, that a whole race still believes those buildings tenanted by viewless conscious personalities, you are apt also to reflect how difficult it would be to prove the faith absurd. Nay! in spite of Occidental reluctances, in spite of whatever you may think it expedient to say or not to say at a later time about the experience, you may very likely find yourself for a moment forced into the attitude of respect toward possibilities. Mere cold reasoning will not help you far in the opposite direction. The evidence of the senses counts for little: you know there are ever so many realities which can neither be seen nor heard nor felt, but which exist as forces, — tremendous forces. Then again you can-

not mock the conviction of forty millions of people while that conviction thrills all about you like the air, — while conscious that it is pressing upon your psychical being just as the atmosphere presses upon your physical being. As for myself, whenever I am alone in the presence of a Shintō shrine, I have the sensation of being haunted; and I cannot help thinking about the possible apperceptions of the haunter. And this tempts me to fancy how I should feel if I myself were a god, — dwelling in some old gray shrine on the summit of a hill, guarded by stone lions and shadowed by a holy grove.

Elfishly small my habitation might be, but never too small, because I should have neither size nor form. I should be only a vibration, — a motion invisible as of ether or of magnetism; though able sometimes to shape me a shadow-body, in the likeness of my former visible self, when I should wish to make apparition.

As air to the bird, as water to the fish, so would all substance be permeable to the essence of me. I should pass at will through the walls of my dwelling to swim in the long gold bath of a sun-beam, to thrill in the heart of a flower, to ride on the neck of a dragon-fly.

Power above life and power over death would be mine, and the power of self-extension, and the power of self-multiplication, and the power of being in all places at one and the same moment. Simultaneously in a hundred homes I should hear myself worshiped, I should inhale the vapor of a hundred offerings; each evening, from my place within a hundred household shrines, I should see the holy lights lighted for me in lamplets of red clay, in lamplets of brass, — the lights of the Kami, kindled with purest fire and fed with purest oil.

But in my yashiro upon the hill I should have greatest honor: there sometimes I should gather the multitude of my selves together; there should I unify my powers to answer supplication.

From the dusk of my ghost-house I should look for the coming of sandaled feet, and watch brown supple fingers weaving to my bars the knotted papers which are records of vows, and watch the motion of the lips of my worshipers making prayer: —

— “*Harai tamai kiyomé tamai to Kami imi tami!* . . . We have beaten drums, we have lighted fires, yet the land thirsts and the rice fails. Deign out of thy divine pity to give us rain, O Daimyōjin!”

— “*Harai tamai kiyomé tamai to Kami imi tami!* . . . I am dark, too dark, because I have toiled in the field, because the sun hath looked upon me. Deign thou augustly to make me white, very white, — white like the women of the city, O Daimyōjin!”

— “*Harai tamai kiyomé tamai to Kami imi tami!* . . . For Tsukamoto Motokichi our son, a soldier of twenty-nine: that he may conquer and come back quickly to us, — soon, very soon, — we humbly supplicate, O Daimyōjin!”

Sometimes a girl would whisper all her heart to me: “Maiden of eighteen years, I am loved by a youth of twenty. He is good; he is true; but poverty is with us, and the path of our love is dark. Aid us with thy great divine pity! — help us that we may become united, O Daimyōjin!” Then to the bars of my shrine she would hang a thick soft tress of hair, — her own hair, glossy and black as the wing of the crow, and bound with a cord of mulberry-paper. And in the fragrance of that offering, — the simple fragrance of her peasant youth, — I, the ghost and god, should find again the feelings of the years when I was man and lover.

Mothers would bring their children to my threshold, and teach them to revere me, saying, “Bow down before the

great bright God ; make homage to the Daimyōjin." Then I should hear the fresh soft clapping of little hands, and remember that I, the ghost and god, had been a father.

Daily I should hear the plash of pure cool water poured out for me, and the tinkle of thrown coin, and the pattering of dry rice into my wooden box, like a pattering of rain ; and I should be refreshed by the spirit of the water, and strengthened by the spirit of the rice.

Festivals would be held to honor me. Priests, black-coiffed and linen-vestured, would bring me offerings of fruits and fish and seaweed and rice-cakes and rice-wine, — masking their faces with sheets of white paper, so as not to breathe upon my food. And the *miko* their daughters, fair girls in crimson *hakama*, and robes of snowy white, would come to dance with tinkling of little bells, with waving of silken fans, that I might be gladdened by the bloom of their youth, that I might delight in the charm of their grace. And there would be music of many thousand years ago, — weird music of drums and flutes, and songs in a tongue no longer spoken, while the *miko*, the darlings of the gods, would poise and pose before me : —

. . . " *Whose virgins are these, — the virgins who stand like flowers before the Deity ? They are the virgins of the august Deity.*

" *The august music, the dancing of the virgins, the Deity will be pleased to hear, the Deity will rejoice to see.*

" *Before the great bright God the virgins dance, — the virgins all like flowers newly opened.*" . . .

Votive gifts of many kinds I should be given : painted paper lanterns bearing my sacred name, and towels of divers colors printed with the number of the years of the giver, and pictures commemorating the fulfillment of prayers for the healing of sickness, the saving

of ships, the quenching of fire, the birth of sons.

Also my Karashishi, my guardian lions, would be honored. I should see my pilgrims tying sandals of straw to their necks and to their paws, with prayer to the Karashishi-Sama for strength of foot.

I should see fine moss, like emerald fur, growing slowly, slowly, upon the backs of those lions ; I should see the sprouting of lichens upon their flanks and upon their shoulders, in specklings of dead-silver, in patches of dead-gold ; I should watch, through years of generations, the gradual sideward sinking of their pedestals undermined by frost and rain, until at last my lions would lose their balance, and fall, and break their mossy heads off. After which the people would give me new lions of another form, — lions of granite or of bronze, with gilded teeth and gilded eyes, and tails like a torment of fire.

Between the trunks of the cedars and pines, between the jointed columns of the bamboos, I should observe, season after season, the changes of the colors of the valley : the falling of the snow of winter and the falling of the snow of cherry-flowers ; the lilac spread of the *gengebana* ; the blazing yellow of the *natané* ; the sky-blue mirrored in flooded levels, — levels dotted with the moon-shaped hats of the toiling people who would love me ; and at last the pure and tender green of the growing rice.

The *moku*-birds and the *uguisu* would fill the shadows of my grove with ripplings and purlings of melody ; the bell-insects, the crickets, and the seven marvelous cicadæ of summer would make all the wood of my ghost-house thrill to their musical storms. Betimes I should enter, like an ecstasy, into the tiny lives of them, to quicken the joy of their clamor, to magnify the sonority of their song.

But I never can become a god, — for this is the nineteenth century ; and no-

body can be really aware of the nature of the sensations of a god — unless there be gods in the flesh. Are there? Perhaps — in very remote districts — one or two. There used to be living gods.

Anciently any man who did something extraordinarily great or good or wise or brave might be declared a god after his death, no matter how humble his condition in life. Also good people who had suffered great cruelty and injustice might be apotheosized; and there still survives the popular inclination to pay posthumous honor and to make prayer to the spirits of those who die voluntary deaths under particular circumstances, — to souls of unhappy lovers, for example. (Probably the old customs which made this tendency had their origin only in the wish to appease the vexed spirit, although to-day the experience of great suffering seems to be thought of as qualifying its possessor for divine conditions of being; and there would be no foolishness whatever in such a thought.) But there were even more remarkable deifications. Certain persons, while still alive, were honored by having temples built for their spirits, and were treated as gods; not, indeed, as national gods, but as lesser divinities, — tutelar deities, perhaps, or village-gods. There was, for instance, Hamaguchi Gohei, a farmer of the district of Arita in the province of Kishu, who was made a god before he died. And I think he deserved it.

II.

Before telling the story of Hamaguchi Gohei, I must say a few words about certain laws — or, more correctly speaking, customs having all the force of laws — by which many village communities were ruled in pre-Meiji times. These customs were based upon the social experience of ages; and though they differed in minor details according to province or district, their main signification was everywhere about the same. Some were ethical, some industrial, some relig-

ious; and all matters were regulated by them, even individual behavior. They preserved peace, and they compelled mutual help and mutual kindness. Sometimes there might be serious fighting between different villages, — little peasant wars about questions of water-supply or boundaries; but quarreling between men of the same community could not be tolerated in an age of vendetta, and the whole village would resent any needless disturbance of the internal peace. To some degree this state of things still exists in the more old-fashioned provinces: the people know how to live without quarreling, not to say fighting. Anywhere, as a general rule, Japanese fight only to kill; and when a sober man goes so far as to strike a blow, he virtually rejects communal protection, and takes his life into his own hands with every probability of losing it.

The private conduct of the other sex was regulated by some remarkable obligations entirely outside of written codes. A peasant girl, before marriage, enjoyed far more liberty than was permitted to city girls. She might be known to have a lover; and unless her parents objected very strongly, no blame would be given to her: it was regarded as an honest union, — honest, at least, as to intention. But having once made a choice, the girl was held bound by that choice. If it were discovered that she met another admirer secretly, the people would strip her naked, allowing her only a *shuro*-leaf for apron, and drive her in mockery through every street and alley of the village. During this public disgrace of their daughter, the parents of the girl dared not show their faces abroad; they were expected to share her shame, and they had to remain in their house, with all the shutters fastened up. Afterward the girl was sentenced to banishment for five years. But at the end of that period she was considered to have expiated her fault, and she could return home with the certainty of being spared further reproaches.

The obligation of mutual help in time of calamity or danger was the most imperative of all communal obligations. In case of fire, especially, everybody was required to give immediate aid to the best of his or her ability. Even children were not exempted from this duty. In towns and cities, of course, things were differently ordered; but in any little country village the universal duty was very plain and simple, and its neglect would have been considered unpardonable.

A curious fact is that this obligation of mutual help extended to religious matters: everybody was expected to invoke the help of the gods for the sick or the unfortunate, whenever asked to do so. For example, the entire village might be ordered to make a *sendo-mairi*¹ on behalf of some one seriously ill. On such occasions the Kumi-cho (each Kumi-cho was responsible for the conduct of five or more families) would run from house to house, crying, "Such and such a one is very sick: kindly hasten all to make a *sendo-mairi*!" Thereupon, however occupied for the moment, every soul in the settlement was expected to hurry to the temple, — taking care not to trip or stumble on the way, as a single misstep during the performance of a *sendo-mairi* was believed to mean misfortune for the sick. . . .

III.

Now concerning Hamaguchi.

From immemorial time the shores of Japan have been swept, at irregular intervals of centuries, by enormous tidal waves, — tidal waves caused by earthquakes or by submarine volcanic action. These awful sudden risings of the sea are called by the Japanese *tsunami*. The last one occurred on the evening of

June 17, 1896, when a wave nearly two hundred miles long struck the northeastern provinces of Miyagi, Iwaté, and Aomori: wrecking scores of towns and villages, ruining whole districts, and destroying nearly thirty thousand human lives. . . . The story of Hamaguchi Gohei is the story of a like calamity which happened long before the era of Meiji, on another part of the Japanese coast.

He was an old man at the time of the occurrence that made him famous. He was the most influential resident of the village to which he belonged: he had been for many years its *muraosa*, or headman; and he was not less liked than respected. The people usually called him *Ojisan*, which means Grandfather; but, being the richest member of the community, he was sometimes officially referred to as the Chōja. He used to advise the smaller farmers about their interests, to arbitrate their disputes, to advance them money at need, and to dispose of their rice for them on the best terms possible.

Hamaguchi's big thatched farmhouse stood at the verge of a small plateau, overlooking a bay. The plateau, mostly devoted to rice culture, was hemmed in on three sides by thickly wooded summits. From its outer verge the land sloped down in a huge green concavity, as if scooped out, to the edge of the water; and the whole of this slope, some three quarters of a mile long, was so terraced as to look, when viewed from the open sea, like an enormous flight of green steps, divided in the centre by a narrow white zigzag, a streak of mountain road. Ninety thatched dwellings and a Shintō temple, composing the village proper, stood along the curve of the bay; and other houses climbed strag-

¹ To perform a *sendo-mairi* means to make one thousand visits to a temple, and to repeat one thousand invocations to the deity. But it is considered necessary only to go from the gate, or the torii of the temple-court, to the place of prayer, and back, one thousand times,

repeating the invocation each time; and the task may be divided among any number of persons, — ten visits by one hundred persons, for instance, being quite as efficacious as a thousand visits by a single person.

gling up the slope for some distance on either side of the narrow road leading to the Chōja's home.

One autumn evening Hamaguchi Gohei was looking down from the balcony of his house at some preparations for a merry-making in the village below. There had been a very fine rice-crop, and the peasants were going to celebrate their harvest by a dance in the court of the *ujigami*.¹ The old man could see the festival banners (*nobori*) fluttering above the roofs of the solitary street, the strings of paper lanterns festooned between bamboo poles, the decorations of the shrine, and the brightly colored gathering of the young people. He had nobody with him that evening but his little grandson, a lad of ten; the rest of the household having gone early to the village. He would have accompanied them had he not been feeling less strong than usual.

The day had been oppressive; and in spite of a rising breeze, there was still in the air that sort of heavy heat which, according to the experience of the Japanese peasant, at certain seasons precedes an earthquake. And presently an earthquake came. It was not strong enough to frighten anybody; but Hamaguchi, who had felt hundreds of shocks in his time, thought it was queer, — a long, slow, spongy motion. Probably it was but the after-tremor of some immense seismic action very far away. The house crackled and rocked gently several times; then all became still again.

As the quaking ceased Hamaguchi's keen old eyes were anxiously turned toward the village. It often happens that the attention of a person gazing fixedly at a particular spot or object is suddenly diverted by the sense of something not knowingly seen at all, — by a mere vague feeling of the unfamiliar in that dim outer circle of unconscious perception which lies beyond the field of clear

¹ Shintō parish temple.

vision. Thus it chanced that Hamaguchi became aware of something unusual in the offing. He rose to his feet, and looked at the sea. It had darkened quite suddenly, and it was acting strangely. It seemed to be moving against the wind. *It was running away from the land.*

Within a very little time the whole village had noticed the phenomenon. Apparently no one had felt the previous motion of the ground, but all were evidently astounded by the movement of the water. They were running to the beach, and even beyond the beach, to watch it. No such ebb had been witnessed on that coast within the memory of living man. Things never seen before were making apparition; unfamiliar spaces of ribbed sand and reaches of weed-hung rock were left bare even as Hamaguchi gazed. And none of the people below appeared to guess what that monstrous ebb signified.

Hamaguchi Gohei himself had never seen such a thing before; but he remembered things told him in his childhood by his father's father, and he knew all the traditions of the coast. He understood what the sea was going to do. Perhaps he thought of the time needed to send a message to the village, or to get the priests of the Buddhist temple on the hill to sound their big bell. . . . But it would take very much longer to tell what he might have thought than it took him to think. He simply called to his grandson: —

"Tada! — quick, — very quick! . . . Light me a torch."

Taimatsu, or pine-torches, are kept in many coast dwellings for use on stormy nights, and also for use at certain Shintō festivals. The child kindled a torch at once; and the old man hurried with it to the fields, where hundreds of rice-stacks, representing most of his invested capital, stood awaiting transportation. Approaching those nearest the verge of the slope, he began to apply

the torch to them, — hurrying from one to another as quickly as his aged limbs could carry him. The sun-dried stalks caught like tinder; the strengthening sea-breeze blew the blaze landward; and presently, rank behind rank, the stacks burst into flame, sending skyward columns of smoke that met and mingled into one enormous cloudy whirl. Tada, astonished and terrified, ran after his grandfather, crying,

“Ojisan! why? Ojisan! why? — why?”

But Hamaguchi did not answer: he had no time to explain; he was thinking only of the four hundred lives in peril. For a while the child stared wildly at the blazing rice; then burst into tears, and ran back to the house, feeling sure that his grandfather had gone mad. Hamaguchi went on firing stack after stack, till he had reached the limit of his field; then he threw down his torch, and waited. The acolyte of the hill-temple, observing the blaze, set the big bell booming; and the people responded to the double appeal. Hamaguchi watched them hurrying in from the sands and over the beach and up from the village, like a swarming of ants, and, to his anxious eyes, scarcely faster; for the moments seemed terribly long to him. The sun was going down; the wrinkled bed of the bay, and a vast sallow speckled expanse beyond it, lay naked to the last orange glow; and still the sea was fleeing toward the horizon.

Really, however, Hamaguchi did not have very long to wait before the first party of succor arrived, — a score of agile young peasants, who wanted to attack the fire at once. But the Chōja, holding out both arms, stopped them.

“Let it burn, lads!” he commanded, — “let it be! I want the whole *mura* here. There is a great danger, — *taihen desū!*”

The whole village was coming; and Hamaguchi counted. All the young men and boys were soon on the spot, and not

a few of the more active women and girls; then most of the older folk, and mothers with babies at their backs, and even children, — for children could help to pass water; and the elders too feeble to keep up with the first rush could be seen well on their way up the steep ascent. The growing multitude, still knowing nothing, looked alternately, in sorrowful wonder, at the flaming fields and at the impassive face of their Chōja. And the sun went down.

“Grandfather is mad, — I am afraid of him!” sobbed Tada, in answer to a number of questions. “He is mad. He set fire to the rice on purpose: I saw him do it!”

“As for the rice,” cried Hamaguchi, “the child tells the truth. I set fire to the rice. . . . Are all the people here?”

The Kumicho and the heads of families looked about them, and down the hill, and made reply: “All are here, or very soon will be. . . . We cannot understand this thing.”

“*Aré!*” shouted the old man at the top of his voice, pointing to the open. “Say now if I be mad!”

Through the twilight eastward all looked, and saw at the edge of the dusky horizon a long, lean, dim line like the shadowing of a coast where no coast ever was, — a line that thickened as they gazed, that broadened as a coast-line broadens to the eyes of one approaching it, yet incomparably more quickly. For that long darkness was the returning sea, towering like a cliff, and coursing more swiftly than the kite flies.

“*Tsunami!*” shrieked the people; and then all shrieks and all sounds and all power to hear sounds were annihilated by a nameless shock heavier than any thunder, as the colossal swell smote the shore with a weight that sent a shudder through all the hills, and a foam-burst like a blaze of sheet-lightning. Then for an instant nothing was visible but a storm of spray rushing up the slope like a cloud; and the people scattered back

in panic from the mere menace of it. When they looked again, they saw a mad torment of tossing water over the place of their homes. It drew back roaring, and tearing out the bowels of the land as it went. Twice, thrice, five times the sea struck and ebbcd, but each time with lesser surges; then it returned to its ancient bed and stayed, — still raging, as after a typhoon.

On the plateau for a time there was no word spoken. All stared speechlessly at the desolation beneath, — the horror of hurled rock and naked riven cliff, the bewilderment of scooped-up deep-sea wrack and shingle shot over the empty site of dwelling and temple. The village was not; the greater part of the fields were not; even the terraces had ceased to exist; and of all the homes that had been about the bay there remained nothing recognizable except two straw roofs tossing madly far out at sea. The after-terror of the death escaped and the stupefaction of the general loss kept all lips dumb, until the voice of Hamaguchi was heard again, observing gently, "That was why I set fire to the rice."

He, their Chōja, now stood among them almost as poor as the poorest; for his wealth was gone — but he had saved four hundred lives by the sacrifice. Little Tada ran to him, and caught his hand, and asked forgiveness for having said naughty things. Whereupon the people woke up to the knowledge of why they were alive, and began to wonder at the simple, unselfish foresight that had saved them; and the headmen prostrated themselves in the dust before Hamaguchi Gohei, and the people after them.

Then the old man wept a little, partly because he was happy, and partly because he was aged and weak and had been sorely tried.

"My house remains," he said, as soon as he could find words, automatically caressing Tada's brown cheeks; "and there is room for many. Also the tem-

ple on the hill stands; and there is shelter there for the others."

Then he led the way to his house; and the people cried and shouted.

The period of distress was long, because in those days there were no means of quick communication between district and district, and the help needed had to be sent from far away. But when better times came, the people did not forget their debt to Hamaguchi Gohei. They could not make him rich; nor would he have suffered them to do so, even had it been possible. Moreover, gifts would never have sufficed as an expression of their reverential feeling towards him; for they believed that the ghost within him was divine. So they declared him a god, and thereafter called him Hamaguchi Daimyōjin, knowing they could give him no greater honor; and truly no greater honor in any country could be given to mortal man. And when they rebuilt the village, they built a temple to the spirit of him, and fixed above the front of it a tablet bearing his name in Chinese text of gold; and they worshiped him there, with prayer and with offerings. How he felt about it I cannot say; I know only that he continued to live in his old thatched home upon the hill, with his children and his children's children, just as humanly and simply as before, while his soul was being worshiped in the shrine below. A hundred years and more he has been dead; but his temple, they tell me, still stands, and the people still pray to the ghost of the good old farmer to help them in time of fear or trouble.

I asked a Japanese philosopher and friend to explain to me how the peasants could rationally imagine the spirit of Hamaguchi in one place while his living body was in another. Also I inquired whether it was only one of his souls which they had worshiped during his life, and whether they imagined that one

soul to have detached itself from the rest merely to receive homage.

"The peasants," my friend answered, "think of the mind or spirit of a person as something which, even during life, can be in many places at the same instant. . . . Such an idea is, of course, quite different from any Western ideas about the soul."

"Any more rational?" I mischievously asked.

"Well," he responded, with a Buddhist smile, "if we accept the doctrine of the unity of all mind, the idea of the Japanese peasant would appear to contain at least some adumbration of truth. I could not say so much for your Western notions about the soul."

Lafcadio Hearn.

SIR GEORGE TRESSADY.

It is a good instance of the tyranny of the novel-form in modern literature that a writer like Mrs. Ward should accept it as her proper mode of expression. She is not a novelist by nature and scarcely one by grace, but she goes on her brilliant way, adding one person after another to her world of imaginary beings, bringing them into existence not so much by a creative fiat as by the exercise of an intellectual industry which works after good patterns. Why is it that the more perfectly a wax figure simulates life the more objectionable it becomes, the farthest removed from genuine life? What is there in art, literary or plastic, which requires the making anew before we resign ourselves to entire satisfaction in what reflects our common humanity? And why is it that the cleverer the mere imitation of humanity, the more dissatisfied we are in the end, even though we have been truly interested as we have come under the influence of the imitator?

These are questions which tease us as we lay down *Sir George Tressady*.¹ What greater intellectual pleasure of an easy sort can one have than the society through two volumes of a group of cultivated people busy over the game of

politics, and disclosing meanwhile not only earnestness of purpose, but the inevitable breaking through the crust of politics into real life itself? To be sure, a mere pleasure-seeker comes to be rather weary of the iteration of Letty's pettiness and Lady Tressady's ghastly vanity, and even the watcher of the game begins to suspect he has not quite technical knowledge enough to grasp at once the full meaning of all the moves. But after all is over, especially after he has been constrained to listen to the tickings of Sir George Tressady's life in a damp and dark underground passage, the reader who looks at books as works of art turns back upon this highly intellectual and rational performance, and, with a puzzled sense of having been almost deceived, comes nevertheless to the conviction that he has been at a most ingenious and interesting show, a species of museum of humanity, the objects being chiefly English men and women of the upper order, with a few specimens of the peasant class for effective contrast.

This is not to say that Mrs. Ward lost the thread of her story or had no distinct design. It is very clear that she had a somewhat novel and complicated problem of character to work out. As in her former morality, *Marcella*, she set herself the task of defining the development of a raw English girl with a head-

¹ *Sir George Tressady*. By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1896.

long zeal for social reform into a woman of rank with social and political power, so here she attacks, not indeed the obverse problem, but one curiously involved in the social and moral order which offers the field for her speculation. Sir George Tressady is a young fellow of parts, who has made the acquaintance of the British Empire by travel, and comes home to plunge at once into political life. Partly through friendship with a strong-willed leader of the opposition, partly from intellectual conviction, and partly again because of a temperament which makes him rather a spectator of life than an eager participant, he finds himself ranged with a party opposed to that led by Lord Maxwell, Marcella's husband. Maxwell's party is in power, and stands for very specific control of industrial conditions in the interest of the workingmen; the party in opposition, led by Lord Fontenoy, stands roughly for a *laissez-faire* policy, a class government, and an imperial ambition. The story opens with Sir George Tressady's success at the polls by which he is returned to Parliament, and the success which counts for rather more with him, the winning the hand of Letty Sewell, a selfish little toy of a girl, who plays her cards well in securing his affection. Letty's character, by the way, is so transparent to the reader from her first appearance that he is a little impatient at the ease with which this man of the world is entrapped. It is part of the author's plan, however, in the creation of her hero, that he shall have at the outset but a superficial investiture of feeling, and easy contentment with an ordinary ideal.

It is not long before Sir George catches up with the reader in his apprehension of Letty's shallowness, and at the same time comes under the spell of Marcella Maxwell's earnest devotion to the cause for which she and her husband stand. One who is familiar with Marcella through her earlier history is not surprised at the attitude which she now takes. She is entirely loyal to her

husband, but she has both consciously and unconsciously wedded herself also to the social reform which follows from the principles they hold, and in her absorption in this interest throws herself passionately into the plans of the government party. She is beautiful, she is in dead earnest, and her position gives her every opportunity for taking part in the political game. It is anything but a game to her; nevertheless, she is almost an automaton in it; that is to say, her part is to influence Tressady and win him over to the government; and though no one, except the foolish Letty, charges her silently or openly with fascinating the young member of Parliament, the fact remains that her personal appeal to him, made in various ways of which she is scarcely conscious, does effect the desired change, and at the critical moment Sir George goes over to the government and saves it from defeat.

The result is a spiritual new birth of the persons most intimately concerned. Sir George Tressady, facing the fact that he has surrendered himself out of love to a married woman, also discovers the nobility of her nature, and passes out of contentment with meaner ideals into a condition which, though full of restlessness, prophesies a growth of purpose in him; he conquers even his aversion from his wife. Letty has a spark of the higher life implanted in her thin nature, and though it has to be fanned very cautiously, one who has faith say as large as a kernel of corn may believe that she will be developed into a woman worth living with. Marcella, awakened to a sense of what she has done, is covered with a remorse which characteristically leads her into acts of great self-abnegation, and she labors to atone for the mischief, by reconciling wife and husband and drawing both within the salutary influence of her own large nature; more especially she discovers the wrong she has done her husband, not by disloyalty to him, but by a subtle subordina-

tion of him to the cause in which they are engaged.

It is this last moral which, lightly accented, is yet likely to remain most surely with the reader. For in spite of the prominence given to Sir George Tressady, the book is substantially a sequel to *Marcella*. The author has lavished most pains upon her, and the ethical problem involved in her career is plainly the one which concerns her most deeply. Mrs. Ward is a victim of the *Zeitgeist*, that scourge or that stimulant of literature, as one may choose to take it. Social reform, woman, politics, the relation of man and woman in the apparent readjustment of society, here is double, double, toil and trouble, and Mrs. Ward puts her fagots on the fire and watches the caldron bubble. Fiction is the prevailing form of literature, and she accepts it as the inevitable; and yet by a curious reversion in the end to her natural expression, after a violent dramatic pose in the crushing out of Sir George Tressady's life in a mine whither he has gone to rescue his men, she goes on and on with a sort of review of her hero's nature. For her interest is not primarily in the men and women whom she creates; it is in the people of the actual world in which she lives, and whom she tries to transfer to her novel. In doing this she is all the while preoccupied with the circumstances and the inner life of the prototypes of her fictitious characters so that when finally she takes leave of her hero, it occurs to her

to sit down and look at him in his death-struggles and try to explain him to herself and her friends. What artist who had gone out of herself through six or seven hundred pages in the disclosure of her hero would find it necessary at the end to bring in a sort of heavenly candle and go searching round in the poor man's heart and brain?

There is a humorous parable by Mr. James, entitled *The Real Thing*, where an artist designing to illustrate a novel of contemporaneous polite society, thinks himself at first very fortunate in having a real lady and a real gentleman to act as models, but discovers before long that they may be real enough in actual life, yet are inferior models, and he has recourse finally to a professional model. Mrs. Ward has not yet, we suspect, made the artist's discovery, but she is so brilliant a writer, she knows so well the world she aims to reproduce, and she is so good a pathologist in social health and disease, that one reads her novel with great pleasure. One has overheard clever people talk, he has become fairly well acquainted with a few persons who stand for a society which is full of interest, and he has even been drawn into a consideration of some very subtle movements below the surface. That ought to satisfy him, in these days when the world is turning itself inside out for readers of books; yet with the unreasonableness of one who has caught a glimpse of what art in fiction may be, he sighs for a world made anew by a great literary creator.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

POETRY.

If it were only to keep up the traditions of the greater American poetry, the infrequent volumes put forth by Mr. Aldrich would do a real service, and his new poem *Judith and Holofernes* (Houghton) reminds

us that there still are fine themes nobly handled. He has taken the Apocryphal story, concerning which a careful canvass amongst intelligent people would reveal an astonishing extent of uncertainty, and has put it into a form which must revive and

help to fix the memory of it. In the place of the stern Hebraic Judith of ancient writ, he makes his heroine, with all the rigor of her final deed, very much a woman, and moves her, at the crucial moment, to such pity that she almost abandons her purpose. In keeping with this character, Mr. Aldrich's verse has a grace that equals if it does not exceed its force; and though the narrative may not be deeply stirring, it is exceedingly well told, and satisfies one with the knowledge that the art of poetic story-telling, after the best traditions of its practice, is not a lost art. — The Appledore Edition of *The Poems of Celia Thaxter* (Houghton), with an introduction by Miss Jewett, is one of the books which really add something to a library of American literature. There is nothing new to be said of Mrs. Thaxter's poems. Miss Jewett's words in the present volume speak with an intimate sympathy of the writer's spiritual growth, and the new strength that came with it into her work. The poems themselves, arranged here in the order of their production, show how closely Mrs. Thaxter's inmost life was related to the great sources of poetry. Of course no other one of these was more constantly her inspiration than the sea; and if the receding tide of opinion, whose power no man can foretell, removes all else, it is safe to predict that it will leave the Isles of Shoals and their surrounding waters with an aspect upon the New England map different from that of any other region. The poet who brings about such changes, and at the same time "leaves his native air the sweeter for his song," as Mrs. Thaxter has left hers, does his countrymen no mean service. — Human skill in the making of sonnets is not on the decline. Two books, *The Lamp of Gold*, by Florence L. Snow (Way & Williams), and *A Cycle of Sonnets*, edited by Mabel Loomis Todd (Roberts), reveal considerable deftness in the technical working of the art. Both of the sequences, however, dealing with great themes of love, faith, and death, give fresh proof that sonnets must needs be very much more than well written before they can impress themselves deeply even upon readers with a liking for skillful verse. What the absent something is it would need an essay rather than a paragraph to tell. — In poetry even more than in prose it is a pleasure to find fitness of material dress to the particular

form of verse, and *A Quiet Road*, by Lizette Woodworth Reese (Houghton), immediately appeals to the reader as far as binding, paper, and typography can, introducing a spirit which is quaint without affectation and penetrated with that fine flavor of poetry which is not to be detached in epigrammatic line, but like "the stinging odor of the sea," as Miss Reese herself sings, resides in the whole conception of each poem. Yet there is a singularly fine definiteness of picture, as in *A Street Scene*, *An English Missal*, *On a Colonial Picture*, and many another verse. Miss Reese does not lose her way in singing, and though she has a distinct taste for picturesqueness, the clearness and directness of her taste save it from the slightest suspicion of mannerism. The volume shows, if not a new note in our literature, a genuine and rare poetic beauty. — *Songs Without Answer* is the slightly enigmatical title of a thin book of verse by Irene Putnam (Putnams), but the riddle may be guessed as one reads the lines which show in how inquiring a mood the writer stands before nature and life. There is now and then a sob in the verse, but for the most part there is a delicate apprehension, as if one turned over fallen leaves and lifted twigs in one's walk, always searching for a little more revelation from the world. The verses are not always melodious, but there is much that suggests a refined and sensitive ear. — *Esther*, a *Young Man's Tragedy*, together with *The Love-Sonnets of Proteus*, by Wilfred Scawen Blunt. (Copeland & Day.) This volume follows Rossetti's *House of Life* in a series of English love-sonnets which its publishers have begun to issue. Its form is of the kind for which Mr. Morris and the Kelmscott Press are primarily responsible, — a form made more familiar hereabouts by the skillful decorations of Mr. B. G. Goodhue. In *Esther* the poet has a more definite story to tell than most dealers in sonnet sequences. Though *The Love-Sonnets of Proteus*, on the other hand, are often individually as fine, they do not show as clearly what lesson in suffering has taught the singer his song. With the same virtue of separate strong sonnets, *Esther* has besides a unity, structural and dramatic, which the better known poem lacks. — *Out of a Silver Flute*, by Philip Verrill Mighels. (Tait & Sons.) By some ironic

fatality Mr. Mighels has put on the first pages of his book a number of quatrains which epitomize and caricature its most unhappy features. The first words of the first quatrain are "Old Sol," which dog-eared phrase cries out with only too prophetic a voice that triteness is to come. In the same quatrain the setting sun with its reflection in water is addressed with enthusiasm as "the golden exclamation point of God." After this charming conceit we are not surprised to hear Mount Shasta described as an "awe-inspiring I" in "God's chirography," nor to learn that the jelly-fish is "love-sick Neptune's wave-lorn kiss, tide-launched to nestle in a sea-nymph's tress." Silvern as may be the tones of Mr. Mighels' flute, the mellow stop of humor is lacking there. — *The Golden Shuttle*, by Marion Franklin Ham. (Printed by J. J. Little & Co., New York.) A volume of verse which has more excuse for being than some that come introduced by publishers. The writer has reproduced with some dexterity the impressions made on his ear and eye by nature; he has translated a few spiritual perceptions into terms of common life, and though he appears to be still in the imitative period, he follows with some firmness of step. There is evidence of painstaking, and there is more restraint than one commonly meets.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

One's own grandmother or elderly mother given the right side of the leaf to nibble, and so shrinking to the stature of childhood, is one of the perennial delights of children, and Miss Eliza Orne White, in *A Little Girl of Long Ago* (Houghton), has reproduced the little figure with its comrades in a truly charming manner. Something of the pleasure one gets from the portraits of little girls painted in the early part of the century is here, and the effect is heightened by the transcript in the illustrations of actual pictures of children. Miss White's touch is so sympathetic and so firm, and she has such a lurking fun, that the narrative never seems fictitious, and yet never is biographical. The story is one to be enjoyed in common by old and young, and of how few books can this be said! — With the holidays comes the usual triple presentment of the Henty boy, and his innumerable friends will find that young

gentleman as pleasingly modest and manly as ever. Guy Aylmer, in *At Agincourt*, a Tale of the White Hoods of Paris, has, as may be surmised, abundant opportunities to display all his heroic qualities, it even being given to him to save King Henry's life in the great battle. Stanley Brooke, in *On the Irrawaddy*, a Story of the First Burmese War, and Stephen Embleton, in *With Cochrane the Dauntless*, a Tale of the Exploits of Lord Cochrane in South American Waters, are both early nineteenth-century lads. The former does good service in one of the most terrible of England's little wars in the East, and we are glad to hear that, in a green old age, he still lives "in a noble mansion near Stains." Mr. Henty usually provides most generously for the tranquil after-life of his heroes; even Stephen, who follows the brave, self-sacrificing, but hardly fortunate Cochrane, brings at least a few thousands with him to his native shore. As always, the purely historical portions of these tales are carefully and conscientiously written. (Scribners.) — *The Log of a Privateersman*, by Harry Collingwood (Scribners), resembles the Henty books in its outward guise, and is of the same satisfying length. It describes with much spirit the moving accidents which befell an English youth during his career as a privateersman in certain memorable months of the Napoleonic war, — months which witnessed the culmination of Nelson's glory. We need hardly say that the young hero is able to be very useful to the great admiral, — who, however, does not appear upon the scene in his own proper person, — and so gains, with honor and profit, a command in the Royal Navy. — *For King or Country*, by James Barnes. (Harpers.) Mr. Barnes's story makes an excellent book for boys, — improbable enough to hold their interest, yet carefully avoiding the seasoning of absurdity which so many juvenile books seem to require in order to become palatable. The chivalrous young hero fights his way stoutly through the war for independence, while his twin Dromio, fighting for conscience' sake in the British army, comes at last to realize that his duty to his country is a higher commandment than his duty toward his king. — Mr. Kirk Munroe's two holiday books have, as usual, a thrilling adventure to every chapter, not to mention casual minor excitements. *Through Swamp and*

Glade (Scribners) is a story of the Seminole War, — not a contest in which Americans can take pride, as the writer does not fail to make evident; while Rick Dale (Harpers) is a tale of to-day, concerning one of those boys who encounter innumerable difficulties and dangers with no better mentor than another lad of their own age, often a chance acquaintance. The Northwest Coast is the scene of the present hero's escapes and exploits.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Chapters from a Life, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. (Houghton.) It is no easy matter to tell the public of one's bringing up, and then of one's ventures in literature, for the whispering self is liable to be at one's ear; but Mrs. Ward has written a simple, enjoyable account of her literary life, with some pleasant memorabilia of famous friends and some forcible general reflections drawn from her experience. The book will do much to adjust the writer's relation to her books in the minds of readers. — Sir Samuel Ferguson in the Ireland of his Day, by Lady Ferguson. (Blackwood.) We imagine that Ferguson is best known to American readers as the author of *The Forging of the Anchor*, a poem which long ago found its way into all the anthologies. This, written at the age of twenty-one, was the very first production of a literary life extending over more than half a century, whose principal inspiration — and a genuine inspiration it often was — was found in purely Irish subjects. His political position — for even a poet and an antiquarian must be political in Ireland — can be briefly stated in his own words: "I sympathized with the Young Ireland poets and patriots while their aims were directed to a restoration of Grattan's Parliament. . . . But I have quite ceased to sympathize with their successors, who have converted their high aspirations to a sordid social war of classes carried on by the vilest methods." A patriot of a very noble sort, Ferguson's aspiration to be one of the founders or even precursors of a national Irish literature is a little pathetic as well as admirable to an outside observer, in view of the indifference to his theme in his own class, while the mass of the people, generally speaking, cared not at all for such literature as he would give them. He was justly a conspicuous figure

amongst all that was best in the Dublin society of his day, so his life is really in a way a record of that society. Of the fine and lovable quality of the man too much cannot be said. In the singularly attractive portrait given in the first volume, we surely find the mind's construction in the face. — *Lorenzo de' Medici, and Florence in the Fifteenth Century*, by E. Armstrong, M. A. Heroes of the Nations Series. (Putnam's.) The general reader should be grateful to Mr. Armstrong for giving him a life of Lorenzo de' Medici of moderate length, which is withal a scholarly piece of work, showing throughout a careful study and comparison of both the earlier and later approved authorities. He achieves a rather unusual measure of success in his endeavors to set forth intelligibly the confusing and hardly inspiring Italian politics of the Medicean age, but his readers will probably dwell longest upon the more personal aspects of his study of the history of the founders of the great Florentine house destined to rule despotically for three centuries. Generous space is given, as it should be, to a consideration of the letters and art of the place and time, — in its literature Lorenzo himself being one of the greatest names, perhaps we should say the greatest, while to its art he was the most appreciative of patrons. The numerous illustrations are well chosen and interesting, and include many portraits. As usual, those of Lorenzo do not fail to excite a sort of indignant surprise at the superlative ugliness of a man whose name is associated with every form of beauty. — *The Life of Benvenuto Cellini*, newly translated into English by John Addington Symonds. Fourth Edition. (Imported by Scribners.) Few and far between are the translations which convey to the English reader not only the words, but, so far as may be, the very spirit of the original. Amongst these masterpieces Symonds's version of Cellini's autobiography will always hold a place. We are glad that it is now offered to our public, in its less costly form, the present edition being the one in a single handsome volume, well printed and excellently illustrated.

FICTION.

In *Homespun*, by Edith Nesbit. Key-notes Series. (Lane, London; Roberts, Boston.) Not one of the ten stories in this

collection is uninteresting; the majority of them deserve warmer praise. They are tales of South Kent and of the Sussex downs, mostly told by women in humble life, in rustic but not unpleasing English, — told with naturalness, simplicity, and force, and with an occasional genuine dramatic touch. Perhaps narrators of this class would hardly speak with so small a waste of words, but as brevity and directness are among the most attractive qualities of these sketches, we are not inclined to press the point. We wish, however, that Son and Heir could have been omitted. With its bit of conventional sensationalism, and the wondrously rapid and easy transformation at its close, redolent of the footlights, it is out of harmony with its companions, and unworthy of them as well. — “All Men are Liars,” by Joseph Hocking. (Roberts.) A curious mixture of *naïveté* and cleverness, weakness and strength, romance and realism. The hero, an ingenuous youth at the outset, comes under the influence of a cynical uncle, a pessimistic and skeptical tutor, a wife and father-in-law who are heartless worldlings, and so loses his illusions and sinks very low indeed, being rescued from the depths and restored to faith and courage by the love of a true woman, whom he himself had aforetime saved from degradation. The ability shown by the author in certain directions makes the crude conventionality of some of his character-drawing the more noticeable. — *Black Spirits and White*, a Book of Ghost Stories, by Ralph Adams Cram. Carnation Series. (Stone & Kimball.) While reading the half dozen ghostly tales in this little volume, — or five, we should say, for one is the story of a maniac, — the phantoms appeared rather familiar acquaintances; but on reaching the last page, we find that the writer has addressed his readers in a postscript, and deprecates such criticism by stating his belief that all legends of the supernatural spring from the same roots, and declaring that if he “has succeeded in clothing one or two of these norms in some slightly new vesture he is more than content.” We must say that we find the merely human part of the sketches much the better done. The supernatural vesture is not new, but only a little remodeled, while its adornments are quite too highly colored, and yet somehow

fail to give that thrill often obtained by seemingly simple means. Mr. Cram’s stories, however, can be understood by the general reader, which is by no means to be said of a tale issued in another volume of the same series, *The Gods give my Donkey Wings*, by Angus Evan Abbott. The title, apropos of nothing in particular, fitly heads a story in which a packman of some undiscoverable epoch visits a country called The Thorp, not to be found on any map, where various adventures occur, of which the reader gets confusing glimpses. The writer uses a more or less archaic English, which shares the indefiniteness of the time and country, a fair specimen of which is the transmogrified proverb, “Familiarity procreates vildpendency.” — *The Way they loved at Grimpat*, by E. Rentoul Esler. (Holt.) While the most unwholesome, tawdry, or trivial “up-to-date” stories are sure to be imported with needless celerity, it has taken two or three years for these modest, pleasing village idyls to reach us. They do not speak dialect in Grimpat, and we are not told where in England we can find the hamlet, though of its reality we feel sure. The author refers to it as rather ugly, but ugliness is comparative, and it would probably be esteemed pretty enough elsewhere. They are good girls whose comedies and tragedies are recorded here, and their stories are written with rigid simplicity, and yet always sympathetically, gracefully, and with the accent of truth. — *Artists’ Wives*, by Alphonse Daudet, translated by Laura Ensor. (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York.) The obvious moral pointed by the last of the dozen tales in the book is that, unless the artist is stupid, and the wife beautiful and clever, artists had better refrain from marrying. The series of pictures of men of the *genus irritabile* matched with clowns of the opposite sex is a convincing argument against the marriage of commonplace men with the commonplace women they often choose. Most of the stories have an element of pathos, and all a dash of Gallic humor. None is more delightful than *Assault with Violence*, in which the wife, acting under legal advice to goad the husband into striking her, loses her own temper and slaps his face. — *A Stumbler in Wide Shoes* (Holt) forms the sixth number of the Proctean Series. The scene is laid alternately in Holland and England, and the anony-

mous author shows a pretty intimate acquaintance with some not altogether obvious phases of life in those countries. The plot, too, is surprisingly vital in places. In spite of the markedly amateurish technique of the book, and the slow development of its dramatic interest, it fulfills its purpose of entertainment. — *The Romance of Guardamonte*, by Arline E. Davis (Tait & Son), is one of those wholly unreadable books which deal with foreign life (preferably aristocratic) from a point of view nicely adjusted between that of the gushing school-girl and that of the imaginative spinster. Italy is the scene of the romance, and names dear to tourists stud the pages, but not so thickly as to distract the reader's animadversive eye from the crudeness of the style and the paltriness of the invention. — *A Venetian June*, by Anna Fuller (Putnams), narrates the pilgrimage of two American girls, under the chaperonage of a kindly old uncle, to the shrine of St. Mark's. The girls are handsome and "interesting," and punctiliously satisfy our expectations of their good sense by spending their time very pleasantly in their gondolas, in seeing the churches and pictures, and in falling in love with the likeliest of the men they happen to meet. — *Wisdom's Folly, a Study in Feminine Development*, by A. V. Dutton. (Holt.) An agreeably written tale, but we do not think that the study of the heroine's development has been equally successful at all stages of her career, and in the account of her flirtation with her husband's cousin we feel sure that the student has quite gone astray. The writer has insight and humor, and nearly all the minor characters are exceedingly well sketched. The ending of the story is satisfactory, even if it requires the too familiar railway accident and nearly fatal illness to make the wedded pair really understand each other's feelings. — *A Princess of the Gutter*, by L. T. Meade. (Putnams.) The heroine, a Girton girl, finds that a large property which she has inherited consists for the most part of wretched East End tenements. She goes to live in Shoreditch, near some of these houses, having them speedily demolished and better ones built in their place, occupying herself meanwhile with a girls' club and other helpful works. Martha Mace, the princess of the gutter, an utterly untrained young woman of much

native nobility and strength, is said by the author to have been drawn from life, though certain sensational incidents in her career are clearly of the writer's own contriving. The larger portion of the tale, however, is written soberly, and has the accent of truth. — *The Touch of Sorrow, a Study*. (Holt.) Another tale of an Undine-heroine who at last finds her soul, in this case through a great sorrow. She shrinks selfishly and even heartlessly from trouble in any form, and from all persons in distress, but at her child's grave a new life comes to her and a feeling of kinship to all who suffer. The story is simply told, is refined in tone, and is commendably free from sentimentality. — *Honor Ormthwaite*. (Harpers.) Honor, a peasant girl of the North-Country, to judge by her accent, who makes a foolish and miserable juvenile marriage, and later becomes a farm servant, is sought as a wife by Sir Gregory Ormthwaite, — not a hot-headed youth, but a gentleman of mature age, distinguished abilities, and large fortune, — and shortly after we find her the graceful and dignified mistress of his household. Of course various troublesome matters from her past return to vex her, and the writer shows considerable ingenuity in handling these untoward incidents. Novel-readers who do not mind the improbability, to speak mildly, of this scheme, or the fact that the leading characters never succeed in being quite alive, will find the story reasonably entertaining. — *The Silk of the Kine*, by L. McManus. (Harpers.) As before in *The Red Star* the writer tells of a heroine who, quite unwillingly, loves a soldier of her enemies. In this book it is of Lady Margery Ny Guire, one of the "transplanted," who is saved from various ills by an officer of Cromwell's army, who ruins his own career in doing so. The author's Puritans are not altogether convincing, but Mr. (or Miss) McManus is a good raconteur; the story is well-constructed and is told in a lively, vigorous fashion, and is the stronger for its brevity. — *Nets for the Wind*, by Una Taylor. Keynotes Series. (Lane, London; Roberts, Boston.) Presumably Miss Taylor is a Symbolist, and we greatly fear that her tales will be profitable neither for edification nor for entertainment save to the initiated. Ungentle readers may even suggest that the title of the book symbolizes the futility of its con-

tents. — James Inwick, Ploughman and Elder, by P. Hay Hunter. (Harpers.) With some force and a good deal of dry humor, James Inwick tells of his mental struggles over the question of Disestablishment, for he is at once a Liberal and an elder of the Kirk. The tale makes a bold plunge into the future, for the Kirk is disestablished, without the promised good coming to the people thereby. The whole narrative is in dialect, and a not unneeded glossary is appended. — The Messrs. Scribners have completed their attractive series of Stories by English Authors, by the publication of the last two volumes: one devoted to the Sea, with, very appropriately, a portrait of Mr. W. Clark Russell as a frontispiece; the other entitled Germany, etc., in which the locality shifts to Holland and Flanders, and even to London. — The Under-Side of Things, by Lilian Bell. (Harpers.) The glimpses of West Point and army life which this story gives us, together with the real if somewhat obvious pathos of its closing episode, make only partial amends for its technical shortcomings. The inchoateness of portions of the story and the occasional glaring solecisms make us long for the time when young writers shall feel it as incumbent upon them to learn the technique of their trade as do young painters or young musicians. — The Quicksands of Pactolus, by Horace Annesley Vachell. (Holt.) A Californian story which aims to illustrate some of the effects of rapid accumulation of wealth in a new community. The author is, unfortunately, so occupied with the "social problems" which his theme presents that he does not give himself quite whole-heartedly to his drama, but in spite of this the book has "the quality of art," and leaves an impression of considerable skill and strength. — Some Correspondence and Six Conversations, by Clyde Fitch. (Stone & Kimball.) Tiny *jeux d'esprit*, entertaining enough, perhaps, to silence our repudiation of the claim of such drawing-room toys to the responsible title of literature. — The Governor's Garden, a Relation of Some Passages in the Life of His Excellency Thomas Hutchinson, sometime Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of His Majesty's Province of Massachusetts Bay, by George R. R. Rivers. (Joseph Knight Co.) Governor Hutchinson's garden was, and apparently still is, in Milton,

where the unfortunate gentleman delighted in a beautiful place. Most of the many adventures in the tale take place far outside the garden, as the lover of the heroine has the mischance to be spirited away to the Caribbean Sea, and the marvelous good luck to find his lady-love in England, where he marries her and enters upon a deservedly happy life. The story is of somewhat meagre interest, except for its picturesque background. This is beautified by the book-maker's best skill, for an eighteenth-century story printed so near the end of our age has never been made to look more completely as if its types and decorations had been put together by a man of its own time. — A Mountain Woman, by Elia W. Peattie. (Way & Williams.) The title-story of this collection of far-Western tales, by no means should be the first one read, for it is really the least successful sketch in the book. The woman, who is not (says her husband) of the puny breed of modern femininity, but a remnant left over from the heroic ages, proves far less interesting than the everyday folk to be found elsewhere in the volume. Frontier life is nowadays certainly not an unused subject, but there is individuality in Mrs. Peattie's treatment of it; she has sympathetic insight and genuine feeling, and almost always a wise self-restraint. At her best, as in Jim Laney's Waterloo, a dreary, hopeless, and, alas, common tragedy of Nebraska farm-life, she tells a story forcibly and effectively. — Will o' the Wasp, a Sea Yarn of the War of '12, edited by Henry Lawrence, U. S. N., and now brought before the public for the first time. By Robert Cameron Rogers. (Putnams.) The Autocrat speaks of a sweet delusion of his childhood, hardly relinquished when childhood had passed, which always brought the thought, when cannon sounded from the Navy Yard, "The Wasp has come." Why it never came this yarn graphically tells, and commemorates the corvette's earlier triumphs as well. It is an old sailor's tale of his youth, on the whole exceedingly well done, being vigorous, spirited, and lifelike. — Persis Yorke, by Sydney Christian. (Macmillan.) A provokingly unequal book. The heroine is drawn with grace and skill, as are all the lesser women in the story, and many of her trials, which are of peculiar severity and follow one another with startling rapidity, are truthfully and

effectively treated. But the pathetic realism of the story is marred by the occasional introduction of commonplace sensationalism, while the very good hero and his father and the very bad father of the heroine have not, for all their vivacity and garrulousness, a particle of real life. In the beginning the tale is natural and moving, in the end, crude and artificial. The writer should be capable of better things. — *Day-Books*, by Mabel E. Wotton. Keynotes Series. (Lane, London; Roberts, Boston.) It is a pity that one who can write so well and is so good a story-teller should be, for the most part, so unfortunate in her choice of subjects; the more so as the reader instinctively feels that this choice is not from natural inclination, but merely a yielding to a passing bad fashion. — Another volume of short stories, above the ordinary, in the same series, is *Where the Atlantic Meets the Land*, by Caldwell Lipsett. They are Donegal sketches, racy of the soil, by turns tragic and comic, the tragedy lying very near the comedy in the passionate, undisciplined, childish natures of the dwellers in this remote corner of Ireland. Of the truthfulness of these rapid but vivid and vigorous sketches the reader is at once persuaded. — *The Story of Ulla*, by Edwin Lester Arnold. (Longmans.) Ten short tales; the first, that gives the book its title, being the best. The aged priest's story of his fierce pagan youth is forcibly and graphically told, the young viking having a greater measure of vitality than is commonly found in the primitive man of latter-day fiction. Three or four other sketches, more or less akin to the first, in that they treat of untamed men and nature in her wilder moods, show a certain power. For the rest the brief life of the ordinary magazine story should have sufficed. — One of the Visconti, by Eva Wilder Brodhead. Ivory Series. (Seribners.) One of the multitude of temporarily widowed American women, who for the children's education or their own pleasure make long sojourns in Europe, serves as the heroine of this little tale, the *dramatis personæ* being Kentuckians mostly, with a sprinkling of Neapolitans. Naturally, the author is better acquainted with the former, in dealing with whom, in one or two instances, she shows clever touches of character-drawing. But the story is commonplace, though far from unreadable.

— *Out of Bounds, Being the Adventures of an Unadventurous Young Man*, by A. Garry. (Holt.) A lively narrative of the very boyish and quite harmless escapades of a well-brought-up, decorous youth, the hope of a family of provincial magnates. 'T is but a two days' tale, yet that is found long enough for the rise, progress, and culmination of the love affair intertwined with the hero's other adventures. In manner and movement the story is not unlike the farcical comedy of the contemporaneous English drama, somewhat rationalized in being turned into a novelette.

LITERATURE.

The uniform edition of Mrs. Stowe's writings has been represented thus far by half a dozen volumes, including *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *The Minister's Wooing*. The whole set will comprise sixteen volumes, and the opportunity has been taken to classify the briefer pieces and bring them into proper relation to the whole body of Mrs. Stowe's work, and to furnish each volume with a history of its contents. The series will show the range of this author's gift, and the marked personality which is disclosed through all the varied manifestation. Mrs. Stowe was a great figure, and it is every way proper that the product of her genius and her industry should thus be brought into a good survey. There are certain material helps to the standing of literature which should not be neglected, and scarcely any is more effective than uniform and collective editions. (Houghton.) — *Talks about Autographs*, by George Birkbeck Hill. (Houghton.) The contents of this handsome book have already appeared in *The Atlantic*, so far as the text is concerned, but the separate publication permits a wealth of facsimiles of autographs and reproductions of portraits which add much to the enjoyment. The title is made good by this means, and how admirably Dr. Birkbeck Hill's familiar colloquy dignifies the collector's occupation! These letters and portraits are but the suggestive notes to a rich rehabilitation of men and women, scenes and incidents. The humor which plays about the whole is just that agreeable *sauce piquante* which makes table-talk about literature far removed from petty personal gossip. — *Vergil in the Middle Ages*, by Domenico Comparetti. Translated by

E. F. M. Benecke, with an Introduction by Robinson Ellis, M. A. (Sonnenschein, London; Macmillan, New York.) Professor Comperetti's great book, which for years has been the standard authority on the subject of which it treats, has at last appeared in English, and in a translation so good that it should be gratefully welcomed by those English and American readers — many it is to be hoped — who through it make their first acquaintance with the work. The translation is from the proof-sheets of the second edition, from which it appears that the writer has in no essential particular modified his opinion as to the growth of the mediæval Vergilian legends, still holding them to be popular rather than literary in their origin. Of the wide and profound scholarship and the immense research which have gone to the making of the work there is hardly need to speak at this late day, nor can there remain any doubt as to its permanent value. To all lovers of the poet, whose works never became a closed book even in the darkest of the dark ages, this study of the Vergil of literary tradition and popular legend, from the Roman Decadence till the Renaissance, is to be commended. That the volume has no index is a grievous shortcoming. — The students of English literature owe a debt to Mr. Lewis E. Gates not only for making a varied and sprightly choice in Selections from the Prose Writing of Cardinal Newman (Holt), and so giving a convenient opportunity for tasting the richness in that field, but for his well-ordered and stimulating introduction, as thoughtful and exegetical a presentation of Newman's English as we remember to have seen. This introduction is a study, sixty pages long, which treats of Newman almost wholly in his literary aspect, but in its final section gives a most rational account of the cardinal's relation to his own times.

PHILOSOPHY.

To those who are acquainting themselves with Friedrich Nietzsche through the Macmillan edition of his collected works, the second volume, *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, will come as a potent surprise, if not as a revelation. With an instinct which proves his greatness as an artist, whatever may be his ultimate status as a thinker, Nietzsche has found here a form wonderfully fitted to

the peculiar idiom of his mind. A philosophical romance, the action of which lies outside time, and the characters of which are pure symbols, serves as a slender arabesque about the sayings of Zarathustra, the hermit preacher of the doctrine of "Beyond-man." These sayings are in the form of short canticles, by turns fervid, sardonic, mystical, and savage, full of exaltation strangely smitten across by saturnine laughter, and of broad humor as strangely irradiated by bursts of the most subtle and poignant lyricism. The doctrine thus extraordinarily conveyed is the one which Nietzsche everywhere preaches, that man is "something to be surpassed," and that in order to reach Beyond-man the human race must become "at once better and more wicked." The direct philosophical significance of this doctrine lies, of course, in the fact that it carries over into human and superhuman domains the crude principle of evolution, untempered by the working of the social and philanthropic instincts. This particular wording of the doctrine will doubtless survive less by reason of the naked intellectual concepts it involves than by reason of the astonishing artistic form that has been imposed upon them. The strength and finish of the short detached canticles, contrasted with the inchoateness of the larger masses in the earlier volume, tempt us to apply to Nietzsche his own famous dictum concerning Wagner: that instead of being a Titanic builder he is in reality only the most consummate of miniaturists. The translator, Dr. Alexander Tille, of the University of Glasgow, has performed his difficult task with brilliant success. His renderings are often daring to the point of temerity, but never escape the control of a trained and sensitive taste. — *Human Progress, What Can Man do to Further It?* by Thomas F. Blair. (William R. Jenkins.) This work is the latest attempt of that class of thinkers who, having grown tired of the long-continued self-effacement in minute investigations, are turning toward a reconstruction of our revised knowledge in some new philosophy which they call the Science of Progress. Mr. Blair makes much of practicality. He concerns himself with theory only so far as it enables him to reach a system of principles from which he derives his millennial prescriptions for our diseased body and soul.

RELIGION.

Church Unity, Five Lectures delivered in the Union Theological Seminary, New York, during the Winter of 1896. (Scribners.) The lecturers represented five important Protestant bodies: Dr. Shields speaking for the Presbyterian church, President Andrews for the Baptist, Bishop Hurst for the Methodist, Bishop Potter for the Episcopal, and Dr. Bradford for the Congregational. What such men as these have to say on the subject assigned them is worth hearing. It is worth observing, too, that they reveal an unmistakable common inclination to unite upon some such basis as that of the famous Chicago-Lambeth proposals. There is wisdom in the contention made more than once that Christian Unity must precede Church Unity, that the form of things cannot be made homogeneous till the spirit is at one. Distant as the day of unification may be, it is by such means as this book that it is brought nearer. Without irreverence, by the way, but with something like amusement, the reader who bears recent political events in mind must notice that the title of

the lecture by President Andrews is *The Sin of Schism*.

NATURE.

Familiar Trees and their Leaves, described and illustrated by F. Schuyler Mathews, with over two hundred Drawings by the Author, and an Introduction by Professor L. H. Bailey of Cornell University. (Appletons.) That the present growing interest in the more poetic and æsthetic branches of natural science is something more than a mere fad is shown by the excellent books it calls out. One of the latest of these is this hand-book from a man who is in love with his subject, and who sees in the scarlet oak as well as in the "yellow primrose" much that ordinary eyes miss. It will admirably serve its purpose of showing unscientific but interested observers how to know the trees by their leaves, bark, etc., without depending too much on the presence of flower or fruit. Mr. Mathews has a good eye for color, as his descriptions constantly show. That his feeling for grace and form is equally delicate a glance at the illustrations will reveal.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The American Voice. IN a railroad station, the other day, I saw an uncouth foreigner, evidently a Jew, who had just arrived from the old country, and had been met at the station by two men of his own kind. These two had upon them, however, the imprint of American civilization, in such form as it has penetrated Salem Street. They greeted the new-comer in voices which had no unusual quality; but he returned their salutations in a baritone so full, so strong, so melodious that the music of it echoes still in the caves that lie somewhere between my tympanum and my heart,—those sub-carnal and enchanted caverns where sense-impressions wander while they await their transformation into thoughts and ideas. The voice had a tone as hard to describe as the quality in a wood-thrush's song; it was a mellow sweetness, a rounded fullness that thrilled the sense and delighted the soul. But the man was an ordinary Russian Jew in appearance; he was mani-

festly not in the slightest degree in harmony with the genius of our institutions. Alas! why should he have such a voice, while the next American gentleman I met spoke through his nose?

Leaving the station, I pursued my way down town through the Common and past the great sunken Way which is being dug there. I saw a young Irishman sauntering along, all begrimed with yellow earth, with similarly begrimed fellows, from one part of the work to another; and he was speaking to the other men about some detail of their toil. I knew he was newly arrived in the country, because the dew had not yet dried off the bloom of his brogue; it had the melodious quality which is soon lost from the American Irishman's talk. He was a tall, slender fellow, with a short, curling fair beard, and blue eyes. *His* voice was a tenor, and as clear as a linnet's. He seemed to sing rather than to speak, but he was just talking to the other laborers about the work.

Touched by the melodiousness and fine *timbre* of these two men's voices, I went on my way, and noted more sorrowfully than ever the harshness of my fellow-countrymen's tones. Why should their voices seem to scrape on the ear? What circumstances had brought them to this quality?

Is it an effect of climate? So I have heard. Our climate is subject to extremes. So is that of Europe; but ours is worse than that of western Europe. Is it also worse than that of the eastern-European plains from which, in all probability, my mellifluous-voiced Jew had just emigrated? I doubt it. To get apples and pears hardy enough to bear the climate of our own north-western prairies, where the weather is more extreme than in New England, our horticulturists have to go to these same Russian plains. Their climate is said to be almost as bad as our worst. And yet I have heard other Russians speak with very soft and clear voices.

Sometimes we are told that the sweetness is parched out of our voices by the dryness of our atmosphere. But I have heard Mexicans of the arid uplands, and Californians, speak in melodious tones; and here in watery New England, even in fogdripping Boston, we are distinguished above all other Americans — at least in the opinion of all other Americans — for the nasality of our tones. When the worst true word is said of it, our New England climate is more equable than that of Pennsylvania; yet the untutored native Pennsylvanian often has a soft, almost negro-like tone. And I think the Canadians, whose climate is not celebrated for mildness or equability, have as a rule better voices than either New Englanders or people of New York and the northern "West."

I have heard that the Swiss, the Tyrolese, and the Catalonians of the Pyrenees have strong and melodious voices because they are descended from generations of mountain-calling fathers. The cowherd of the Jura must needs lift his voice to make it reach up to his cattle on the mountain; and the echo, sending it back to him with an effect of enchantment, trains his ear to such a love for the music of the voice that he will not be satisfied with any save musical sounds from his own throat. And so we have the Alpine *ranz-des-vaches*, and the Tyrolese carols, and in the Catalonians such an instinctive love for sweetness of

voice that the choirs of the convent of Montserrat are said to produce the most heavenly strains heard this side the grave. All this we may well believe; but have not our fathers too gone calling over great hills for their cattle? Are there not mighty cow-callers in New Hampshire and Vermont to-day, whose voices are heard far on the mountains by beast and man? And do not these same mountaineers relapse into a poor nasal drone when they leave off cattle-calling and merely talk to their own kind? If you have heard the old-fashioned New England farmer shouting to his oxen, you have been impressed. "Whoa - hush! Whoa-haw!" It is a roar as of rapids through rocky gorges, and as of wind-storms through mountain pines. For several generations the rustic Yankee has thus exhorted his beasts; and yet our voices are not as those of Swiss or Tyrolese!

If I cannot find the cause of the vocal deficiency either in climate or in the birds or animals about us, which sing and call most musically, or in want of nutrition, or in any physical condition, I am driven to look for it in some moral shortcoming or distortion; for men of science tell us that a moral perversion or infirmity is quickly reflected in the eyes and the voice. I have observed with pain that the American farmer's shouting to his oxen, his horses, or his mules is commonly ill-natured. The psalm which he sings over their backs is far too often imprecatory. When the farmer calls his cows at nightfall, it is with a tone of querulous protest at their want of New England conscience in remaining far out in the pasture until that hour, while he has been toiling in the fields. Does he ever call to his beasts in sympathy? Is he fond of his horses and cattle, or merely fond of the possession of them? Would he not deem it wrong to regard a beast of the field as a fellow-being, a comrade in the world for joyous company? From that pleasant sympathy with birds and animals which puts real music into a man's tones when he speaks to them, the Yankee was certainly long shut out by something.

And then, we know that the American man scorns to be childlike. The American child is on vastly better terms with the animals than the child's father and mother are; his parents have to teach him that brutes are not fit associates for human beings.

All his life the Yankee boy of the old race has had drilled into him the doctrine that God gave to man the beasts to have dominion over; and though there may be dominion and affection too, nothing is ever said to the child about that.

What may this have to do with the voice? Only this: that the love of animals has much to do with the cheerful unrestraint of satisfaction with life, that has in its turn much to do with the voice, as well as with the smile and the sweetness of the eye. When I have sought with careful observation the real reason why the German, the Irish, the Scandinavian peasant comes to us not only with a rounder and sounder body, a fresher complexion, a finer and thicker beard, and a sweeter voice than my countryman's, but also with a more smiling face and a more cheerful heart, it has seemed to me that I could find this reason in his satisfaction with life, like that of a child. Generally the foreign peasant has found the conditions of life harder than our Yankee has found them; but something in his mind or heart or kindlier religious notions has enabled him to triumph over hard material conditions, and made him temperamentally happy and physically sane. Must we look into the Yankee's stern system of doctrine or morals for one cause of his physical sharpness?

Perhaps not; and yet I have sometimes fancied that we might have stood the climate without its yellowing and desiccating our skins, and drying away our fatty tissue, and shriveling up our beards, and so stiffening and parching our vocal membranes that our voices scrape through them, if we had devoted ourselves a little less thoroughly to dogma, and had loved nature a good deal more trustfully.

"Third Class." — Travelers in Europe are like a Washington pie: top layer, bottom layer, and an excellent filling between. The rich and showy represent the sugar-sprinkled top; the peasants, working-people, and often university students, the lowest tier; while the common every-day sort of folks, who after all are *the* people of any country, travel second class, between the two extremes.

American women are not often found in the third-class coupés of the Continent; hence it was with a self-gratulatory sense of independence that, left to my own de-

vices, I determined to travel third class from Nuremberg to Strassburg.

It was a marvelously hot day for Germany, and the clean, hard benches, guiltless of upholstery, were much cooler than the stuffed seats of the other cars. The wide-open windows admitted plenty of air, without cinders or smoke. Plain but tidy sanitary arrangements gave opportunity for bathing face and hands. Plenty of racks for bundles, hats, and umbrellas kept the seats and floor clear of impediments, which is more than can be said of any Pullman car. So much for externals, which, though important, are of little interest as compared with one's fellow-travelers.

Three peasant women took their seats with quiet dignity, first carefully pulling up their black silk skirts—it was a *Fest* day—about their waists, and exposing quilted flannel petticoats which were so short as to escape the dusty floor. They were of course bareheaded and barehanded, and it was with genuine satisfaction that I cast hat and gloves aside to keep them company. Each wore a handsome black satin apron, and the youngest a beautiful satin kerchief trimmed with fringe, falling gracefully over her breast where the kerchief crossed, and around the waist line, for the ends were knotted together behind. For jewels, sparkling earrings, brooch, and rings of crystal danced in the sunshine. She was a pretty creature, and it was no wonder that the lad who came to see her off kissed the hand she held out to him in adieu.

There is a constant kaleidoscopic change in third-class carriages. The occupants are rarely bound on long journeys. They go from village to village or to the city on some special errand, so in a ten hours' trip one sees many faces come and go. Yet to hear the people laugh and chat together, one might think these birds of passage had been always friends. They showed little vulgar curiosity, but a human sort of interest in one another. Their Bavarian German was not always plain to foreign ears, but what the ear failed to catch could often be read in the eyes and heard in the tones.

A young girl got in at a city station, and at once began to eat her luncheon, explaining to the on-lookers that she had had no chance to eat before, for "there is no restaurant in the lazaretto, and that is where I have been, to see my brother."

"Ah, to see your brother. Your brother is then sick?" and a sympathetic interest manifested itself among the women who had never seen this girl before.

"A young officer loaded a gun, and told my brother to shoot sparrows, and the gun burst."

"Your brother is soldier, then?"

"Yes, but he will be free now, if he lives," and she paused to command her voice and to wink back the tears. "One eye is all gone, but when the doctor took the bandage off to-day, he could see with the other. Oh yes, if there comes no inflammation, says the doctor, he will see quite well to make shoes. But my brother, he says, 'Better die than to lose two eyes.'"

"Yes, better die," echoed the peasant listeners, but they asked no more questions.

It was the inquisitive Yankee who unreeled the story of the wounded boy, and learned that he was but twenty-three; that he had served nearly his three years as soldier after learning a trade; that he was not married, but "had a friendship," though his sweetheart's father had not consented to the betrothal, but that now, oh yes, now she would be true to him, and she had told her father that she must go to the hospital and see him, and that she would marry no one else though he had but one eye. Oh yes, she was a good girl, she would be true to him. And there was union of Bavarian and American gladness in the fidelity of the peasant sweetheart to her soldier lad.

Later, as the train wound round the hills that skirt the Rhine, from which here and there a castle looked down from the wooded crest, an asylum for the insane was pointed out, and the story was told of a man living near it who had wife and children and ample means. But, said the peasant, he was a *bissel leicht*; and seeing the interrogative look on one face, at least, she added the blunt explanation that as the result of his frivolous life he became the father of two children whose peasant mothers lived in the neighborhood. His wife's heart was broken, and he left her, and going to a big city gambled away his property, leaving her to earn a meagre living for herself and her five children. So the years passed, and at last there came to her a letter from Berlin. Her husband had repented of his evil ways, had begged her forgiveness and permission to return. And as an earnest of that forgiveness

she was to send him money to pay his debts and his traveling expenses. If she would do this on such and such a day, she should surely look upon his face. The forgiveness and the money were sent, for she had truly loved him. "Besides," added the narrator naïvely, "I suppose she thought, with five children to raise, it would be nice to have a man to help."

The day and the hour of his coming drew near. The wife attired herself to meet him, making herself as like the young woman he left as possible. As the hour struck when she was to "look upon his face," a messenger arrived, bringing her — "Denken Sie! Denken Sie! seine Photographie!" and the little woman who told the story fairly screamed as she recalled this act of perfidy.

The five little ones are cared for now by strangers, and the forgiving wife, smitten suddenly with insanity, is an inmate of the great building among the trees, where the bodies of those are cared for whose minds have wandered away forever into the great unknown.

So the day sped, with many coming and going, always with pretty greetings as they entered and left. Not a rude question was asked of the evident foreigner. One woman only chanced to say, "You come from a far part of Germany, for your tongue is unlike ours, and you are traveling perhaps as far as Strassburg."

The temptation to add four thousand miles to that was too great: "Much farther than that, — to America."

"To America! Well, that's a place I would n't go to if you paid my fare three times in gold!" Then turning to the others she triumphantly added, "Hab' 's doch g'sagt sie 'st keine Bäuerin!" Plain black skirt, black kerchief crossed on the breast, hat hidden, and gloves pocketed had failed in their disguise!

Sunset colors shot over the land as brilliant as the poppy fields all aflame beside the way. The beautiful color of the corn flower in the grain grew dim in the gathering darkness as the train crept over the bridge that spans the Rhine, and the lofty spire of the Strassburg minster stood out against the evening sky where the new moon was sinking out of sight. It was time to think of some place to lay one's head. In answer to the question whether such and such a hotel was near the station, one of the humbler

women said that if the American lady wanted only a night's lodging, and would accept a bed under her modest roof, she would be heartily welcome. The touch of nature that "makes the whole world kin" can be found, if anywhere, when one travels third class.

On Some of Shakespeare's Minor Characters. — The great characters in Shakespeare are so large and

heroic, with lofty mien, and of such generous amplitude and grand stature, that in our human weakness and pettiness we are ashamed to approach them. What man does not retreat behind a piece of scenery when he hears a flourish within, and knows that Othello is coming on, surrounded by his veterans, sunburnt, bearded, and scarred by Turkish scimiters? Who dare jostle the noble Brutus, or cross the path of Caius Marcius Coriolanus? Are we, in our innocent simplicity, worthy to greet the lady Imogen, or to pick flowers with Perdita? Are our souls so white that we will front the look of Portia, Cato's daughter? What roisterer would make bold to drink with Antony? What high-reaching man dare unbosom his puny ambitions to the gaze of Lady Macbeth?

These noble persons, the proud possessions of humanity, have the privilege of living aloof from the throng. We shall not press them, content to gaze at them from afar. But there are a great many people in Shakespeare like ourselves, common men and women, who eat and sleep, and do not ruffle the surface of the great emotional oceans of life. Like them, on our stage, we do not affect the plot; we come on, as they do, while the great ones are taking breath. Our parts can be played by the supernumeraries, but, like these minor characters, we show the medium in which the heroes live, the atmosphere they breathe. We are the inches that serve to measure their cubits. By meeting these common people from scene to scene, the spectators gather courage to go on through the play, and in the fifth act to peer at the mighty quarry or to listen to the wedding bells.

Chief among these minor personages are our Roman friends, 1st cit., 2d cit., 3d cit. Does Shakespeare rail at democracy? Is he one of your natural aristocrats? Are these citizens mere dolls? Are they not rather the very people who, free, equal, and nobly pursuing their own happiness, stuff our city directories and puff us out into this com-

manding nation? They are fickle; but, on any basis of intellectual equation, what is loyalty but conservatism, what is conservatism but dullness, what is dullness but the one failing which the d-v-l lacks? Fickleness is but one aspect of a readiness to accept new truths; it is the frequent sloughing off old views, the just attention to what is going on in the world. These Roman plebeians are illogical; but logic is a dangerous thing; it destroyed Athens, it ruined Florence; its absence is the inner force of the expansive power of England, and the prop of her great empire. Though they are fickle and illogical, they are by no means unintelligent. Does not the 1st cit. see into Coriolanus at the very opening of the play? 1st cit. to his fellows: "I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end [to pay himself with being proud]: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue."

The great-great-grandchildren of these, the citizens in Julius Caesar, lived in very troublous times. Faction, anarchy, despotism, hemmed them in. The wisest men did not know what to do. There was then no "party of moral ideas," such as we have had the good fortune to possess for thirty years and more. The only prudent course was to get on the winning side. In truth, the citizens are much misrepresented by the tribunes, who, feeling the immediate effect of popular variability, take gloomy views of their characters. See how responsive they are, how emotional, how quick to set the act upon the heels of their intent. Brutus speaks, and they listen, they follow his discourse, they yield assent, they approve and are ready for action. Antony delivers his oration. What would happen on Boston Common or in Union Square? Who would open his ears to hear, who would bring a plastic mind, who would succumb to argument and persuasion? These men listen to Antony, they catch his feelings, they see with his eyes, they soften their hardened hearts, they reverse their determination; they are inconsistent, and are not ashamed.

These fellows are more interesting than attractive, but there are others who make larger demands upon our sympathies. Take from the shelf, for instance, your King

Richard II. "The life and death of King Richard II." How quiet the room becomes: the lamp burns gently, the flame no longer flickers, the shadow of the shade stiffens and is still. Do kings live and die in the brief compass of five acts? Is it so indeed? Read the list of persons represented. Their great English names swell out the tragedy. But is there anything more in accord with the contemptuous disdain of Nature than this? "Bushy, Bagot, Green, creatures to King Richard." *Creatures to the King!* The appellation excludes them from the company of other men, God's creatures. How it brands them! Poor fellows, thrice they come on, dangling at the skirts of majesty, their creator.

"The skipping King, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters:—
Mingled his royalty with capering fools."

Then comes the fall. Proud Bolingbroke, the king to be, doth uncreate Bushy and Green. Bagot fled to Ireland, and coming back to England, to save himself, did, at Bolingbroke's instigation, accuse the lord Aumerle of treason. And then no more of Bagot. Thus end these three appendages to royal state; lit up by brief candle-light, and then into the dark.

Robin Ostler is another that sticks in one's memory. He used to tend the horses at the Inn in Rochester, not far from Gads-hill. It was an excellent inn in his day, but thereafter things did not go well. In the stable the peas and beans were suffered to grow dank. The house itself dropped into uncleanness. For one night, at least, neighbor Mugs and his fellow carrier were greatly annoyed by fleas. Robin was a frugal, prudent soul, possibly with a drop or two of Scotch blood in him. "Poor fellow, never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him." (Henry IV. Part I. Act II. Sc. i.)

And Mugs and the other, how human they are! While they are making ready to leave the yard at two o'clock in the morning, out comes another traveler, and asks them, each in turn, to lend him their lanterns, that he may see his gelding in the stable. One says, "I know a trick worth two of that." The other, "Marry, I'll see thee hanged first." Here are two poor carters, unlettered, ignorant of cities, and yet redolent of that cautious, man o' the world policy, which ennobles men with so-

lidity, broadcloth, sterling silver, and four per cents. It raises these poor carriers to the level of "business men." How the cubic contents of this wisdom contrasts with that old gaud of the vagrant, unsettled, parishless imagination, "Thou shalt trust thy neighbor as thyself"! Their good sense is approved by the event, that touchstone among the successful. This traveler, the would-be borrower, was no other than a thief. And so wisdom is justified of her children; priests, Levites, and carriers go their ways and prosper.

And what can be more charming than the fairies four who are sent to minister to Bottom, the weaver? What do we wish, when we are oppressed by the feeling of an ass's head upon our shoulders, but that some such breaths from fairyland should blow about our ears? How could oblivion and fancy deck themselves in fairer imaginings? The four are all obedience, "loyal to the least wish of their Queen," and when summoned to purge Bottom's mortal grossness, what do they say? "Ready," "And I," "And I," "Where shall we go?"

Who has not in

"lusty spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span,"

dreamed that his mistress's thoughts but for a moment turn towards him? He hears their tinkling voices call, "Hail, mortal! Hail!" And in the delicacy of his young dreams, his imagination dare not give these thoughts mortal shapes; it only feels their exquisite presence. Then he plucks up courage to ask them who they are; and his diffident fancies, true to the maiden's modesty, answer him in masks and dominoes: "We are Cobweb, Peasblossom, Mustardseed, and Moth." And thus the springtime tends upon the lover's state. (Midsummer Night's Dream, Act III. Sc. 1.)

How different is the field of Agincourt, where the sick English show their bulldog breeding. Here the French soldier, pauvre "gentilhomme de bonne maison," meets the valiant Pistol, and falls before "the whiff and wind of his dread sword." What awful moments of uncertainty and agony he must have undergone while he watched the rolling of terrible eyes, and heard the rough English syllables!

"*Fr. Soldier.* Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras?"

"*Pistol.* Brass, cur !
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass ?"

The reader is spared the Frenchman's fears, for he knows Pistol's weakness for French crowns. But magnanimity is of no avail ; the order to kill all prisoners is given in a moment of alarm, and the French gentleman does not survive his dishonor. Yet he has a long progeny, being one of the first Frenchmen to illustrate the great truth, since then rammed home so forcefully by Mr. Punch, Captain Marryat, and other Englishmen of all sorts and sizes, that one Englishman is worth three Frenchmen any day in the week, and five on Sundays. (Henry V. Act IV. Sc. iv.)

There was another and a finer scene on this same battlefield. The Duke of York is cousin to the king, and stands high on the list of characters. He does not come upon the stage until Mountjoy, the French herald, has made his last demand for surrender, and is denied by Harry the King. Enter the Duke of York : —

"*York.* My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward."

"*K. Hen.* Take it, brave York."

That is all. Exeter saw him and the Earl of Suffolk die together.

"Suffolk first died ; and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard ; kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face ;
And cries aloud, — 'Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk !
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven :
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine ; then fly a-breast ;
As, in this glorious and well foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry !'"

And so he died commending his service to his king. It is on this field of Agincourt, and many another its co-rival, that British valor in all its bloody fame stands like a tower, not without honor.

"Not once or twice in their rough island story,
The path of duty was the path of glory."

To many of our young minds this Duke of York was the *preux chevalier* of soldiers. Few words, the leader of the van, and death in victory. So did our young men from Harvard in the civil war "keep together in their chivalry ;" and their sons untried bear it in memory.

The doctor in Macbeth is another man who greatly provokes sympathy. Why did he not tend his apothecary shop, put leeches upon peasant arms, cull his simples on the

village green, and range upon his shelves "green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds" ? What called him from his ointments, vases, and vials ? Why was he, rather than another, summoned to attend the Queen of Scotland ? Two nights he watched from even unto morn. Did he not sigh with relief that naught had happened ? But his fate had written that he should see that royal spirit wrapped round in sinuous folds by the huge instinct of remorse, which does not yield to will, — great perturbation in nature, — a soul self-realizing, as if one, seeking to escape herself, should see nothing but herself, herself mirrored from every lifeless thing, stared at in sleep, watched by unsleeping dreams, crying for darkness and dear oblivion.

Was this not enough — to see Lady Macbeth walk by night ? Must he likewise attend Macbeth by day, — Macbeth grown lean on horrors, — and listen to despair, alive, awake, mutter the bitterness of death ? Poor man of medicines, yet he did well and gravely.

"*Macbeth.* Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased ?

And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart ?

"*Doctor.*

Therein, the patient

Must minister to himself."

What is there in these strange compounds of clay that can create a hell or heaven ? How get they power to shed angelic radiance, or hurl up deeds that shift the steps of nature from her course, cause "lamentings to be heard in the air," and shriek "strange screams of death" ? Poor doctor, perhaps he wore the mark of his strange experience to an early death : perhaps he lived to a serene old age, and taught his grandchild tales of hospitality and honor.

Thus these small personages step quickly o'er the stage, leaving their tracks behind them. Peace be with them.

Vulgarisms — Dryden has often been taxed with a Pedigree.

rhymes, and, to one not recognizing the difference between the pronunciation of the seventeenth century and that of the last decade of the nineteenth, the point would seem to be well taken. But it must be borne in mind that the sounds of the vowels have changed since Dryden's day, so that we must not be surprised if, when we apply the norm of our pronuncia-

tion to his rhymes, they do not all square with it. The writer, however, does not intend to set up a plea for the strictures made upon Dryden's false rhymes, of which there are confessedly many, for he had neither a sensitive ear nor a tender conscience in his work for the stage.

Yet that poet was, after all, no greater sinner in this respect than others of his day, or even of our day, whose verses furnish such monstrosities as *has* rhyming with *was*, *move* with *love*, — rhymes which "keep the word of promise to the eye and break it to the ear." Let us now adduce a few of these pronunciations of the seventeenth century, which were then correct, but are now regarded as "vulgarisms."

Such words as *please*, *these*, *seize*, *severe*, *sea*, *speak*, *complete*, and the like were pronounced in the seventeenth century, and in the first half of the eighteenth, in a way which, to a modern ear, is strongly suggestive of a decided Irish brogue. For example, Dryden and Pope both pronounced these words as *plase*, *thase*, *saze*, *savare*, *say*, *spake*, *complate*: and this was the received pronunciation in the seventeenth century. Pope, therefore, whose delicate ear was early fascinated by the vigor and musical cadences of his master Dryden, preserves but the aroma of the old tea in that heroic couplet upon a mock-heroic subject: —

"Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes tea."

Dryden pertinently asks in his *Absalom and Achitophel*,

"But when should people strive their bonds to break,
If not when kings are negligent or weak?"

So Pope also pronounced *weak*, making it rhyme with *take*. And both Dryden and he offer numerous examples of *speak* rhyming with *wake*, *sphere* with *bear*, *shear* with *care*, *retreat* and *complete* with *great*, and *treat* with the French *tête*.

Here occurs also the obsolete pronunciation of *says* rhyming with *days*, and *said* wedded to *maid*, and even *have* consorting with *slave* and *wave*, and *air* with *star*, and *creature* with *greater*, and *nature* with *satire*, all of which, though long since rejected by standard English, still survive in the speech of the rustics and among the Irish.

There is one other old pronunciation which is especially to be noted, because it is now never heard except from the unlettered. This is the obsolete pronunciation

of such words as *oblige*, *join*, *poison*, and the like. In his *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, in which Pope has pilloried so many of his contemporary poetasters, and there left them to the vulgar gaze of all subsequent ages, among others he damned Addison with faint praise as

"Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd."

Our *join*, *poison*, *point*, *soil*, *spoil*, and so on would have offended the ear of Dryden and Pope, who always said *jine*, *pison*, *pint*.

In the words of Pope himself: —

"Good-nature and good-sense must ever join;
To err is human; to forgive, divine."

"T is not enough, taste, judgment, learning join;
In all you speak, let truth and candor shine."

"In grave Quintilian's copious work we find
The justest rules and clearest method join'd."

"Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying sense, the full-resounding line,
The long majestic march and energy divine."

It is interesting to note that we still say *choir*. These words with the *oi*-diphthong are well-nigh all of Anglo-French origin, except *boil* in the sense of tumor, where the Anglo-Saxon *byle* proves that its development into the now vulgar *bile* is regular. But in standard English the word has been wrested from its normal course of development, probably through association in the popular mind with the verb *boil*, or to avoid confusion with *bile* (secreted by the liver), and its spelling has been changed to *boil* to satisfy, in Lowell's apt phrase, the logic of the eye.

In the light of these facts, then, we appreciate more fully the significance of the words of Ellis, in his monumental work on Early English Pronunciation: "For the polite sounds of a past generation are the *bêtes noires* of the present. Who at present, with any claim to *edification*, would *jine* in praising the *pints* of a *picter*? But certainly there was a time when *education*, *join*, *points*, *picture*, would have sounded equally strange."

— In the very heart of a city, —
Rus in Urbe. not a great city, truly, but yet a city where the bustle of traffic pervades the streets with a wearisome persistency of sound, — I know a stately old house standing at the intersection of two main thoroughfares. Around that corner the street cars, all day long and far into the night, keep up their deafening rumble; and bells

and whistles and the town clock's hourly clamor proclaim an incessant strife against quietude. But never a rural voice greets the ear; even the sparrow's shrill chirp, the one bird-note of the precinct, accommodates itself so inextricably to —

"the city's rout
And noise and humming,"

that no reminiscence of bosky dells and jubilant babble of water follows the flight of those ubiquitous wings. And never a rural sight charms the eye: trees there are, indeed, along the sidewalk, but trees so forlornly gray with the dust of the trampled city offer no suggestion of "a green thought in a green shade."

At the back of the house is a little square court shut off from the street by a brick wall some fourteen feet high, in which a low door serves the twofold purpose of a gate and a watchman; for never do the hinges turn but the petulant alarum of a sharply imperative bell mingles with the city's innumerable voices. The opposite side of the court is bounded by a wing extending from the main building, and meeting at right angles another brick wall, the court's southern boundary, that rises to the height of the wing's upper piazza. The little court, stone-paved, is of the city, and echoes all day long to the discordant cries of the street, the spasmodic jangle of the gate-bell, and the tread of hurrying feet within and without; but that high wall forming the barrier against the lot beyond is draped from base to coping-stone with a rampant growth of Virginia creeper, which, being sheltered to some extent from the street, escapes the dust that chokes the trees, and flourishes greenly, an exuberant oasis in a desert of brick and mortar.

Deep in the covert of this verdure was shrouded once a mystery of the remote dense woodland; for here one of the shy furry folk, rash emigrant from sylvan solitudes, had her home and reared her young, long unseen, undreamed of, in the crowded street. Embowered within this vimineous screen, she couched inert by day, secure from espial; but when the city's "darkness visible" came on, she must, poor hunger-driven prowler, many a time have quitted this snug nook,

"For the risk and the riot of night,"

returning in the dawn's glimmer, weary but unchallenged.

It was by one of those chances attendant upon the improvements of civilization that at last her unsuspected lurking-place was brought to light. The fiat went forth, on a certain morning, that the tangling vine must be shorn of its superfluity of ramage, and lo! the Mink and her progeny were unveiled to the shouting wonderment of the hangers-on about that little courtyard.

When? Whence? How? Wherefore? These were questions eagerly debated.

When? Weeks ago; that was manifest. But whence, and how? It is true that close upon this city's limits the woods grow wild and thick, and are populous with creatures averse to man; but through what perils of many a suburban street, where stone-throwing boys most do congregate, and dogs, alert, inimical, abound,—risks against which even "the blanket of the dark" offers no absolute security,—had this reckless vagrant made her way unscathed, to rear her offspring "in the midst of alarms"? And wherefore? Hardest question of all! What feuds among her own kind, what thirst of travel, what spirit of adventure, what desperate quest of fortune, had impelled her towards the busy haunts of men? Or was it, perchance, some taint of that strange and tragic malady, a loss of identity, that sent her roving far from kith and kin and her familiar thickets? But from whatever cause she forsook her native wilds, was it the inerrancy of instinct, or some gracious freak of chance that directed her through the city's alien maze to this rare green bower hedged in by homes of men?

"Riddles all, and never to be solved."

But could we pluck out the heart of the mystery, how much of the charm of this idyl of a city corner would be lost! A mystery in its beginning, a mystery it remains in its ending; for even as the mink's arrival had been effected in deepest secrecy, so likewise was her departure—with all her little family—achieved, despite the watch set upon her. By some wary magic known to the canny woodfolk, she contrived to elude her spies, who, in wrath at being outwitted by these "wildings of Nature," anathematized the happy-go-lucky mother and her brood as "vermin of the swamp."

But she had my sympathies, that mother; and I trust it was her good hap to win to the friendly forest glooms and soothing silences, with her city-born babes unharmed.